

★ The **REAL** Mommy Porn! ★

**Incest**  
SPECIAL EDITION

# **Oedipussy**



**Ask Dr. Incest**  
Is It Okay to Let  
My Son Watch Me  
Masturbate? pg. 12

**Favorite Mother-Son  
Fuck Moments** pg. 10

Suckable  
**Fuckable**  
**Mom**

**Naughty Stories You'll Love!**

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Special Edition \$9.99 US \$10.99 CAN £6.99 UK







## A Celebration of Mothers and Sons

The seething passions that lurk within many of us are often hidden beneath a veneer of normalcy, exposed only under extremely tempting familial situations that brush aside old societal stigmas and reveal the sexual desires in our homes that some can only dream about.

The mother who, after coming home to find her son masturbating in his room, suddenly feels an overwhelming desire for him. She can't turn away, and is drawn forcefully to the sight of her handsome boy jerking off. She mentally urges him to cum, hoping he will give her the thrilling chance to watch her young son's cock erupt with juicy goodness.

The son who, while watching his mother swimming in the pool, can't stop staring at her amazing shape. Barely covered by her skimpy and somewhat sheer bikini, he sees her perfectly shaped tits, her well-rounded ass, and feels the hunger in his loins for what she has nestled between her soft, creamy thighs.

**OEDIPUSSY**—From the publishers of **INCEST** magazine comes a special edition for mothers and sons alike who have those all-too-common urges and desires that we all feel. The needs that draw us closer to each other until we ultimately give in to our uncontrollable lust and experience the forbidden taboo!

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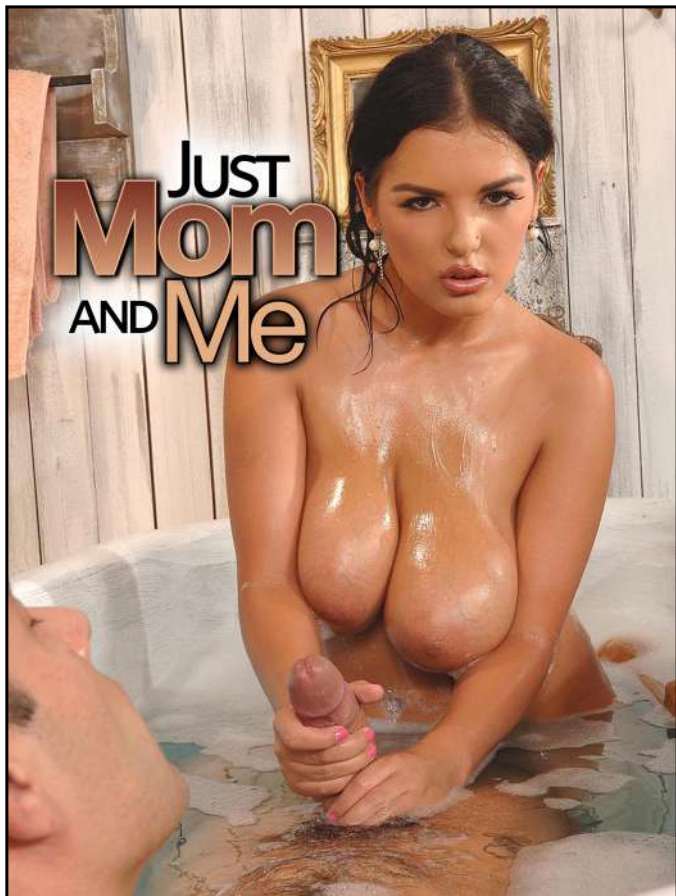
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# Family Snapshots #11



“Good morning, Mom.”

“Morning! Did you sleep well, son?”

“Of course. I always sleep good after a long night of fucking you!”



# How Hot is YOUR Mom?

Sure, your Mom's hot... but has she done *all* these naughty things?



Check off the activities your Mom does!

☐ “Mom kisses like I haven’t seen her in years. Tenderly, with passion, and **she’ll open up** for my licking tongue!”  
—ANDRE, 23

☐ “She lets me lay down on her lap and **kiss her perfectly large tits**. Suckling on those **thick, rubbery nipples** like I was a kid all over again!”  
—GREGORY, 25

☐ “Mom spreads her legs and lets me eat out her hot cunt. **Licking and sucking** into her tender, tasty twat. **Kissing the perfect pussy** from where I came is outta this world!”  
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☐ “My mom works her magic by **sucking on my cock**. You haven’t lived until you felt your own Mom **gulp down your sizzling cum** right from the spout!”  
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☐ “I’m happiest when my cock is nestled **inside Mom’s hot, wet pussy**. Feeling Mom’s cunt **grip my cock** like I was born to be fucking her is extraordinary!”  
—CAMERON, 17

**SIZZLEMETER!** Tally up how many things your Mom has done:

1

She’s just warming up. She showing signs that she might be interested, but can be nervous about taking another step

2

Getting naughty! Your Mom goes above and beyond others when it comes to loving her boy

3

Sensationally sinful! Show your Mom you can be just as horny as she is by helping her with

4

Sexy! Most guys would kill for a Mom as hot as yours... when are you having a sleepover? ;)

5

Wow! You lucky devil, you’ve got one hot-ass Mom! Why are you reading this when you could be fucking her?!



# Mommy's Tender Lips

by Kathy Andrews

While her son sleeps, Joanne can't help but get a taste of his perfect cock!

(Fm, oral, inc)

Joanne knew what was troubling her. It was cock. She needed cock and she needed it badly.

Her cunt steamed and boiled and twitched and quivered. It burned in such an itching way she wanted to claw at it with her fingers, stuff objects into it and fuck herself until she was literally sobbing with ecstatic sensations.

Despite her inappropriate feelings of shame when they fucked in the daylight, or her fear of having her husband watch her when she sucked on his lovely cock, Joanne had thoroughly enjoyed her sex life before he passed away. She had been working on her abnormal inhibitions and in that last week with him she had managed to whisper the word "fuck" when he was thrusting into her.

But now she was miserable.

It had been a long time since she had felt the ecstasy of a thick, hard cock slipping into her hot, wet cunt. It had been a long period of sleeping alone and of trying to overcome her shame of using those words. Joanne knew she would remarry one day, and she was determined not to allow her stupid inhibitions to cause a lack of pleasure with a new husband. So, in the darkness of her bedroom, she would whisper aloud: "Fuck... cock... cunt... pussy... prick... twat... snatch... asshole." The words would excite her and she would come just by squeezing her thighs together.

But it was cock she wanted.

Hard, throbbing, dripping cock.

She wanted a cock in her cunt and she

wanted a cock in her mouth. Cocksucking had been one of her greatest pleasures, even if it had to be done in darkness most of the time. She loved the powerful throb of her husband's cock sliding between her lips, brushing over her hungry tongue and probing the back of her throat. When he had come off, she had greedily sucked and swallowed his come juice until there was no more left. The taste of come juice was sweet as it splashed upon her tongue and ran hotly down her throat.

Her husband had told her time and again that she had the hottest ass ever. The only bad thing about it was her shyness. In the dark, she was a tigress with him and would fuck him until

*continued on page 47...*





**I AM**

**MOMMY'S MODEL**



**I AM THE NEW NIKON COOLPIX.**

With a large, high resolution vari-angle monitor, full HD shooting, 16.2 MP CMOS sensor, and EXPEED 2 image processor, you can take all the naughty photos of your cumming son you want! Just point and click, and his delicious cock and balls will be captured forever in perfect mouth-watering color



*at the heart of the image*



# FAVORITE Mother/Son FUCK MOMENTS

Loving moms and sons share their favorite incestuous moments

Stephen  
Suckles

My favorite thing to do with Mom is suck on her big juicy nipples. Mom has the most amazing nipples ever! They're like big ripe strawberries just begging to be licked and sucked for hours. I could totally just lay in her lap all evening with a hand on one of her big breasts flicking her nipple while I lovingly suck the juicy nipple of the other!

— Stephen, Vermont



Brittany  
Rims



You're going to think I'm weird, but the one thing that turns me on most is my son's gorgeous ass. It's so perfectly round, and smooth, and muscular... I always compliment him on it. Even though he's in high school, I love to kiss those warm rosy cheeks when I tuck him in at night. When he was younger I told him I wanted to inspect him after he showered. I would caress his cute ass and spread his cheeks to see his perfect pink hole winking at me. He usually goes around the house wearing nothing but a shirt and a jockstrap because he knows Mommy gets so turned on by the sight of his bare bottom. When he's done with his homework and has been a good boy, I love to lay him down on the couch on his stomach and lick and kiss his tender ass crack as he humps his cock against the soft fabric of the couch. I always make sure that my tongue is as far up his ass as I can reach it when he cums—the feeling of his steamy, wet hole gripping my tongue as he climaxes is beyond belief!

— Brittany, Illinois

Kimberly  
Swallows

There's nothing like the feeling of my little boy's rock-hard cock squirting all his come juice in my mouth. I simply can't explain how much I love sucking my son's cock! I've been sucking him since before he could cum. Then one day I was surprised and elated when I felt his cock quiver and pulsate in my mouth, and then tasted his very first heavenly squirt of boyjuice! I felt my cunt rupture with an earth-shattering orgasm! I moaned onto my son's cock as his body shuttered with his first cum ever! Since then I've insisted that he never masturbates, and whenever he feels the need he's supposed to come see me so I can suck that beautiful prick of his and drain his balls of his precious, juicy boycum! My cunt still quivers knowing that all the cum juice that my son's big cock has ever produced has ended up in Mommy's hungry mouth!

— Kimberly, Washington





## Chris Shaves

My mom has the most beautiful looking pussy, hand's down. I walked in on her one time while she was shaving her cunt and stared in admiration until she eventually saw me. "Like Mommy's pussy, Chris?" I nodded in a trance as she giggled. She didn't get upset and yell at me to leave, so I stood there and watched her shave her delicate pussy until it was completely bald. "That was awesome!" I said, finally. A couple of weeks later Mom asked if I would like to shave her pussy. I leapt at the chance—as well as my cock! She took me to the bathroom and showed me how to take off all her furry cunt hair until it was as smooth as a little girl's. Then I spread some lotion on it and mom started moaning. I kept fondling her snatch and eventually slid a finger into her cunt as she yelled "Yes!" I continued to fingerbang her until I felt her cunt grip my finger with a strong cum. Since then, I always shave Mom's pussy, making sure to finger her precious pussy to an orgasm.

— Chris, Missouri



## Eric Tickles



I love seeing Mom squirm with laughter. She loves it when I tickle her cuntlips with the tip of my cock. Mom will bring her legs up high and spreads them wide as I gently rub my cock head on her lips and clit. She squirms and giggles like a girl as I'm tickling her most sensitive spot, but she always moans, "Oh, my pee-pee! My pee-pee!" Then when I let the head slide between her cunt lips, I wiggle it up and down all along her dripping slit and she goes absolutely wild!

— Eric, Wisconsin

## Kirk Sucks

My favorite part about my mom is her sensational clit. I swear, she has the biggest one EVER! It's so perfect and sexy—my mouth always waters when I see it. I love caressing her pussy and getting her horny and wet, being careful not to touch her marvelous clit. Then, when she's begging me for it I finally spread open her lips and see it protrude like a little girl penis made to be sucked. I tenderly lick it with the end of my tongue, smiling as Mom's whole body quivers at my touch. Then I lick it faster and faster until I finally wrap my lips around her red-hot love nubbin. It's so big it feels like I'm sucking on the end of my thumb. I work my lips and flick it with my tongue until Mom shakes with orgasm. Sometimes, she gets so hot I feel her pussy squirt on my chin as she screams my name. I just love my Mom and her sex clit!

— Kirk, Alabama



## Brandon Fingers



I love my mom, she's the absolute greatest. She knows I get a thrill when I sneak a finger up her slippery cunt in public places. To make it easy for me she almost always wears short skirts and crotchless panties, so I can slide my finger up her skirt and finger-bang Mom till my heart's content. We've done it at the park, during the sermon at church, in a crowded elevator, in a movie theater... hell, one time I even got Mom off when we were on a roller coaster! It's such a nice feeling knowing I'm making Mom feel good in her cunt, then I get a treat afterwards when I get to suck my sticky fingers clean!

— Brandon, Missouri



# Ask

# Dr. Incest

★ **Oedipussy**  
Edition

Hello to all you horny Moms and Sons out there!  
To celebrate this special issue we've chosen some  
exciting questions from mothers all across the country!  
Enjoy! xxoo

## Mom Overhears the Neighbors

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

My best friend Trudy and I both have strapping young boys. They are both in the sixth grade and have been friends as long as I can remember. Recently I've been hearing strange things coming from Trudy's house late at night. I can hear them from my bedroom window...

"Oh, Mom! Ungghh! Mommy!"

"Does that feel good, Simon? Do you like the way Mommy jacks your cock?"

"Oh, yes, Mommy!"

"I bet my little boy would just love a blowjob, wouldn't he? Would you like Mommy to suck your cock and swallow all your tasty cum?"

"Yes, yes!"

"All right, sweetie. Then be a good boy and ask Mommy nicely."

"Please, Mommy! Will you suck me until I squirt, Mommy? Please?"

Dr. Incest, Simon's moaning went on for a few more minutes then he started grunting and it was finished. Can you believe it? I'm ashamed to say that listening to them made my pussy wetter than I can ever remember. Dr. Incest, what should I do? Should I confront Trudy about her actions? Should I ignore it and pretend I didn't hear it?

Kelly in Rhode Island

Dear Kelly,

It sounds like Trudy is quite the loving mother! I wouldn't get too concerned with her and her son, they both sound like they're enjoying themselves immensely. Simon seems to love getting his cock sucked by his mother and it sounds like Trudy really enjoys taking her son's cum in her mouth. For you, why not continue to enjoy the sounds of their love making? You

seem to get excited listening, why not make it fun for you, too—don't be afraid to masturbate while you listen to them. Enjoy their incest as much as you can. And, if your own son is willing, see if you two can make just as much noise as they can—not only will Trudy and her son be amazed, but you'll get to experience the fun that she's having with your son!

## Caught My Son Jerking Off

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

I caught my son masturbating a few nights ago. As I stood there silently stunned, a few things quickly ran through my head... How long has he been playing with his cock? ...Is he able to cum? ...What is he thinking about as he touches himself? I knew I should've turned around and left him to his privacy, but I couldn't help feeling an overwhelming sense of motherly love for him. I wanted to watch him. I needed to watch him. I had a swelling of pride as I gazed at my naked son stroking his cock. At only thirteen, his cock was bigger than I had expected. He had an adorably cute cock with tight, hairless balls. I smiled with satisfaction. Then I saw him tense up. I watched with hungry fascination as he aimed his cock up in the air and ejected a powerful squirt of cum which arched up and came down onto his smooth, flat stomach. Before it landed, another squirt of cum spewed out. He squirt a few more times before the last bit dribbled down his cock and around his fist. Oh, Dr. Incest! I was so proud of my son! Then after a pause to catch his breath, he wiped up his boy cream with some Kleenex. It was at that moment I felt an overwhelming sense of disappointment. I didn't know why at first, but I realized later I was upset that he had wasted his precious cum juice

by throwing it away. He shouldn't be doing that, I thought! His young juice should be flowing out of his cock into Mommy's hands, or Mommy's mouth, or Mommy's cunt! I wanted his jism more than anything in the world! Dr. Incest, how do I get over these feelings of hunger for my son's fresh cum?

Mary in Wisconsin

Dear Mary,

This is such an exciting time for you! Finding out your son has begun to play with himself and seeing that he's able to squirt his precious baby juice... it's very exciting! As a fellow mom who thoroughly enjoys that sweet, delicious nectar that boys produce, I can understand the allure it has on you. But I don't think you need to go wanting while your son wastes his cum whenever he feels like it. You should talk to him about it—tell him you've found the messy Kleenex in the wastebasket, but that you're not upset with him. Explain that what he's doing is perfectly natural for all boys his age, and that you're so proud of him for squirting so much of it. Encourage him to show you how he jerks off and watch him cum. When he does, show your surprise and amazement at how much he squirts. He'll be so proud of his dripping cock when you tell him he shoots more cum than Daddy! When he jacks off for you more and more over time, start having him play games with his cock. Suggest he try shooting it in your cupped hands, or onto your bare feet. A naughty mom can even try having their boys cum over their naked tits or into their mouths. Finally, have your young stud cum all over your wet pussy. Hold your cunt lips open for him and see if he can squirt inside Mommy! Your mother/son jerk-off games will become memories that will last a lifetime!



## Horny Flashing Mom

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

*I've always loved teasing boys. Ever since I was a little girl I loved to show off my body—flashing my panties at strangers, wearing revealing blouses around the house, even wearing skimpy skirts without any underwear when Daddy's around—it always gave me such a tickle! My mommy wasn't too fond of it and usually ignored it. Daddy, however, seemed to love it. When he saw me doing it he would say things like, "Wow, there's Daddy's favorite panties!"... or "I think Daddy can see his little girl's sexy nipples!"... or "Uh-oh, I see a pretty little pee-pee that's winking at me!" But after I finished high school and moved out of the house I stopped flashing. I really miss it—it was so much fun! Now I'm a single mom with a son in junior high and I'm starting to get the itch again to tease. I've noticed Matthew looking at me out of the corner of his eye. Is he trying to get peeks at me? Part of me wants to give him all the peeks he can handle, but would I be a bad mother if I gave my handsome boy a sneak peek of his horny ol' mom?*

Cindy in Florida

Dear Cindy,

If your Matthew is like most red-blooded boys his age, he can't stop thinking about your hot motherly body. He's sneaking peeks at you when he thinks you're not looking... why not give him a little more to feast his eyes on? It sounds like you're already a pro at flashing so I won't give you any pointers there, only to say that I, too, love to let my son sneak a peek at his naughty mom! When he was thirteen I started to do the same thing as you did, flash some cleavage, show off my panties, even give him a peek at my naked pussy once in awhile. But my favorite thing was to put on a skimpy bikini or some sheer lingerie under my robe, then walk out to my son and open my robe asking, "Do you think this is okay to wear, honey? It doesn't make Mommy look fat, does it?" My pussy would get such a thrill at the adorable look on his face as he stared at me and mumbled something about how sexy I looked. He was so cute! After I had done this a few times, he started to get brave and do the same thing for me! First he walked up to me as I was sitting on the couch. I looked over to see him wearing nothing but a T-shirt and his jock strap. "Mommy, can I wear this all day today?" I was so proud of him—he was being naughty like Mommy! Take it from me, there is nothing like seeing your sexy little boy's naked butt all day long... I could hardly keep my hands to myself! A few days later he got bolder and came up to me to show me his jogging shorts. They had a huge tent at the front where his cock was poking. "Do you like my shorts, Mommy?" he asked with a smile. I couldn't help but clutch the tip of his hard cock and say, "Yes, I do! Very much, sweetie!" Finally later that day he came home with his father after a trip to the mall. He

ran upstairs then came back down to me a few moments later. "Mommy, do you want to see my new underwear?" he asked with excitement. "Of course, let me see them!" He giggled and pulled off his pants to reveal a new pair of white briefs that hugged his cute little body perfectly. But what set my cunt on fire was the sight of his hard, throbbing cock, which he had pulled out from the front opening and proudly displayed to me. "Do you like it, Mommy?" he asked me. "Oh, it's very nice!" I said. "It's Mommy's favorite!" He smiled back at me with boyish pride as he wiggled his hips, causing his cute boycock to wobble in front of me. Horny sons with hard cocks can be so much fun!

## Son Catches Mom Jerking Off

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

*As a single mom, it's difficult to find sexual pleasure like regular married mothers. Often times the urges in my pussy get so great that I just have to finger my cunt and give myself a few good cums before I can go on with my day. Last week I was sitting on the couch with my panties around my left leg and my skirt up around my waist. I had cum once and was getting close to my second when I heard something at the entryway. To my shock I saw my son Jacob standing there with his mouth hanging open. I quickly pulled my skirt down and grabbed my panties and walked calmly out of the room, but not before noticing the large tent in his pants. Embarrassed, I didn't discuss the incident with him. Two days later I was on my bed bringing*

*myself off to a wonderful cum when I noticed Jacob standing beside me. I hadn't seen him come in the bedroom and wasn't sure how long he was watching me. He had a smile on his face and he said, "You like to do that a lot, don't you, Mom?" Before I could jerk my dress down he added, "I bet it feels real good, huh?" I blushed, but found myself agreeing with him. I nodded slightly then left him a second time with a hard-on in his pants. After that, I couldn't stop thinking about Jacob. I was delighted at the sight of his seemingly instant hard-on when he saw me touching myself. I started having daydreams about seeing him without any underwear, wondering what his cock looked like, wondering how often he jerked himself off, wondering how much cum his cock produced. Dr. Incest, if anything I'm even more horny now and I can't stop thinking about my son and his hard cock. What should I do? How can I get over these incestuous feelings that throb inside me and my hungry, wet cunt?*

Denise in Colorado

Dear Denise,

I can't tell you how many letters and emails I get from mothers just like you who feel so unsatisfied, so horny, so overwhelmed by lust that they don't know what to do with themselves. I think the answer is staring you right in the face... or rather, staring at your pussy. Your son Jacob obviously enjoys what he sees. Why not allow yourself, and him, a thrill by letting him watch you touch yourself and enjoy a few juicy, satisfying mommy orgasms? Pick a time and place when you know he'll find you, such as on the couch when he gets home from school. Once he comes home and sees you, don't stop touching yourself. You could even give him a delightful peek at your tits if you take off your blouse and bra. An even naughtier suggestion might be to cup an exposed tit in your free hand and lift it so you can run your tongue over the nipple. He'll certainly be sporting a hard-on after "catching" you like that! Tell him softly and lovingly that mommies get so horny sometimes that they just have to do this when they feel like it. Tell him you've noticed him getting a little excited when he's caught you touching your cunt. Assure him that you think it's exciting when you see his crotch get big. Have him sit next to you and watch to his heart's content as you work your fingers on your marvelous cunt and bring yourself off to an earth-shatteringly good cum. Give him an added delight and call out his name as you reach your climax. "Oh, Jacob! My pussy is cumming, Jacob! Mommy's cunt is cumming hard! Watch Mommy's pussy closely, Jacob! Mommy's cumming for you!" Both you and your son will have an experience you'll never forget! And the next time you get the desire to jerk-off, or even if Jacob gets daring enough to ask to watch you cum again, happily oblige him with another memorable display of your motherly pussy. But this time, suggest that since you're naked that he should be, too!





## Christian Mom Gets Naughty

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

*As a mother, there is nothing as beautiful and erotic as the sight of my thirteen-year-old son Ethan's hard cock. It's perfect shape and tender appearance always brings a thrill to my seeping pussy. I keep a secret photo of it on my cellphone—Ethan took a picture for me and it always brings a smile to my face when I look at it. Both Ethan and I love to have him*



*flash his cock at me in all sorts of places... in a hotel hallway, in a crowded elevator, sitting at a booth in a restaurant, in the dressing room at a department store... he even flashed his hard, sexy cock at me while we were in church! He's quite the exhibitionist, and I love it. Lately, he's dared me that if he can pull out his hard cock in a public place and keep it exposed for ten seconds, then I have to kiss it! At first he didn't get too wild, he pulled out his cock while standing in front of our large bay window. He kept it out long enough so I knelt down and kissed it. Ethan's gotten clever as we keep doing it—sometimes when he sits down in a public place, he quickly pulls the front of his shorts down to expose his cock but keeps his shirt covering it until the time is right, then all he has to do is pull up his shirt and his this cock is there for all to see. Just this afternoon we were at the public pool and Ethan was sitting on the edge with his knees drawn up. He pulled his cock through the leg of his trunks as I swam up to him. His gorgeous prick stood up tall long enough and I had to lean in and give it a tender kiss on the head. So exciting! Sorry for the long letter, but should I be a good mother and tell him to keep his lovely cock in his pants?*

*Kelly in Rhode Island*

Dear Kelly,

Not at all, what you're doing with Ethan is simply some wholesome mother-son fun. It sounds like you both love teasing each other and can't wait to keep doing it. My only suggestion is to take precautions not to get caught. Other than that, keep flashing and

kissing and loving your son and his sexy cock to your heart's content. What mother would want to stop all the delicious fun you two are having?

PS. Thanks for the copy of the photo!

## Incest is Sinful and Evil!

Dear **Dr. Incest**,

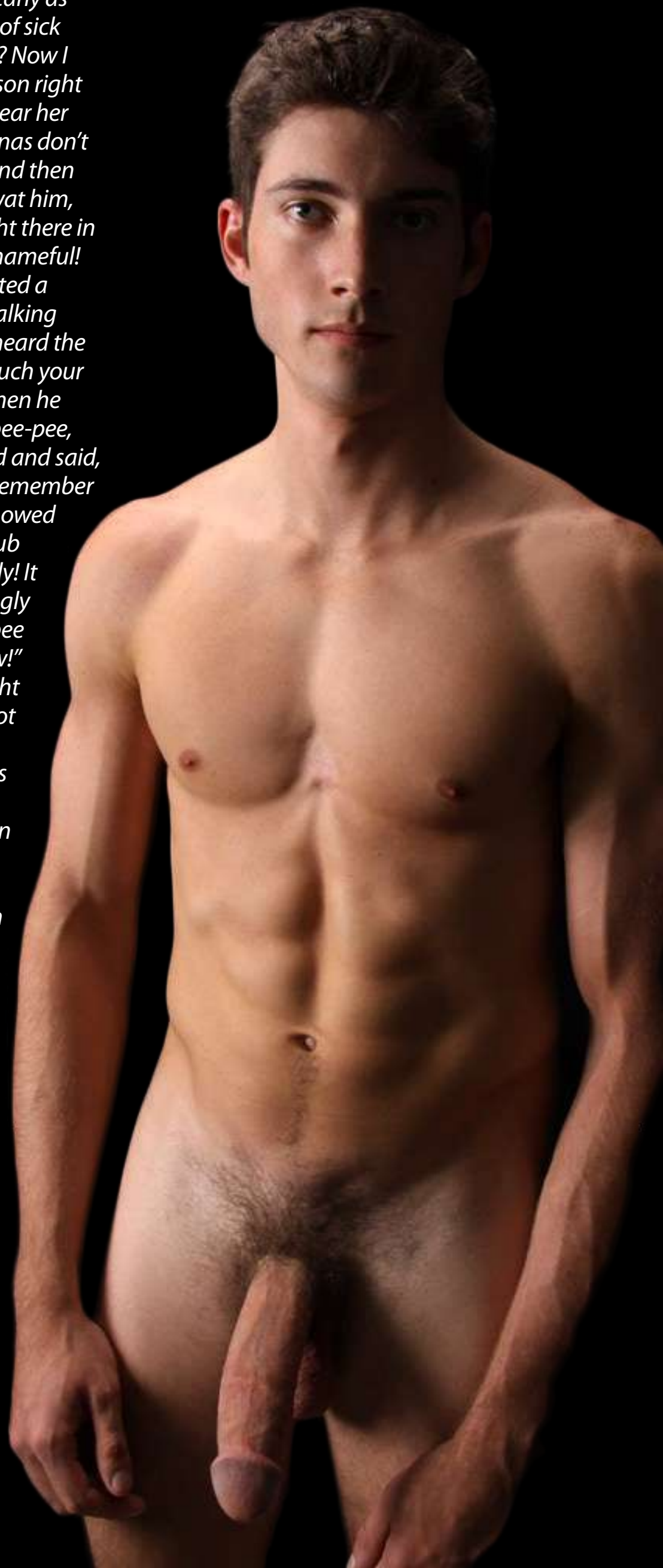
*What is with this world's un-Godly fascination with incest?! I tell you, our society is on a one-way track to Hell if we don't stop living in sin and start following the word of God! Why, just yesterday I was at the supermarket when I overheard a naughty high school boy and his mother in the produce department. I heard him whisper, "Mom, these melons aren't nearly as big and juicy as yours are!" What kind of sick perverted boy says that to his mother!? Now I thought his mother would smack her son right across his face, but I was appalled to hear her whisper back to him, "and those bananas don't hold a candle to your big sexy cock!" and then she put her hand on his butt! Not to swat him, but she started touching son's butt right there in the store! How evil! How sinful! How shameful! And then, after leaving the store I spotted a father and his very young daughter walking hand-in-hand back to their car. I overheard the little girl say "Daddy, will you let me touch your pee-pee again when we get home?" Then he said, "You sure like touching Daddy's pee-pee, don't you, pumpkin?" Then she giggled and said, "Oh, yes, Daddy! I love your pee-pee! Remember last time I had a sleep-over and you showed me and my friends how fun it was to rub our pee-pees on yours? I loved it, Daddy! It made my pee-pee feel so good and tingly when you rubbed your big, hard pee-pee on it! Let's go home and do it right now!" Oh! How sinfully evil! I was so distraught that I left my groceries in the parking lot and drove straight to the church, the only place where I can rid myself of this sinful incest! I prayed for forgiveness and hoped that God would strike down all those evil incestuous sinners in the world. Before I left the church I visited the ladies bathroom. As I was sitting in a stall I overheard the bathroom door open and lady came into the stall next to me. I didn't think anything of it until I heard her whisper, "Shhh, let Mommy make it better, honey." I listened closely and heard the sound of a boy in the stall saying, "Do it, Mom." Then she said, "You want it fast, don't you, darling?" The boy said, "Oh, yes, Mom. Suck my cock!" I was simply flabbergasted! I was frozen and couldn't move! I continued to listen to the evil, sinful event next to me. I heard some dreadful sucking sounds! "Ooooooh, Mom! That's so good!... Oh, Mom! Oh, I'm about to cum, Mom! Here it cums! Suck it all, Mom, drain my balls of cum and swallow it all down!" Then more*

*sucking and gulping sounds. Finally, the lady said, "Better, darling?" and he said, "Aaaah, yes, Mom!" to which she said, "You get a hard-on in the strangest places, darling. One of these days, we won't be able to do this right away for you." Then I heard the boy chuckle as they were leaving the bathroom and said, "You'll find a way, Mom." Oh! Oh! How devilishly sinful! How evil and depraved! How horrible and terrible and sinful you all are! You'll go to Hell! You and this world of incest is going to destroy us all! Destroy Us All!*

*Sincerely, Beverly in Michigan*

Dear Beverly,

Jesus Christ... you are one colossal bitch!







wish you could suck on  
mommy's tits like a kid again?

*...you're not alone.*





# Oedipussy Spotlight

## JennaPresley

**Age:** 39

**From:** Dallas

**Relatives:** One hot and horny son

**Favorite sex position:** Anything where my son's cock is in my pussy

**Strangest place you've fucked:** On the swingset of my son's elementary school playground

**First incestuous moment:** I was in my room one night fingering my pussy as I lay on the bed when I noticed my son peeking at me through the doorway. Immediately my lust tripled and I never felt so horny in my life! I continued to jerk off in front of him knowing full well he could see my most inner mommy parts. I came three times!

**Most memorable moment:** When five of us soccer moms from my street got together with our sons and had a motherfucking spectacular orgy

**Horniest moment:** When my son came up to me and said that when he gets older he hopes he finds a girl to marry who's as sexy as I am. What Mom wouldn't get wet hearing that?

**Why I love incest:** It's simple. Both my son and I can't get enough sex to satisfy our appetites, so who better to fuck then each other? Besides, we've grown so close to each other because of it that now I don't know how I would've gotten along without his hard, heavenly prick!

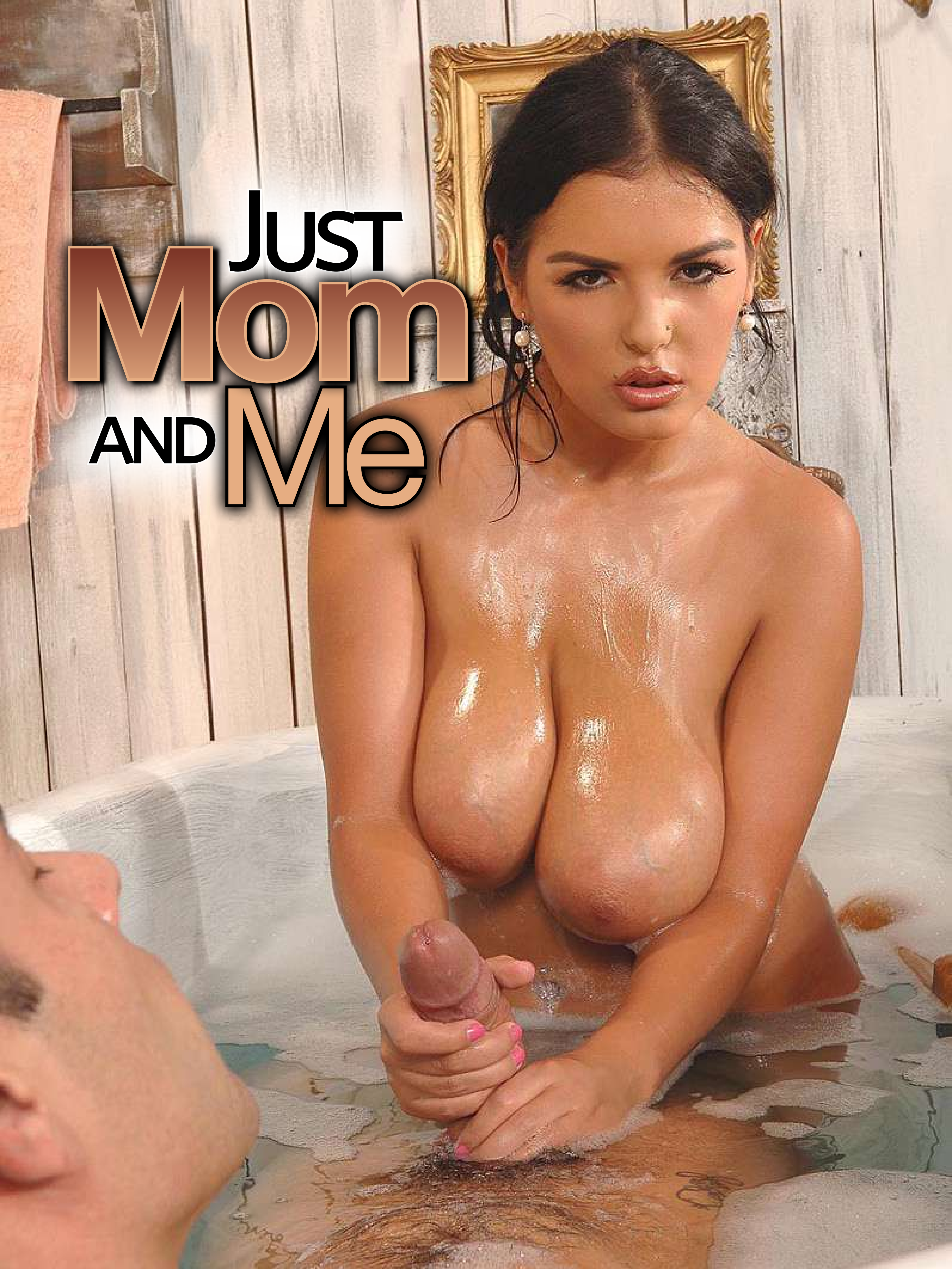


flavor for your tongue  
vitamins for the rest of your body  
(and it tastes like you're licking it off mom's tits)





# Just Mom AND Me







It's bath time again. This little tradition that David and his Mom have is what he looks forward to the most when he comes home from college each weekend.

Ever since he was a boy, his mother loved to bathe with him. He loved it too... he couldn't wait to get naked and wet with his beautiful Mommy. Most kids that age didn't like taking baths... but he sure did!

He always sat on the edge of the tub waiting patiently in his white briefs until his Mommy

came into the bathroom. Then he watched with excitement as she happily removed all her clothes—unhooking her bra to let her big beautiful boobs hang free, and peeling down her sexy lace panties to reveal her perfect motherly ass and that heavenly area between her legs.

Even though David was now twenty, she still talked to him as if he was that little boy so long ago.

“Is my big boy ready for a nice hot bath with Mommy?” she asked him. He smiled at her and

nodded, not able to take his eyes off her spectacular wobbling tits.

“Good! Then be a good boy and show Mommy that you're ready for your bath.”

David pulled down the front of his underwear and let his cock spring free, pointing firmly at his mother.

“Oh, yes! You certainly are ready for a bath, aren't you, honey!” She said as she reached out to clutch his sensitive prick. “It looks like Mommy's going to have to pay special attention







to my boy's dirty little pee-pee," she said as she gently pulled his cock and guided him into the tub. "Now lay back and let Mommy give your dirty pee-pee a nice wash."

They both sat down in the tub facing each other. David leaned back so his cock would stand up hard above the level of the water.

"Oh, look at that pee-pee! Such a big, hard pee-pee for Mommy to wash and clean," she said as she took his stiff prick and caressed it, tickling her fingers along the edge of the head which sent

thrills throughout his body. "My baby has the biggest pee-pee! So firm and stiff, Mommy just wants to give it a booby-hug!" She held up her heavy breasts for him. "Do you want Mommy to put hug your pee-pee with her boobies?"

"Yes, Mommy!" he moaned with anticipation. "Wrap your tits around it and wash my cock with them!"

"Oh, yes! Mommy just loves to feel her big boy's pee-pee nestled between her breasts. Feels so good, doesn't it, David?"

His cock throbbed as her soft, luscious tits surrounded it with tit-flesh.

"Oh, Jesus, Mommy! Your tits feel so good on my cock! Fuck my cock, Mommy, fuck me with your big beautiful tits!"

She had one hand wrapped around her tits to encase his cock, slowly jacked it her tits. David could feel his balls rubbing her firm stomach. With her other hand, she reached under and clutched his ass-cheek with her fingers.

"Yes, my little boy has such a dirty pee-pee,







Mommy will help scrub it nice and clean.” She kneaded her tits around his cock, which had started to dribble from the piss hole. “That’s right... wash, wash, wash. Got to get my little boy’s big sexy pee-pee all clean!”

David was starting to get close to cumming, and she could tell. She let his cock spring free from the warmth of her tits.

“I think it’s time Mommy licks her baby’s pee-pee nice and clean, don’t you think?”

“Yes! Suck my cock, Mommy! Swallow my

cock and let me cum in your mouth!”

David grunted in pleasure as his Mommy began to suck on his cock in a frantic up and down thrust of her head.

“Ohhhh!” she sobbed in passion as she pulled her mouth off his cock, rubbing it along her cheek and chin, almost poking herself in the eye with the prickhead. She kissed and licked his cockshaft, moaning in animal desire. She lapped at his balls, then raced her wet tongue back up his cock to the head. Closing her fingers

around the prickshaft, she jacked it while licking at his dripping piss hole. She took the head of his cock between her lips again and sucked hotly, her tongue lapping, her fist jacking. She ran her fist up and down her son’s cock swiftly as she sucked.

David’s mother sucked hard and furiously on his prick, her eyes still gazing up at his face. The thrill of having his cock inside Mommy’s mouth was bringing his closer to cumming.

Her hair swung about in wild disarray, and











she gobbled on my cock hungrily, mewling and sobbing and moaning. David's cock had never felt so good before. His mommy sucked at it as if demented, twisting her head about with low growls of mindless ecstasy. She bobbed her mouth in time to his fucking cock, her lips clutching as tightly as she could, her tongue licking with a frantic motion. Her mouth was fiery hot and very slippery.

As he thrust upward with his cock, she went down, beating her stretched lips against the base,

her mouth stuffed by the most exciting, most delightful cock in the whole world. She fucked her son's cock with her hungry mouth, fucked him as swiftly and hungrily as he was fucking into it. She now had both her hands under his bouncing ass, clutching his ass-cheeks with strong fingers. The throbbing of his cock was transmitted from her lips to her cunt, making her orgasms come stronger and tighter and hotter.

Then David gave a loud grunt.

His cock was deep inside her mouth when

he came.

Tasting and feeling his prick squirting, Beth sucked upward on it hard, her tongue flying about his swollen cockhead. Her tongue raced about his spurting piss hole, pressing into it as if trying to cut off the delicious squirts. She pulled off his squirting cock and watched in delight as the last few jets of steamy cum squirt over her tits.

"Oh, fuck, Mommy! Oh, God! Ooooooooooh, my cock, Mommy... my cock is so clean!" ■









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# Nighttime with Mom

by James Barton



Tim's mom comes into his room at night for a little naughty motherly fun!

(Fm, inc)

**T**im heard the door of his room open, then close softly. He knew it was his mother. He could smell her perfume as she crossed the room to sit on the side of his bed. She brushed his forehead with her lips. He felt her hand on his chest and wonder was replaced by fright as she moved her hand downward to his stomach. His heart was beating rapidly as he felt her fingers brush the outline of his prick inside his pajamas. Then, she slipped her hand inside the flannel garment, and Tim fought to control his breathing as her warm fingers fondled his prick.

Immediately, his prick came to life. Silently she sat there on the side of the bed and stroked his growing prick. Then, Tim felt her pull back the cover of his bed, and he felt the cool air.

"Oh, Tim..." she murmured, then she lifted his hand and pressed it against her tit.

The feel of her warm flesh excited him. She was naked beneath her, gown. As she rubbed his hand over her tit, he felt her nipple stiffen. Again she moaned and leaned over him, but this time he felt her lips on his belly.

He shivered as he felt her fingers fumble with the tie of his pajama pants, then open them fully.

Tim felt his prick jerk in his mother's hand. He knew that if she continued playing with him, she was going to have a mess in her hand. He fought to control his breathing as her warm mouth kissed toward his prick, and he wondered why she was kissing him down there.

"Oh, Tim..." she groaned again.

Then Tim felt something warm and wet envelop the head of his pulsing cock.

Tim could not believe it. He opened his eyes as his mother licked the length of his prick. She was actually sucking him! Slowly, he began to respond to her oral manipulations. His breath came in sharp gasps as his mother's mouth took the entire length of his prick and sucked it hotly. He began to squeeze her full tit, and she began to moan.

Tim gasped. He felt his juices boiling up. He experienced a moment of panic as he realized he was about to cum in his mother's mouth. "Ughhhnnn..." he groaned. "Mother... Oh, Mother! I'm... Oh... oh... oh!"



Tim's prick exploded as his mother's tongue flicked along the underside of his throbbing prick. His cock jerked strongly and Tim shuddered as his cum spurted forth. He felt her swallow time and time again as her tongue washed sensuous circles around the swollen head of his prick.

Tim placed his hand on his mother's head and was urging her on.

Finally, the contractions had passed and Tim lay gasping for breath as his mother licked his cock and fondled his aching balls. He was dizzy as he lay back heavily on his pillow.

Tim's hand dropped from his mother's tit. She raised up and kissed his belly softly. Then, her lips found his in the darkness, and he was thrilled as she offered him her tongue to suck.

"Oh, Tim..." she sobbed. "I'm so lonely can you forgive me?"

Tim held her as she cried. There was much he did not understand about sex, but he knew his mother missed his father. As he held her, she lay down beside him, and the thrill of her nearly-naked body next to his made him ache. His face was wet with her tears as they kissed again, and Tim felt her fingers fumbling with the buttons of his pajama shirt.

Finally, she sat up and shrugged out of her thin robe. Then she pulled his pajama pants off and pulled him to her.

"I... I need you, Tim..." she said thickly.

His prick came to life again as she pressed her soft, naked body next to his.

Tim was thrilled by her warmth and softness. He had never held a naked woman in his arms before, and his only encounter with sex had been in the garage of a neighbor—the neighbor's seventeen year old daughter.

Now, he lay with his mother, and Tim was so overwhelmed with love for her that he could not speak. He felt her soft tits pressing against his chest. As they moved together, his prick nestled in that thick thatch of hair between her legs.

"M-mother..." he choked out finally as her crying stopped. "I... I'll love you... you don't have to worry... I'll love you."

He cupped her full tit.

He felt the nipple grow stiff again as her mouth found his. They shared a long, sensual kiss. He sucked on her soft tongue, then forced his into her mouth. She pressed her hips against his. Her hand moved from the small of her back to cup his tight, muscular ass-cheeks.

"Oh, yes, Tim... love me. Love your mother... I... I want you to fuck me... will you do that for me, Tim—will you fuck your mother?"

Her voice was so filled with apprehension that Tim could not believe his ears. His mother had always been so strong and so firm, and to hear her begging confused him.

"Yes... oh, yes... I want to, Mother..." he told her reassuringly.

His mother rolled to her back. He was unsure what she wanted him to do, but instinct told him to wait. His mother moved his hand slowly down her belly. He could feel her quiver.

As his fingers came in contact with her thick pubic thatch, Tim was thrilled. His hand eased down between her legs. She spread her legs for him.

Tim felt the soft, wet warmth of his mother's cunt, and his prick jerked strongly against her silken thigh. She moaned as his middle finger pushed between the puffed lips of her pussy. He found the wetness and searched farther as she began to rotate her hips slowly.

"Ughhnn... yes, Tim... up high, baby! That's my clit... finger-fuck me, baby... use two fingers... Ughhhnnn."

Tim kissed her turgid nipple. He felt his mother shiver slightly as she held her tit for him.

"Suck it, baby... suck my titty!"

Tim felt her hand on the back of his head and he thrilled that he was doing the right thing and that it was making her feel good. He wanted to roll atop her and stick his prick where his fingers were, but he was still unsure of himself.

Licking around the raised flesh of her turgid nipple, Tim heard her breath coming in sharp gasps. His fingers had found an erect piece of flesh high in the folds of her pussy. As he teased it, she ground her hips against the mattress.

*Yes, baby... fuck me... fuck mother! Let me feel your beautiful prick in my pussy... cum in me, Tim... cum in mommy's cunt!*

"Oh, yes, baby. God... you're making me cum! You're making Mommy cum!" She sucked her breath in sharply as his fingers teased her cunt.

Then, Tim felt her hand on the back of his head. She was pushing him down. At first, he did not understand what she wanted. As his mouth came in contact with her belly button, she groaned and he licked her wetly.

"Yes... lower, baby... kiss Mommy's cunt for her... Oh, please! Just a little bit, Tim... kiss my cunt!" She shoved his head down.

Tim's chin brushed the hair above her cunt. He did not fully understand, but he was willing to do anything she asked him to do. As she spread her legs widely, Tim removed his fingers from her dripping pussy and kissed the puffy lips. His mother threw her hips high and Tim found his mouth pressed around her soft, wet pussy-flesh.

"Ohhhhhh... yesssss!" she hissed. "That's it! Use your tongue, baby... I'm cumming... I'm

cummmmming!"

Tim forced his tongue into his mother's cunt as she thrashed about on the bed. She held him firmly in place as he licked the length of her cunt, then found that tiny thing high in the fleshy folds.

"Oh, oh God!" she cried out as her body went stiff with passion.

Tim sucked his mother's cunt wildly as she pressed his head between her soft legs. He licked and kissed her wetly as her body grew stiff, and she shuddered violently. Then, she gasped. Tim sensed that she had experienced much the same feelings as he did when he ejaculated, but it was a revelation for him—he had no idea that women did that too! As he lifted his wet face from between her legs.

Tim looked up to find his mother with her arms outstretched. He moved between her legs. They kissed passionately, tongues touching, bodies pressed tightly together.

Tim felt the head of his throbbing prick as it nestled in the warm, wet folds of her pussy. Then, her hand was between them, guiding him in. A sudden warmth washed over his body as his prick slid into her cunt.

"Ohhhhhh, Mother!" he cried, crushing her tits. "So good... feels so good!"

"Yes, baby... fuck me... fuck your mother! Let me feel your beautiful prick in my pussy... cum in me, Tim... cum in your mommy's cunt!"

Tim began a slow in-and-out movement. His mother grabbed the cheeks of his ass as she wrapped her legs around him. His prick slid all the way into her wet cunt.

"Oh, Mother!" he gasped as he felt her cunt muscles tighten around his cock. "I want to fuck you!"

"Fuck me, baby... fuck your mother's pussy!"

Tim was so filled with wonder and pleasure that he could not believe it was actually happening to him. He lifted his hips until just the head of his prick remained in his mother's cunt, then he plunged deeply to hear her gasp for breath.

"Yessss! That's it! Fuck me deep, baby!"

Again, he raised his hips and plunged deeply into her clasp cunt. He felt himself cumming again. He knew that in just a few seconds his cum would come rushing forth to spill inside his mother's pussy. He sucked her tongue wildly as it happened.

His prick jerked and his legs went stiff. Tim felt the first hot splash of cum burn from his aching prick. He cried out. His mother pulled his body to hers. She cried out and gasped for breath. Again and again, his prick jerked, splashing his cum inside her hot cunt. His hands went to her ass, and he pulled her to him.

Finally, the emotion had passed and mother and son lay in each other's arms, their breaths coming in short bursts. Tim kissed his mother softly as his prick shrank. He closed his eyes.

"Sleep, baby... close your eyes and sleep..." she told him. ■



# Incest Confessions

Name: **Audrey**  
Age: **30**

Audrey recounts the sexual morning ritual she performs every day

**A**s Mom, it's my job to wake up my boys in the morning, feed them a hearty breakfast, and get them on their way to school. It's a pleasant routine, and one that I've become very good at over the years.

My husband wakes up very early and heads out to work before anyone else is up.

A little while later my alarm goes off and I get up and out of bed. I put on a short, sexy housecoat that ties in the front. I feel a small tingle of delight knowing I'm completely naked underneath as I walk down the hall into my older son's bedroom.

I smile softly as my eyes move about his sleeping face. At fourteen he's still young, I realize, yet such a man. A man where it counted, I giggle softly.

My eyes drift downward, and see the tent-like protrusion where his cock is. I lift the sheet carefully and peer underneath it. Steven is naked, as usual, and his cock stands up with fiery hardness. Grinning with pleasure, I pull the sheet to the foot of the bed, completely exposing my son's naked body and his sweet cock and balls. I gaze at his prick, my eyes taking in every ridge, every groove.

I'm reminded again how young he is by the sparseness of hair. I examine his young balls, seeing how full they are this morning. He slept with his legs parted, and I lean down and peer at the curves of his ass, seeing the ass crack, with his balls just above it. My eyes began to glow as I gaze at him. Steven's young cock and balls are the most beautiful in the world.

Staring at his hard cock as he sleeps, I feel my cunt react with a throb of heat. I move between his legs, my eyes burning on his upright cock. I open my housecoat, my tits swelling upward with nipples stiffly pointed. My pussy pulsates with wetness, my clit bulging.

I get on the bed and straddle my son's body, my eyes fixed upon his throbbing cock. I wait a moment, caressing my pussy as I stare at his cock, at his sleeping face. I lower myself, squatting above him. I touch the wet lips of my cunt to the head of his cock very lightly, rubbing back and

forth, not ready to wake him up yet. I move my pussy back and forth, leaning over to watch. I pull my cunt open and let my hot pussylips close about his piss hole. I breath deeply, and slowly lower my pussy onto my sleeping son's cock. I watch his face closely now as I very carefully fill my pussy with his prick.

His cock is inside my pussy, throbbing ever so sweetly. I feel the lips of my cunt press lightly at the base of his cock, and then I work them, squeezing at his prick, my hands resting on my knees. I'm quite comfortable squatting this way, and with his prick deep inside my pussy, I wiggle slightly, my cunt gripping and flexing.

Steven stirs, moaning softly, his head turning. "Wake up, sleepyhead," I whisper.

Steven moaned again.

"Come on, darling, it's time to wake up," I whisper again, my cunt squeezing at his cock. "Wake up and see what mother has in her cunt."

Steven's eyes opened slowly, and seeing his mother above him, he grins, then shifts his eyes downward. "I thought I was dreaming," he says.

"This is real, baby," I reply. "This is no dream."

He sees my cunt pressing at the base of his cock. "I had a dream the other night, Mom," he said. "I dreamed something about a girl, and I came off."

I lean over and kiss his cheek, tickling his flesh with the tip of my tongue.

I twist my ass, grinding my cunt on his cock.

He grins, sliding his hands along my thighs to toy with the soft hairs of my cunt. "What a good-morning fuck, Mom!"

I lift my ass until I almost lose his prick with my cunt. I twist my ass, letting my son watch as I hold the head of his cock with the puffy lips of my pussy, then I plunge down. I made a squealing sound of pleasure as his cock stretches my cunt. "Call it a good-morning fuck, a wake-up fuck, or just a plain old fuck. But what it is, really, is a hot fuck!"

Steven laughs with pleasure, sliding his hands down under his mother's ass, cupping my spreading ass cheeks, holding it as I bounce up and down lewdly on his prick. The wet sounds

fill the room, making us both gasp with erotic ecstasy. I smash my cunt hard onto the base of my son's cock, and began to whip it back and forth, then grind in tight circles, my eyes smoldering slits as I watch his face contort with rapture. Using the muscles of my thighs, I bounce and gurgled as I fuck him, smacking onto the base, then jerking upwards until I almost lose his cock, only to pound down swiftly again.

"Ooooo, fuck me, Mom!" Steven groans, arching his hips as I come down. "Fuck my cock! Ahhhh, Mom, fuck my cock with your hot, wet cunt!"

"Oh, yes, I will!" I sob. "Mother will fuck your hard cock with her hot cunt! I'll fuck your sweet, hard cock off, baby! Ooooo, it feels so good... goes so fucking deep! Ahhhhh... ohhhhh, yes, yes!"

"Faster, Mom!"

"Oh, God! I'm fucking as fast as I can, baby!"

I'm jamming my ass up and down frantically, my movements almost uncoordinated in a frenzy of ecstasy. My full tits jiggle, the nipples rigid and tingling. My cunt holds his cock tightly, very tightly. My clit crushes at his cock base when I ram downward, scraping along the delicious hardness of his cock shaft. I cry out softly with the intensity of our ecstasy. The bed is shaking with the violence of my pounding cunt. Steven is sliding his palms about my spreading ass cheeks, reeling the heat of my flesh, and adding to his mother's wild greed. I fling my knees as wide apart as I can, feeling excitedly lewd to expose my cunt this way as I fuck him.

Steven moves his hands between my wide knees and grips at me again, watching my cunt ride his cock. I feel a finger brush across my asshole, and I squeal at the unexpected touch. I wiggled my ass crazily, trying to get his finger to rub against my asshole again, but Steven starts to grit his teeth, his palms cupping my spreading ass cheeks. Even though I'm almost mindless with rapture, I understand that my son is getting very close to spurting his jizz into my cunt. With wild cries of ecstasy, I fuck him as fast as I can move my naked ass. The wet slippery sounds



are loud, and the friction of his cock against the clutching lips of my scalding cunt make goose bumps ripple about my smooth, creamy flesh.

With my pulse pounding, I thrash up and down on my son's cock, fucking him in a furious madness. Knowing he is about to come creates a lovely, delicious fire inside my cunt, and I begin to scream, at first softly, then louder as the ecstasy increases. I feel my cunt burst in a roaring fire, and slam down hard onto his cock, grinding insanely.

"Ohhhhh, Steven! I'm going to come, too! Ohhh, baby, give it to me! Give it to Mother! My cunt... oh, my pussy is... ahhh, Steven, mother's cunt... is about to explode! Oh, I'm going to come... come so fucking hard!"

"Ahhhh, Mom! My cock is... I'm gonna come, Mom! I'm gonna come right up your fucking hot cunt!"

I start to respond, but the sound comes out in a loud, piercing scream. I fuck hard onto my son's cock, the convulsions nearly making me

faint. The ecstasy is almost unbearable and I fall forward, catching myself just in time before I fall over him. My tits swing in Steven's face, and he opens his mouth, capturing one tit while his mother's cunt cums in gripping, hot waves around his cock.

"Suck that tit! Squeeze my ass!" I cry, straining my cunt onto his cock. "Squeeze mother's hot ass and suck her hot tits! Ohhhh, come in me, Steven! Please, come in my cunt while I'm coming!"

With a growl, Steven squeezes his mother's ass, pulling me tightly onto his cock. As he cums, he almost bits my nipple. The hot juice of his swollen balls splashes into my hungry cunt, filling me, making my orgasms rip through me with a greater power. I think my son is going to pull my tit off my body, he is sucking it so hard. We strain tightly, my cunt sucking at his jizz-spraying cock, both of us sobbing with the intensity of our orgasms.

I slump, unable to hold myself up. My son is almost smothered by my hot tits. He is still holding the cheeks of my ass tightly. His cock deflates, still inside my pussy. I feel his prick soften, and clench the lips of my cunt in an effort to keep it there. But slowly his cock slips out.

After some time, I raise up, looking down into my son's face. I see the sparkle in his eyes, and crush my mouth to his. I kiss him hard, then pull up, rolling from him. I lay on my back, my legs opening and closing, the sensation between them making me feel very relaxed.

"That's the way to wake up in the morning," I whisper.

"It's nice, Mom," he replies.

I twist to face him, punching him playfully in the ribs. "Nice? Is that all it is, just nice? I give you the best fuck I can, and you call it nice!"

Steven laughs and rolls from me. I grab him and we wrestle about the bed, grabbing playfully at each other.

I caress his balls tenderly before lifting up and shoving my head to his crotch, kissing his balls tenderly, licking them slowly. "Mmmmm, that's a wonderful taste. I bet I could replace my morning coffee with these lovely balls."

"Bullshit," Steven laughs, moving from me and getting off the bed. "You can't get through one day without morning coffee."

I grin at him. "You're right. But it would be fun to start the day off—every day—with these things in my mouth."

Steven strokes my cheek affectionately. "You take a shower, Mom. I'll have your coffee ready when you get downstairs."

I watch as my handsome son saunters out of his room, his beautifully naked ass following behind him.

With a smile, I get up off the bed and tie my housecoat. I proceed out of Steven's room and down the hall.

After all, now it's time to go wake up Andrew, my other horny son! ■







An  
*Affair*  
with  
Mom































































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MOMMY'S FAVORITE LOLLIPOP



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*at the heart of the image*



*continuing from page 8...*

he could hardly walk. She loved it when he talked to her about how hot she was, using all those delicious, exciting words that she couldn't bring herself to say.

Joanne was a hot woman, a very hot woman. In fact, she boiled, and thought about fucking and cocksucking almost constantly. There was nothing in this world, she thought, that felt better than a hard cock plunging into her steamy cunt or fucking her between her greedy lips.

Joanne had gone to her husband sweetly innocent—in body, if not in mind. Even before she experienced the joy of being fucked, she had known it would be the closest thing to heaven on this earth. As a small girl she had had an intense interest in fucking. So, when she married, her husband had gotten one hell of a surprise—one hell of a pleasant surprise. Despite her shyness, she did it all with him. Her only stipulation was that it had to be in darkness.

And now, she had nothing.

She was still an extremely attractive woman and could probably have attracted any man she desired. She might have done so, too, except that she was too shy to let any men know she was available. If she met a man, it would have to be him who made the first move. But even that was out since she never went anywhere to meet men. She just stayed home, taking care of the house and raising her two boys.

But she lived in frustration, tormented by her shyness. And what happened early in the day had done nothing to cool her frustration.

It was almost midnight and Joanne was still awake. She tossed and turned, visualizing cocks. Finding she was thirsty, she got out of bed and, with her robe on, went down the hall toward the kitchen for a glass of water. As was her habit when she woke up at night, she stopped and looked in at her two sleeping sons.

And she got a good look at her oldest son's cock.

It had been accidental, but that made no difference. She had seen Jimmy's cock and that was all there was to it. The boys slept on bunk beds and Jimmy was in the top one. She had shut off the air-conditioner for the night and he had kicked the sheets to the foot of the bed. She had already noticed that Hank held his sheet up around his chin.

Joanne had entered the room to pull the sheet up over Jimmy. The light of a full moon streamed in through the open window and cast a silvery glow over his body. She saw his cock immediately. It was standing up very hard, the head sweetly swollen.

Instead of covering him, she stood there and gazed down at his cock, remembering how he had shoved his finger up into her cunt. She felt an overwhelming urge to reach out and touch his prick. Somehow, she fought off the impulse, but she could not turn and go back to her room right away.

She could see Jimmy's cock clearly, every single detail of it. He was still so very young, but she was fascinated by his cock. It was a good four inches long, showing promise of being thick as he grew older, the way his father's cock had been. He was getting a nice patch of hair, she noticed, at the base, but his balls were still hairless.

The palm of her right hand itched to touch his cock, to hold it and stroke it, just for a moment. Her hand actually lifted and her arm went out. She saw his cock jerk slightly, almost as if it were begging her hand to caress and play with it.

Instead, she rested her hand on the edge of the bed. Her eyes smoldered as she gazed at his prick. She could see the beads of moisture seeping from his piss hole. As she looked at Jimmy's cock, her cunt began to throb again, her clitoris swelled up in a painful heat and her nipples strained against her robe.

Then, disgusted with herself, she turned and left the room without drawing the sheet up over him. Back in her own bed, Joanne forgot all about her thirst but held the image of Jimmy's cock in her mind. Her ass twisted and tossed about as she squeezed at her swollen tits, plucking the sensitive nipples.

***With a feather-light touch, she wrapped her eager fist around her son's cock and held it***

She needed a cock so very much!

Jimmy's cock was beautiful, she thought. It was so strong and so very young. She wondered what it would feel like sliding between the tight heat of her cunt lips. She wondered if Jimmy would like to fuck her with his cock and not his finger, as he had done while she pretended sleep. She had a vague recollection of a story she had heard many, many years ago of a father fucking his daughter. She didn't know if it had been true or not, but the story had excited her then and it was exciting her now.

Both her sons were at the age when boys began to think about girls and what they had inside their lacy little panties.

Jimmy's cock...

Her son's cock... going into her cunt...

Joanne could almost feel it as she lay there. Opening her thighs wide, she pulled up on her thick cunt hair, making a shiver of pleasure flow through her body. She tried to imagine her son's strong, teenaged cock plunging into her boiling cunt and her hips writhed and twisted about as if she were being fucked.

The desire to see Jimmy's cock again came

over her so strongly it was irresistible. Swinging her feet from the bed, she stood up, finding her legs shaking. They felt weak and her heart was pounding as she pulled her robe back over her shoulders.

As she walked quietly down the hallway, she was thinking that if she had pulled the sheets up over his lovely cock, she would just have to pull it down again. The desire to see his cock again was overpowering. She was determined to look at it, no matter what. After all, she thought with a flush on her pretty cheeks, he had seen her cunt, hadn't he? Fair was fair.

But when she peeked into the boy's room, Jimmy still lie uncovered. He was naked, of course, and she gasped softly in pleasure as she looked at his cock standing up so hard. The moon still threw its soft light into the room and she could see his cock and balls nicely. Slipping into the room with silent steps, she stopped at the side of the bunk beds, trembling as she stared.

The top bunk was on a level with her tits, and she leaned against it, smashing her arching, tingling nipples against the rail. Her hands dug into the side of the mattress as her cunt began to bubble in that delicious way.

Again, the urge to, to touch his cock came over her. She thought of how his finger had moved into her pussy and again considered it only fair that she touched his prick. She glanced at his face, seeing how young and innocent he looked in his sleep, his chest rising and falling evenly.

Turning her eyes back to his cock, she gazed in longing for some time. He had one leg thrown out and the other was bent at the knee. His hairless balls hung between them and his cock seemed to pulsate gently in its sweet hardness. The head was very swollen and very smooth and a bead of moisture clung to the flare of his piss hole.

Holding her breath, Joanne moved her right hand. The urge to touch her son's cock was too strong to resist. She let her hand hover above his hard-on for a moment, anticipating the feel of it. Then, very lightly, she moved the tip of one finger along the shaft of his cock. The taut flesh of his prick was hot and she felt it throb against her finger. She could not struggle with the urge to feel it anymore.

With a feather-light touch, she wrapped her eager fist around her son's cock and held it. Hank moaned softly in his sleep, and Joanne froze.

A heat burned over her face, the heat of her shyness and of burning shame at what she was doing. Yet she was unable to stop herself. Jimmy remained sound asleep.

Being very careful, Joanne stroked Jimmy's cock. She wanted to squeeze it, but was afraid the pressure would wake him up. Her cunt was twitching insanely between her thighs and she rocked her ass in a swaying motion. Her eyes were bright with desire as she gazed at his cock in her fist. Slowly, she moved her hand up and down his cock, feeling it burn at her palm. She



moved her thumb very lightly over the swollen head, brushing away the drip of his fluids, only to see another bead seep from his piss hole.

Unable to stop herself, her face burning with shy shame, she gave his cock a gentle squeeze. She mewled silently as her fist jacked up and down in slow motion, fighting the urge to beat his cock hard and fast. Her eyes were wide and very glassy, as she watched her hand move up and down his cock.

She wondered if she could perhaps jack him off and make his hard cock come and spurt that sweet, thick come juice without waking him up. She would love to see her son's cock spewing, she thought with a hot mind.

Her fist moved a little faster and Jimmy made no sound or movement. Once he sighed, but his body stayed in the same position. Joanne licked her lips with a burning excitement. She felt as if she would come simply by holding her son's cock. The insides of her thighs were already slippery from the oozing of her bubbling cunt.

Suddenly she pulled her hand away, flooded with shame.

But she did not leave the room. She remained leaning against the rail of the bunk, her tits smashing against it, her eyes unwilling to move from the sweetness of his hard-on. Her palm itched still and it felt as if his cock was still burning between her fingers.

Despite this feeling of shame and embarrassment, Joanne knew she had to touch his prick one last time. She told herself she would leave then, after one more feel of his beautiful cock.

Her hand moved and she gently ran a finger over his hairless balls. She watched as they seemed to draw up at the base of his cock. When she cupped his balls lightly in her palm, Joanne could not control the quick raging of her desire that flooded her mind and body.

She whimpered softly as her face moved toward her son's cock. Feeling ashamed of herself—a shame that was almost disgust, yet knowing she had to do it—Joanne kissed her son's cock. Her lips pressed lightly upon the smooth, swollen head and the moisture seeping from the piss hole smeared her lips.

Joanne's mind flared with wildness.

Before she could stop herself her tongue darted from her mouth and she licked at her son's swollen cock lightly, tasting the slippery juices. The sweetness of him drove her mind into flaming, erotic desire that she could no longer fight against. Her cunt burned as if someone had set a blow torch to it and her clitoris throbbed with need.

She felt a small wave of orgasms bursting between her thighs as her tongue swirled about Jimmy's piss hole. She licked away the juices and swallowed them, her throat burning as much as her cunt, desperate in desire.

Joanne moved the tip of her tongue along the throbbing shaft of her sleeping son's cock. Her hand held his balls up and she kissed them.

A soft, very low, moan of pleasure bubbled from her and she glanced up at his face. He had not changed his position and seemed to be sleeping soundly.

Why not? she thought. Why not have just one taste of his lovely cock? Just one taste of it, that's all. I'll just taste Jimmy's lovely cock once, very quickly, then go back to bed.

Joanne hovered her mouth over the swollen head of his cock. Then, holding her breath with hungry anticipation, she opened her lips. She lowered her mouth down slowly, taking the smooth head of her son's cock into her lips. With the heat of his prick between her lips, Joanne's mind exploded with erotic delight when she felt the deep throb of his cock.

She swirled her tongue lightly about the deliciously smooth head and before she could think of what she was doing, her lips slipped downward and she sucked more of his prick into her hot, wet mouth. She closed her eyes to the intensity of her pleasure as she filled her mouth with his cock, her lips burning with eager hunger.

***She felt her son's balls become tight in her hand. His cock was throbbing and pulsating very strongly between her wet lips***

I'll just suck his cock for a second, she told herself. I'll just suck it for a moment and let it make me feel so good, then I'll leave.

But Joanne did not leave.

The taste of her young son's cock between her burning lips sent her mind into reeling delight. She went farther down on his prick and let the few hairs at the base tickle her stretching lips and chin. Joanne felt the smooth head of his cock probe the back of her throat and her eyes rolled behind her closed lids as her blood boiled in her veins.

She held her son's cock deep inside her mouth for a long time and thrilled with the sweet hardness of it. As her lips held his cock at the base, she worked her cheeks and tongue, sucking up slowly, her lips tight. Her tongue moved over the smooth, sweet cock head and she tasted the seeping juices. The sheer sweetness of her son's cock seemed much more delicious than she remembered her husband's being. Her throat and mouth became very slippery as she began to bob her pretty face up and down, her lips gliding easily, but hungrily on his cock.

She thought she could feel Jimmy's cock swelling even more between her hot, greedy lips. It was throbbing more, that she knew. She loved the young power of it and her mouth moved up and down a bit faster. Gone was her resolve to have just one taste of his cock.

Joanne still held his hairless balls in her hand, but she was being very careful, hoping desperately that he would not suddenly wake up and catch her with his hard cock in her mouth. That would embarrass her terribly and she thought she would die with shame. Sucking on his cock as he slept was bad enough and feelings of shame filled her. But ashamed or not, Joanne could not make her self stop sucking his cock once she had started.

She was under the control of her frustrated hunger, unable to make herself stop. She wanted his cock desperately, despite the shame that burned on her beautiful face.

As her mouth moved up and down his cock, she could feel the flush on her face. But the ecstasy that was rumbling through her overcame even that. The shame was there, to be sure, but she could not stop sucking him. Jimmy's cock was simply too delicious between her hot, wet lips.

Soft moans escaped her tight lips and she had to struggle to keep silent. She had already forgotten her promise of just a little suck, just a slight taste of his cock. Feeling his prick inside her hot mouth had shoved all thought of that promise out of her mind. She was almost overcome with greedy desire and every nerve in her slender, curvy body screamed with absolute ecstasy.

Her tits, smashing against the top rail of the bunk beds, burned like never before. She had dropped her left hand down and pressed her fist tightly against her fiery cunt and painfully swollen clitoris.

She felt her son's balls become tight in her hand. His cock was throbbing and pulsating very strongly between her wet lips now. Joanne began to suck even faster, but she was still being careful, prepared to turn and run if Jimmy showed signs of waking up. She made herself another promise—I'll just suck on his cock a little longer, then stop.

Again she sucked his cock in deep, holding it between her inflamed lips and thrilled by the way it throbbed against her throat. Then she sucked up and down again, her mind soaring with the perverse delight she felt. Her fist, pressing upon her steaming cunt, began to move, smashing at her swollen clitoris. Her lips sucked up and down and she felt his cock become even harder.

Telling herself she would take one last suck, Joanne moved her lips down, then started up. Her lips were very tight, very hot, and sucked stronger this one last time. When she was halfway up her son's cock, she felt it jerk inside her mouth.

Joanne's eyes popped wide open.

Jimmy was coming!

His cock gushed thick come juice into her



surprised mouth, splashing onto her tongue and along the insides of her cheeks. Joanne had been caught unaware and was totally surprised. For a moment she could not move as he filled her mouth with come juice. Jimmy's cock spewed again and again and she tasted the sweetness of his come juice, the delicious thickness of it.

Joanne had to swallow and her throat worked as he filled her mouth again. For a frightening moment, she could not move. Her lips clutched at her son's gushing cock tightly and her mind reeled with the thrill of having him come off into her mouth. The sheer sweetness of his come juice almost made her swoon with ecstasy.

She heard Jimmy moan.

The sound crackled through her numb mind. She opened her lips quickly, catching a spurt of come juice on her chin. Almost frightened out of her mind at being caught, she ducked beneath his bunk, reaching out to prevent herself from falling in her haste. She found herself with a handful of her younger son's cock. She froze, but Hank only murmured in sleep. She stood there, bent over in fear, too afraid to even take her hand off

Hank's cock. She listened to Jimmy shift positions, she was actually shaking with fear and shame.

After what seemed hours to Joanne, she finally felt she could move. She pulled her hand gently away from Hank's cock and, with a flaming face, realized that he, too, had a hard cock. It had become hard as she held it. She peered over the edge of the top bunk and saw that Jimmy had turned to face the wall. Being as quiet as she could, her heart thudding with shame and fear, she sneaked from the room and rushed to her bed. Flinging herself down upon it, she buried her face into the pillows, sobbing with the shame she felt.

The taste of Jimmy's come juice lingered in her mouth and she thought she could still feel his cock throbbing between her lips and the cock of her youngest son in her hand. As she thought about it, she remembered how she had felt Hank's cock become hard as she leaned over him, shaking with fright and shame.

Joanne had been on the brink of coming herself when Jimmy's cock had unexpectedly discharged into her mouth. But his moan had frightened her so badly it was as though the sensation had never been there.

She turned onto her back and stared up at the darkened ceiling, a flush of shame still burning her cheeks. She did not know what possessed her to do what she had done to her son, at least she tried to tell herself that. All she had wanted to do was look at his cock and touch it for just a moment.

Then taste it—but that was all.

Instead, she had sucked his cock off.

She had sucked her sleeping son's cock off and made him come into her mouth.

Joanne had given her sleeping son a blow job! ■



**fantasize about  
your naked son?**

**...you're not alone.**





# Incest Confessions

Name: **Melanie**  
Age: **28**

Melanie loses her inhibitions and gives her young son a sexual awakening he'll never forget!

**M**y unusual sex urges began when I was twenty-eight. I had no idea they would lead to the naughtiness I now constantly crave. At the time, it all seemed as natural and pleasant as eating apple pie.

My son, Todd, had come home from catching tadpoles. He was covered from head to toe with mud. I thought he looked funny, but I didn't laugh. Sternly I ordered him to take a bath.

Todd was thirteen at the time. Although his chin began to quiver, I didn't let him know how I felt. I'd had a tendency to be too strict with my children, at least that's what John, my husband, said. He thought I was too severe about a lot of things, but on the day Todd came home covered with mud, my old attitudes and even my view of morality changed. It was like a great weight lifted from my shoulders.

"...and scrub your elbows while you're at it," I harangued my son as I turned off the bath water. "You knew better than to wade in there in your school clothes. I may never get these stains out."

"David and Jimmy went in first."

"What's that got to do with it? Good Lord! You'd think those two made your rules. Here. You're not scrubbing. Let me do it."

I took the washcloth from him and ran a bar of soap briskly over it. Then I began rubbing his grungy elbows.

"Terrible," I said, though I wasn't even feeling angry any more.

His little body was so tense, sitting there. I wished I could be gentle. What was wrong with me that I was so continually mean with the kids? I didn't intend it that way.

I forced myself to relax, working the smudges out with a gentler hand. As I looked down at his vulnerably thin body, I was overcome with motherly love for him. Bending over, I raised his little face up and began kissing him.

"Don't worry about it," I stammered. "I know little boys like to play in the mud. There was no excuse for me yelling at you the way I did. I'm the one who's sorry. Can you forgive me, Todd?"

He tensed even more. I could feel him trying

to pull away from me. I needed his forgiveness, but he acted like he was afraid.

I released him... sat back on the edge of the tub and tried to smile in an effort to draw him to me. Shifting nervously, he fiddled with the washcloth I'd dropped but he wouldn't look up at me.

How precious he was, I thought. His tousled blond hair was flopped down over his eyes. They were blue eyes, wide and clear and beautiful. His face was covered with freckles—his sister Rosemary called them polka dots—and he had a quivery, little-boy chin that made my heart burst with pride.

I hadn't seen my children to really look at them for some time. As I sat there staring at him, a light-headed feeling came over me that was simply bursting with love. Reaching for the soap, I worked up a lather in my hands. Then I began kneading the creamy suds into his pliant flesh.

He's mine, a part of my own flesh, I thought.

I worked over his shoulders until the tension began to lessen. I could see his head bob forward when he finally began to relax.

"Feel good?" I asked.

He nodded yes.

Once I started, I had no urge to quit. Inch by inch I soothed the soap into his flesh and then rinsed his skin clean. As his tightness dissolved, my own tensions began to disappear. There were taut nerves deep within me that had been tugging and pulling at me almost since I was born.

"Sweet baby," I whispered.

I worked down his chest and onto his belly. I was pleased when he leaned back and arched his stomach up to me. It was so soft and pliant, that vulnerable little underbelly. I felt his small pecker slap against my hand as I worked, but it took a while before I realized that it was quite hard!

What's this? I thought. I looked down and saw the sensual possibilities in his tiny prick for the first time. Curiously, the thought didn't trouble me in the least. After his earlier rejection, I felt a thrill that I was able to please. Reaching down,

I curled my finger around his tiny hard-on and gave it a gentle stroke.

"How's that feel?" I asked.

He'd sucked in a lung full of air the instant I touched him. Lifting his ass up, he pushed himself hard against me.

"Do it some more," he begged.

With two fingers I fucked him for a minute or two. It gave me a tremendous surge of excitement, especially because of the way it was affecting him. Anxiously he brought up his legs and squeezed them together, trapping my wrist. Then he immediately began fucking back.

Suddenly I had to play with him... all of him. Reaching down into the water, I picked him up, grabbed a towel, and carried him on into my bedroom, stopping only to lock the door. The water ran off of him in rivers, all the way to my bed.

He began to whimper, immediately assuming that he'd done something terribly wrong.

"I'm sorry, Mama," he whimpered. "Please! Don't hurt me. I didn't mean to."

"Hush," I whispered warmly. "Don't be sorry. Mama just wants to love you some more."

I reached down and fingered his sweet little prod, and I could feel him relax in my arms. Still, I knew I would have to be careful not to frighten him, as easily as he seemed to be alarmed.

"We're going to love each other," I said. "I'm going to play with your darling dickie, and you can play with me, too, if you like."

I laid him down on the bed. Then I undressed as rapidly as I could. Shrewdly I calculated on how much my body would affect him. Then, climbing onto the bed beside him, I took his hand and ran it over my boobs.

"You used to suck me here when you were a baby," I told him. "I always loved it when you sucked me. Do you think you'd like to pretend you're a baby now?"

Mutely he nodded, still too overcome to talk. To encourage him I reached down and stroked his sweet cock again.

He took a deep breath, then reached for my tit. A moment later, his mouth nuzzled against



my nipple and then hungrily sucked it in, his hands kneading my lobes compulsively.

“You’re going to have a big fucker when you’re older,” I whispered. (I’d never used such a word out loud before!) “You know, you’re like your daddy in a lot of ways. He likes it when I play with him, too.”

“You play with Daddy... like this?” Todd asked incredulously. His eyes were widely rounded. “Certainly. That’s why we both sleep in the same bed, so we can play with each other.”

“Can I sleep with you?”

“No. Daddy wouldn’t share me with anyone. We’ll have to keep this secret. Won’t that be fun?”

“Do you rub Daddy’s pecker?”

“Mmmm hmmm,” I purred, “and I kiss it and let him poke it up my pussy and all sorts of wonderful things.”

He lay there very still, staring up at me, and I continued to play with his sweet little dick while he mulled all of it over in his mind. One finger rubbed absently against my nipple, using the same gentle stroke that he used to use on his blanket when he lay down to suck on his thumb.

“We’ll have us a game, you and me,” I proposed. “Every day, when you come home from school, we’ll play with each other until it’s time for your sister to come home. We’ll keep it a secret and we’ll never tell anyone. Okay?”

Mutely he nodded his head.

“What a darling cock,” I said.

At that moment my radio turned itself on by accident. I reached over to snap it off and noticed my Chapstick laying on the edge of the night stand. I picked it up and smiled at him and his throbbing cock.

Popping off the cap, I ran the stick around my lips several times and then resealed it and tossed it away. My lips were all warm and greasy when I smiled down at my son.

“Can I kiss your pee-pee, sweetheart?” I asked. “Can Mama show you how good it feels?”

He squirmed nervously, but he wouldn’t look at me. Finally he nodded his head yes.

I took my hands away from his hard, shivery prick then and let my eyes feast over his treasure. I was almost afraid to fondle his nuts, as delicate and fragile as the sac looked.

“You have the softest little balls,” I mused. “I could eat them up, too. Do you want me to kiss your sweet balls when I kiss your dick?”

He groaned. I didn’t wait for an answer for Todd was arching up his toys, eagerly awaiting my promised kiss. Though I loved staring at his precious prod, I paused only an instant longer before I leaned down and took his dear little dick in my mouth.

“Ahhhhhhhh!” he gasped.

And I purred! The feel of his throbbing cock in my mouth was heaven. Like a hot, wet cave I surrounded him, caressing warmly, fondling wetly.

His delicate, hairless flesh set me on fire. I took first his shivering cock, but soon I was pushing in his balls, as well. Greedily I tasted of the most sensuous of all flesh.

I couldn’t get enough of him! My finger was drawn to his asshole where I was tempted to further explore, but I didn’t let myself push through. I couldn’t take the chance of hurting him for that would have frightened him away. I had to content myself with ringing his tight little bun with my fingertips, massaging and fondling his little ass until it was relaxed and loose.

I wanted to poke into every part of him, revel in the feel and taste and smell of my darling boy that I’d never really known. Always there’d been a barrier between my children and me just as there’d been between me and my husband. I’d nag and scold when I didn’t really care that they were all that perfect. What I really needed was love. Once I broke through that barrier, everything I did seemed wonderful and right.

Todd began fucking his sweet pecker in and out of my mouth. Having him shove it into me the same way that a man would was a delight.

“Ngh! Ngh!” he grunted.

I squeezed my legs together in the same

anxious rhythm for my throbbing pussy had begun to ache.

I didn’t touch myself with my hand because I wanted the feeling to last. When Todd began shaking, I forced myself to back away.

“Are you all right, lamb?”

He wasn’t accustomed to a mother with a gentle voice. Shyly he looked up and nodded.

“Do you like Mama loving you?”

Again he nodded his head. I moved up to lay beside him again, cuddling him in my arms. He nuzzled in against me and one hand began stroking my tit. When I felt him pulling my breast closer to his mouth, I looked down and realized that he was almost sneaking it, so unsure was he of my response.

I helped him. I took hold of my tit and fed the nipple into his mouth. Then I hugged him to me warmly and let him suck.

I’d started out too anxious, I decided. I shouldn’t have sucked on his pecker for some time. I’d have to be more careful in the future if I didn’t want to scare him away.

I plotted carefully. It wasn’t that I didn’t know I was doing wrong. I knew I’d have to keep John from finding out, and I’d have to be sure that Todd didn’t talk to anyone else about it, either. What was missing was any feeling of guilt. Like some mischievous child, I planned and schemed how to accomplish my ends without getting caught, even to the best methods for coaxing Todd into becoming a regular part of my game. I wasn’t thinking about the moment. Already I was planning for tomorrow and the next day, too. Once I’d broken through my shell of nagging and irritation, I had to completely immerse myself in my child.

My ache was becoming critical. Rolling over on my back, I pulled Todd on top of me. Then I squirmed around until I felt his feverish little dick brush over my swollen cuntlips.

“Ahhhh!” I gasped. Then I spread open my legs and the next time his rooting cock came near, I trapped it in my smoldering cunt.





Now it was his turn to gasp. “Haaaaaaa!”  
“You sweet little fucker,” I panted. “Ohhh, but that feels good!”

“Nnnnnngh,” he whined.

He was twisting this way and that, squirming and burrowing to push that hungry pole of his in deeper. When he accidentally poled it into my hole, his entire body shuddered with excitement. Almost instantly he began to thrust his prod into me with hard, deliberate strokes. For a little fucker, he certainly got with the program easily. If it hadn’t felt so wondrously good, I’d have laughed at the easy way he’d graduated and become a dirty old man.

How differently I saw that phrase once I lost my inhibitions. I’d once thought that even my husband was a hopelessly repeating sinner, a vile, dirty (even when youngish) man. When I’d thought of the phrase to describe Todd, I held a picture of a cuddly, teddy bear kind of a man who’d know all sorts of exciting games to play.

“Hey! That’s a baby-making dance,” I panted as I began to meet his small-cocked thrusts.

“Ohhhh. Harder, Mama! Don’t stop!”

“Easy, darling,” I cautioned. “Don’t rush it. Try to make it last.”

He didn’t care about it lasting. All he could think of was to fuck. It was an automatic, compulsive kind of movement that varied only when he tried to screw it into my pussy tighter by rotating his hips from side to side. For a thirteen-year-old, he was amazingly adept.

“Harder, Mama!” he whimpered.

In my mind there were many things going on, all of them sensual. I could picture Todd and I taking baths together. As small as he was it would be easy for the two of us to ball each other in the tub. I could see us in the shower, too, with my small son staring into my pussy until he finally had to push his face into it. Wouldn’t it be heaven when he wanted to suck on it for me? I knew I was going to love that. My pussy ached just to think of it.

I would make a great lover out of my son, I decided. I’d teach him everything that could please a woman, and when he’d learned all of that, I’d turn my ass over and let him learn how to please a man. I’d never been fucked in the ass

before... never wanted it, but now all sorts of lewd ideas were creeping into my head.

I thought of holding his sweet penis for him when he had to piss. Soon my thoughts drifted deeper until he was spraying warm piss over my body. The idea of it burning into my cunt was deliciously stimulating.

I could play with such notions, but I dared not propose them to my tender-hearted son. I’d have to seduce him day by day until he could respond eagerly to everything.

“Keep fucking,” I whispered. “Keep screwing that sweet thing in.”

It never occurred to me that Todd might not be able to reach an orgasm yet. When my own crest came gushing over me, I screamed... I stiffened... then I fucked and fucked and fucked.

Then it was done, yet I could feel the tense little frame of my darling son, still fucking his way up the hill.

“Cummmmm,” I rasped. “Fuck off!”

“Kiss me some more,” he pleaded. “Kiss my pee-pee again.”

I rolled Todd off of me and onto his back. Then I pressed my face to his groin. For a moment I savored the humid warmth and titillating smell. Then I realized that he was frantically fucking his pecker into thin air. I began nibbling at his root.

Can’t he cum? I wondered nervously. Why hasn’t he made it? Could he be too young?

Gumming my way up on his stalk, I tickled and nibbled around the edge of his head, teased a tear from his cock’s eye and then sucked him in.

“Ahhhhhhhh!” he wailed.

The instant I sucked his prick in, Todd began to thrust with hard, shuddering jabs. Filling both fists with my hair, he jerked my head toward him, doubling the power of his thrusts.

I reached down and stuffed his nuts in, too. That’s when he began to shake. His arms and legs responded independent of either his body or his brain. I was on the verge of panic when he arced backwards, stiffened, and his cock pulsed in my mouth. Every muscle in his body seemed to convulse.

“Eyiiiiiii!”

There wasn’t any cum, but the spastically shuddering body told me that Todd’s boycock was sending his whole body into orgasmic bliss. When it was over, and we’d each regained our breath, my small son confided that it was the first time he’d ever orgasmed. He was, as a matter of fact, unaware that such a sensation could exist.

“You’re kidding,” I teased. “Don’t you ever play with yourself? All little boys play with themselves once in a while.”

“I do” he said. “But this is the first time that I’ve it felt so good.”

I smiled lovingly at my handsome boy. “Now you won’t need to play with yourself anymore. Mommy will always help your pretty little pee-pee feel good whenever you want!” ■





# Pedipussy Spotlight

## LandisMalone

**Age:** 17

**From:** Detroit

**Relatives:** Mom and Dad

**Favorite sex position:** 69! I love to 69 more than anything else.

**Strangest place you've fucked:** A movie theater—and it wasn't even in the back! Mom started jackin' me off while we were sitting a few seats away from an old couple. Before I knew it she was sucking down my cum!

**First incestuous moment:** I walked in on my parents having sex when I was thirteen. Mom wasn't upset, she seemed to enjoy me watching them go at it. When Mom shifted positions to lay on her stomach with her head next to the edge of the bed as Dad pounded his cock into her good, she motioned for me to come over. She reached out and pulled down my underwear and took my cock in her mouth! Mom sucked my cock off for the first time as Dad fucked her cunt!

**Most memorable moment:** When Mom invited our local minister over for dinner. I snuck under the table before everyone sat down and started licking Mom's cunt while she talked to him. Dad told me afterwards that Mom looked so flushed that Reverend Jones whispered to him before he left that Mom might need to see a doctor.

**Why I love incest:** Because the feeling of my cock sliding into Mom's wet pussy is the best fucking thing in the whole world! It feels so good I wish I could keep it inside Mom forever!



# Mommy

## Squirrels

by HeyAll

When her son discovers that she squirts when she cums, he begs her to let him watch!

(Fm, inc, exh)

**T**here's no denying that my mother is a very beautiful woman.

At 45-years-old, she's able to turn more heads touring my college campus than women half her age. And for good reason too, because simply put, she's hot.

I couldn't blame anyone for checking her out because of how busty she looked with her voluptuous breasts and her shapely rear end. And as a real estate agent, she would always dress in tight fitting professional business outfits which brought out her curves even more. Her long wavy brown hair, blue eyes, and full lips, made her look even more desirable. But what made her even sexier was that she never tried to act sexy. She's about as prim & proper and classy as a woman can get.

Now I'll admit, I've masturbated thinking about my own mother a few times in my life, and have had my fair share of naughty fantasies about her. How could I not? I lived with her and saw her everyday. And soon, I was about to find out a little more about her...

It was early Saturday morning. I grabbed my small hamper full of dirty clothes and carried them down to the basement to toss in the washing machine, only to find that my mother had beaten me by a few short moments.

"I had no idea you would be up so early on a weekend," she said as she shoved her bed sheet in the washing machine.

"I was going out to the gym later and I realized that I forgot to do my laundry," I replied.

"Oh. I hope you don't mind me going first. It won't be too long."

"I don't mind at all. And are you washing your sheets again? Didn't you wash them a few days ago?" I asked.

Her eyebrows raised a little. "I did, but I was sweating all night because of the warm weather. And the last thing I want to do is lay on fabric filled with perspiration."

I couldn't put my finger on it, but my mother seemed to be unusually evasive and dodgy on such a simple question.

"No problem. I'll come back in an hour."

When I headed back upstairs, I couldn't help but notice something down the hall in my mother's bedroom. It stood straight up on the counter right next to her bed, and it was shiny and silver. My curiosity got the better of me and I walked inside my mother's room to find a vibrator on full display.

My mind started racing with lewd thoughts as I held up her sex toy, which looked like it hadn't been cleaned yet from her using it. Finding out that my conservative mother owned something like this was both shocking and erotic at the same time. She's obviously human and has her needs like everybody else, but this was just something

I never imagined her owning considering how modest a person she is.

"You obviously weren't supposed to see that," I heard my mother say behind me.

I turned to see her with a deflated and embarrassed look on her face.

"It's my fault for not putting it away," she added. "I didn't think you would be awake at this hour."

"Mom, I'm so sorry for coming inside your room like this. It's just that I..."

I realized that I was still holding her vibrator, and when I turned back around to put it back on the table, I noticed a wet spot in the middle of her bed.

"You weren't supposed to see that either. God this is so humiliating. I feel like I'm having the worst morning of my life right now," she said,





shaking her head in disbelief.

"It's okay mom, lot's of women squirt," I replied, trying to make her feel better.

"Great, this is exactly what I need right now—my son giving me reassurance about my bodily fluids," she said sarcastically.

"I was just trying to ease the tension. Honestly, I think it's so hot."

Her eyes widened in surprise of my candor. "I really don't know what's gotten in to you this morning. Just because you saw something personal of mine doesn't give you the right to make whatever inappropriate comments you want towards me."

"I wasn't trying to offend you. I was trying to make you feel better because of how embarrassed you looked over it. And I really do think it's hot. It's one of my favorite fantasies," I proudly admitted.

"Well it's good to know that there are still some men out there who actually appreciate it. Some of the men I've dated have ran for hills when they first saw it," she replied

"That's a real shame. A woman like you really does need to be appreciated. Seriously, I think it's an amazing talent that more people should enjoy watching."

"And I suppose you're referring to yourself," she said with a skeptical look on her face.

"Well not exactly. But now that you mention it, it might be kind of fun for the both of us. I've been dying to see it in real life, and you sound like you want someone to appreciate what you can do. So what's the harm?"

She paused for a long moment and gave me a look which only a mother could give; it was the look of a mother giving in to her son's needs.

"Fine... I don't see a problem with that," she said. "It's been a while since I've entertained someone with it."

My mom lifted and reached under her night gown to pull her panties down to her ankles before kicking it away. She then grabbed the chair in front of her computer and pulled it to face the bottom of the bed.

"You can only sit here and watch me on two conditions. One is that you never tell ANYONE about this—EVER."

"Of course not. I would never do that to you" I told her, with my heart beating with excitement.

"Good. And the other condition is that you drop your pants as well. You don't have to get completely naked, just having your bottom off will do. I refuse to be the only one exposed here. And you can pleasure yourself if you want, I don't mind."

I didn't hesitate for a second in pulling my shorts and underwear off. Her eyes immediately roamed around my growing erection which she hadn't seen in a very, very, long time, and I sat down on the chair as instructed.

She reached over to the top of her dresser and grabbed a towel, which she unfolded and spread across her bed. She then lifted her gown, exposing her naked thighs and her neatly

trimmed vagina to me, before sitting on top of the towel with her upper back pressed up against wall with her pillow behind her. Her knees were up and her legs were spread wide open, giving me an intimate look at her vagina from where I sat.

She started off by rubbing her fingers up and down her brown labia. And each time she would rub herself, I was able to see a little bit more of her pink insides. And the more she would rub, the wetter she became. Her fingers, labia, and pubic hairs all started to glisten with traces of her clear fluids.

My erection became even harder as she reached over to pick up the vibrator on her counter top. She turned it on and the room became filled with it's buzzing sound. She slowly brought it down to her crotch and the moment she pressed it against her clitoris, her legs began to twitch and her mouth slightly opened, and her eyes widened. The buzzing tip of the vibrator circled around her engorged clit and more fluids seemed to secrete from inside of her. Soft and subtle groans began exiting her mouth.

She spread her legs even further, opening her

***Mom let out a  
scream of pleasure  
as a sudden rush of  
fluids began gushing  
out from the insides  
of her vagina***

vagina. I was surprisingly treated to the sight of my mother's tiny brown anus, but my attention immediately found it's way back to her vagina as she pressed the active vibrator against the pink inside of her flesh. She suddenly pushed the toy in to her vaginal opening, causing her back to arch in the process. Once her canal had adjusted to the vibrating object, she slowly began to use it in-and-out of her body, masturbating with it for both my pleasure and hers.

I couldn't believe that I was jerking off to the graphic and surreal sight of my mother pleasuring herself with a sex toy. It took every ounce of my own strength not to jerk off furiously and cum right away. I did it slowly. I didn't want to finish to soon. I wanted to watch my mother squirt first, so I savored the moment.

After several long and tense minutes of her letting me in to her private little world, her toes suddenly started to curl and her feet clenched tightly. Her mouth opened even wider and loud moans escaped her lips. She clenched her eyes shut tightly and her legs began to quiver. She was cumming.

A sudden rush of fluids began gushing

out from the insides of her vagina and onto the towel below her. She let out a scream of pleasure as more streams of clear fluids shot out from her body, this time spraying far enough to wet the carpet, nearly touching my leg. Her body thrashed violently on the bed as her hand holding the vibrator continued it's work.

Once it was over, she took the toy out of her body, leaving behind an empty hole which was still gushing like a small water fountain, slowly dying down with every squirt. The shivering in her legs faded away as well, and the look on her face suddenly became calm.

I furiously stroked my cock after I had seen my mother cum. And for the very first time since she started masturbating, she shifted her eyes towards me, watching me. My throbbing cock erupted with a huge orgasm of it's own, shooting load after load of cum straight into the air and onto my body and floor. It was easily one of the best orgasms of my life thanks to my mother.

She then used a side of the towel to dry her crotch before getting out and bed and walked towards me. If what we did wasn't taboo enough, she put a single finger at the end of my now flaccid penis and wiped across my shaft, collecting my sperm at the tip of her hand before putting it on her tongue.

"You taste good," she said, savoring my cum in her mouth. "Now if you'll excuse me, I need to shower."

With that said, she turned around and walked to her bathroom while I sat and watched her round ass jiggle as her legs moved.

My mother called me down for dinner as soon as she came home after spending the day with her friend. Her back was facing towards me as she prepared the plates in the kitchen, and so I walked behind her and gave her a big hug, cupping her breasts in my hands.

"I've missed you," I playfully whispered in her hear, before kissing it.

"Oh cut it out," she said as she jokingly slapped my arm. "Don't forget that I'm still your mother and not your girlfriend okay."

I gave her another kiss. "I know, but I've thought about you all day."

She picked up the plates and placed them on the dining table, smiling. "Believe me, I've thought about you all day as well. Come on, let's eat."

I did as she asked and sat across from her. "Can I ask you something?"

"Of course you can."

"Why did you let me watch you earlier. I mean, I obviously loved it and I'm really glad I got to see it, but I was curious as to what you got out of it."

She smiled. "Maybe I liked having someone watch me; someone who appreciates what I can do down there. It's a deal breaker for a lot of men because they think it's weird or that I'm peeing on them or their bed."

"Yeah, most guys don't know how to appre-



ciate a woman who squirts. But for me, seeing it for the first time and so up close—my god. That's something I'll never forget."

"I'm glad. And trust me, I'll never forget that either. There are certain barriers that should be between mothers & sons, and that was definitely one of them."

"I understand what you mean. I'm sorry if that part upset you."

"Who says I didn't like it?" she replied with a naughty grin.

"Oh... you have no idea how much it turns me on to know that you got such a kick out of it."

"Why wouldn't it have?" she asked. "A few hours ago I masturbated and had a messy orgasm for my son's viewing pleasure. Men aren't the only ones with incest fantasies you know?"

Hearing my mother say that sent a tingle down my spin and got my blood flowing. "God, you have no idea how bad my hormones are raging right now. Is there any chance we could eat later and continue what we did earlier? Mom, I'm begging you."

She reached over and playfully patted my leg. "Well unfortunately I'm still drained after this morning's show, so you'll have to count me out for the night. But if I'm in the mood, who's to say that we can't try new things tomorrow?"

■

"Wake up... I've got a fun afternoon planned for us," I hear my mother say as she pulled my curtains open to let the sun's bright rays into my room.

"Jeez mom, it's 7 am," I groaned.

"I know. But I thought we'd go for a long drive and then go for a hike, followed by a nice picnic lunch. And if no one is around, I figured we could, you know, have some outdoor fun... but if you don't want to..."

I immediately became alert and jumped out of bed. "Well why didn't you say so?! I'll be ready in 10 minutes."

■

My mother and I had our picnic on an open field of grass. She was barefoot and wore a white sundress with pictures of yellow flowers on it. We had a nice casual conversation, but of course, my mind was on other things...

"So what does it feel like?" I asked.

"I'm assuming you're talking about my orgasms."

I nodded.

She paused for a moment, as if to think of a detailed and personal answer. "Intense. It feels intense. It feels like I'm ready to burst down there, but in an extremely pleasurable way—a pleasure that takes over my whole body. And when I reach my climax and those fluids squirt out of my body, there's just nothing like it. The squirting is the best part."

"I love how you described it like it. It's so erotic listening to you explain this. Can you tell me more? How often do you use your vibrator? Do you squirt every time?"

She smiled, "Your curiosity towards me is so

adorable. And if you must know, since I've been single these past few months, I've been masturbating with my toy every-other-day at least. I usually do it in the bathtub so I don't have to clean anything up, but it's not as comfortable as doing it on my bed. And I can only squirt if I'm aroused enough."

"That's so hot. And to think, I've lived with a woman like you my whole life and I never had a chance to appreciate your talent until yesterday."

"Well like I said, I'm your mother and you're my son, and there are boundaries we should have. I mean, if anyone ever found out about this; my family, my friends, the people I work with... I would be absolutely ruined..."

"Trust me, no one will ever know. And why should they? It's none of their business. The only thing that matters is that we both had an amazing experience yesterday. And I'm not ashamed to admit it, but the fact that you're my mother makes this whole thing even better. I know you feel the same way deep down."

She paused for a moment, and without saying a word, she got on her knees and wrapped her fingers around the bottom of her sun dress. And in a swift and graceful motion, she flung the dress over her head to reveal her nakedness to me. She had clearly been preparing for this moment between us.

***"Rub my clit, son,  
I want to orgasm  
so bad! Mommy's  
going to squirt so  
hard for you..."***

My eyes took in her bare body as fast as I could. Her skin was fair and smooth. She was voluptuous, with womanly curves around her hips and waist. And I noticed that her crotch was now cleanly shaven.

But what excited me more than anything at this point was seeing her large breasts for the very first time. They hung straight down and sagged just the right amount and were oval shaped on the bottom. I especially loved seeing the contrast between the pale white skin of her chest, and the dark brown color nipples and areolas. Her areolas must have been around two-inches wide and her nipples were the largest I've ever seen.

"Do you promise that no one will ever find out?" she asked with a mischievous grin.

"God no, not if that means we can't do this anymore. Mom, you have no idea how hard I am right now. You're body is perfect. You're the woman of my dreams."

She smiled. "Thank you. And I'm glad you're erect because since I don't have my vibrator with

me, I was thinking maybe we could use your cock instead."

My cock became even stiffer when I heard my mother say that. My life long dream of fucking my mother was finally about to come true.

"The look on your face says you're interested," she continued. "So let's not waste a second longer. Now take your clothes off."

I got on my feet and got naked for my mother in no time, sending my clothes straight on to a pile where her dress was. She held onto my hand and led me towards the trees. We were completely and utterly vulnerable for anyone who would have caught us at that very moment. We were far away from our clothes and were in the nude. It would have appeared to anyone who would have caught us that we were just a random couple having fun being naked in the outdoors, but no one could have guessed that we were in fact, mother & son.

"Sit here," she said, pointing towards the bottom of a tree. "Lean against it. I have an idea."

I did as she asked, sitting bare on the soft grass, while leaning my back against the smooth tree with my hard-on pointed straight in the air. My heart started pounding as my mother then stood over me and lowered herself onto my body. Before she was able to sit on my lap, she held my cock up and guided it towards her open vagina. A small gasp escaped her lips as I entered her. She felt warm and wet. She lowered herself until her entire body weight was on me and I had fully penetrated her with my manhood. We sat face-to-face with my arms wrapped around her for a moment while she was getting comfortable with me inside of her.

"God this feels amazing," I told her. "I've fantasized about doing this with you for so long. But I never thought it would actually happen."

She clenched her vaginal muscles as I said that, making herself feel even tighter for me—teasing me.

"Don't you think I know that? I'm your mother, I know more about you than you think. Besides, a woman knows when a man is turned on by her, even if he tries to hide it."

I let out a moan as she gave a small thrust forward with her hips. "Mom, please fuck me already. I can't wait any longer."

Her eyes quickly became filled with lust and arousal. We looked deeply in each others eyes as she began gyrating her hips with my hard cock inside her. I moved my arms down to squeeze her ass so that we could fuck even harder, and we did as her hips thrust even more. I had never experienced anything so taboo or passionate in my life than at that moment having sex with my mom. Our heart rates picked up and we could feel each others breath on our faces. She then leaned her body forward, pressing her full breasts on to me while continuing to gyrate her hips to fuck me.

"I'm about to cum," I moaned after several long minutes.



She lifted herself off of me and brought my hand to her vagina. "Rub my clit... rub it... I want to orgasm so bad. I'm going to squirt so hard for you..."

I pressed my thumb against her swollen clitoris and started furiously rubbing it up and down as fast as I could. Her eyes rolled back for a moment before she squeezed them shut, while her mouth opened as wide as possible. A sudden rush of fluids began gushing from her body as she yelled out loud for anyone to hear. Her orgasm was more intense than yesterday, and her squirting produced a lot more ejaculation as well, completely soaking the lower half of my body. After a few more long streams of squirt exited her body, the tenseness she had disappeared and she had a look of sexual ecstasy on her face, while small traces of fluids continued leaking from her vagina.

It wasn't long before I couldn't hold back anymore and shot a huge load of my own cum inside my mother's vagina. And the fact that her orgasm had subsided meant that my seed would be headed straight to her womb—the place where I was conceived.

■

She laid her naked body onto mine after we both came together. We were still crying to catch our breaths when she then pressed her face against mine and our lips met for the very first time.

"Thank you. That was the most intense feeling of my life," my mother said in between kisses.

I wrapped my hands behind her head and pulled her towards me so I could kiss her a few more times. "I've never felt anything like that either. It was so amazing."

"I'm not on the pill," she bluntly stated. "I didn't intend on things going this far between us and I didn't think I would need it."

"So what you going to do if... you know..."

She smiled. "I've never been with a man who made me feel so special. Whatever happens, I would be happy with the outcome. But for now, let's enjoy this wonderful moment between us."

■

My mother became pregnant after we had sex in the outdoors. She never told anyone who the father was. Whenever she was asked about it, she simply said that she went to a clinic to get fertilized, not caring what anybody thought of her.

We also continued our incestuous relationship with each other, and my mom never had to worry about finding a man to appreciate how much she could squirt. I later found out that she turned down several dates with other men because of how happy we were with together. Her getting pregnant made us even closer, both emotionally and sexually. The sex we had became more erotic as her breasts became heavier, and her large nipples and areolas became even larger. The milk that she was producing was also able to spice up our sex life with each other. ■



wish your mom  
would pose for  
Playboy?

...you're not alone.





# Family Snapshots #28



**“Oh, Randy, you were right! You make your beautiful cock so hard and thick for Mommy... it looks good enough to kiss! Do you think you can show Mommy how you shoot your delicious cum out of it?”**



# Milky

**milfToon**



PARENTS ROOM

YOU'RE SUCH A GOOD BOY!

SUCK!  
SUCK!  
SUCK!

HERE WE GO SWEETHEART, IS BED TIME ALREADY!

SLEEP WELL MY BABY!

MOMMY IS WATCHING YOU!

MOM!

**milfToon**



MOM...

MAY I ENTER, MOM...?

STUPID SISTER ... ALWAYS TREAT ME AS A CHILD

I'M OLDER THAN HER...

MOM...

I'M GONNA USE YOUR SHOWER BECAUSE

**KNOCK! KNOCK!**

SIS IN THE OTHER ONE AND SHE IS TAKING AGES.

BEN ARE YOU?

WHATS UP BABY?

ALRIGHT!

I'M MAKING YOUR BROTHER SLEEP

COME IN BEN!

**milfToon**



MOM, DON'T CALL ME BABY! I'M ALREADY 18 AND... OH SHIT!

MOM - EHHH!

WHAT HONEY?

WHAT'S WRONG HONEY?

ARE YOU FEELING OK?

YOU SUDDENLY BLUSH!

I HOPE YOU DON'T HAVE FEVER

All digital character depicting in this fiction story are over the legal age of 18 years old.





**milftoon**



**milftoon**



**milftoon**









**milfToon**



**milfToon**



**milkToon**





**milfToon**

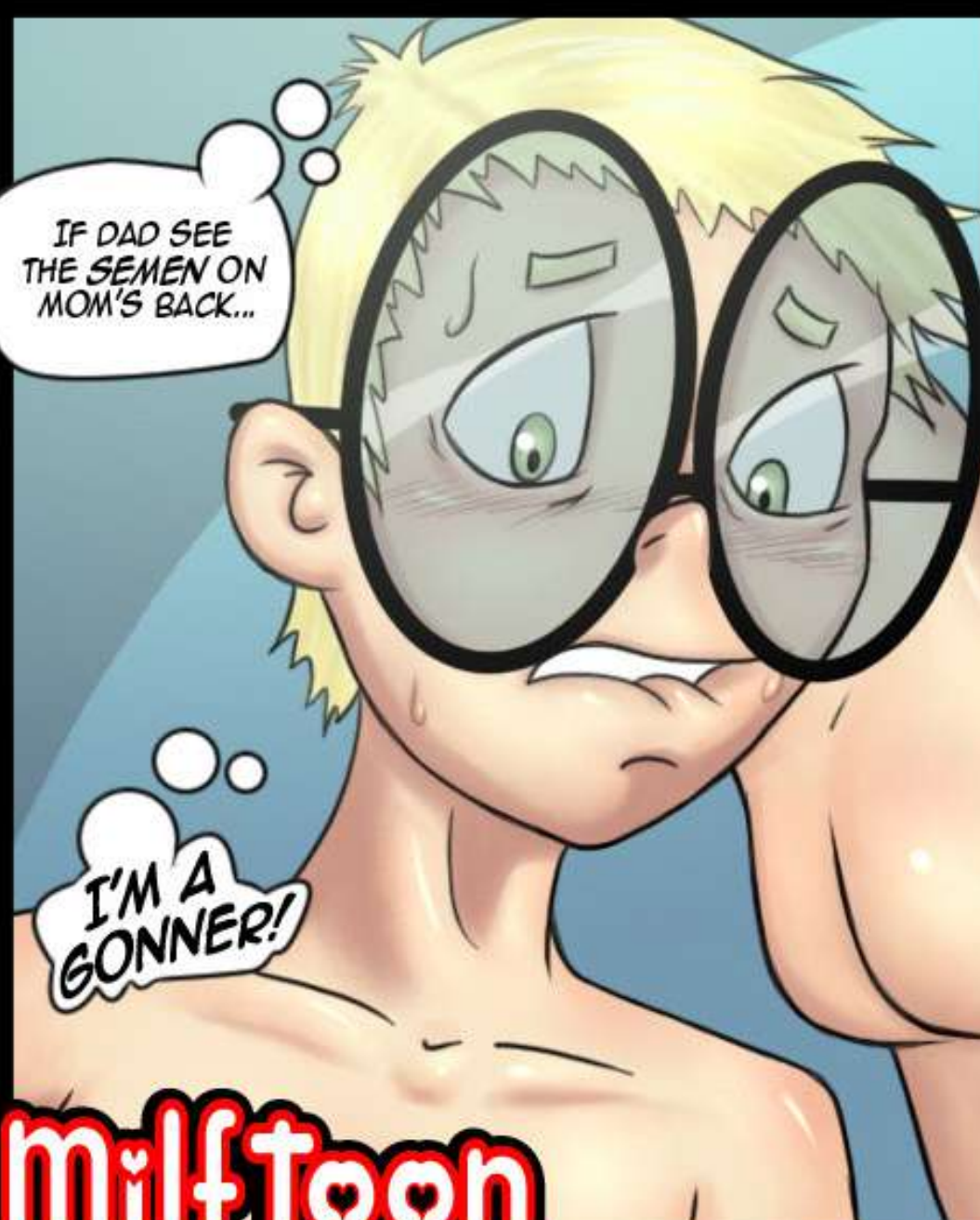


**milfToon**





**milfToon**



**milfToon**





OK THEN...

GO AHEAD... WIPE IT O..F...F!



I'LL CLEAN IT ALL FROM YOU!

SCLESCH!

RUB! RUB!

O...OK!



I MUST WIPE WELL, OR I'M GONNA DIE!

OH!

OH!

AHAA!

OH MY... THAT FEELS NICE...

**milfToon**



T...THAT'S IT HONEY...

JUST... JUST K...KEEP RUBBING

OH YEAH! LIKE THIS!

COME ON BABY STICK THAT ALL BIG COCK OF YOURS IN YOUR MOMMY'S PUSY

**PUSH!**

**PUSH!**

...IN!

**STICK!**

**FLUCK!**

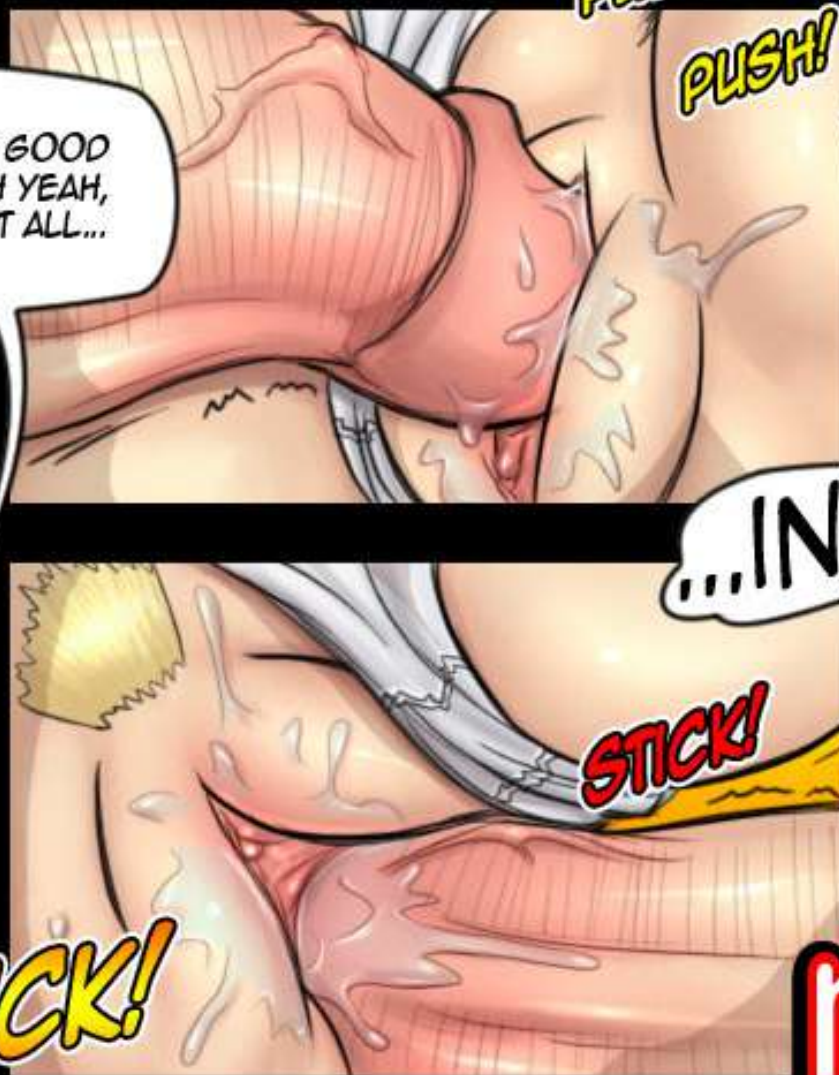


OH MY GOD IT'S ALMOST INSIDE...

**milfToon**



CLEAN IT GOOD BABY... OH YEAH, JUST GET ALL...



SHIT!

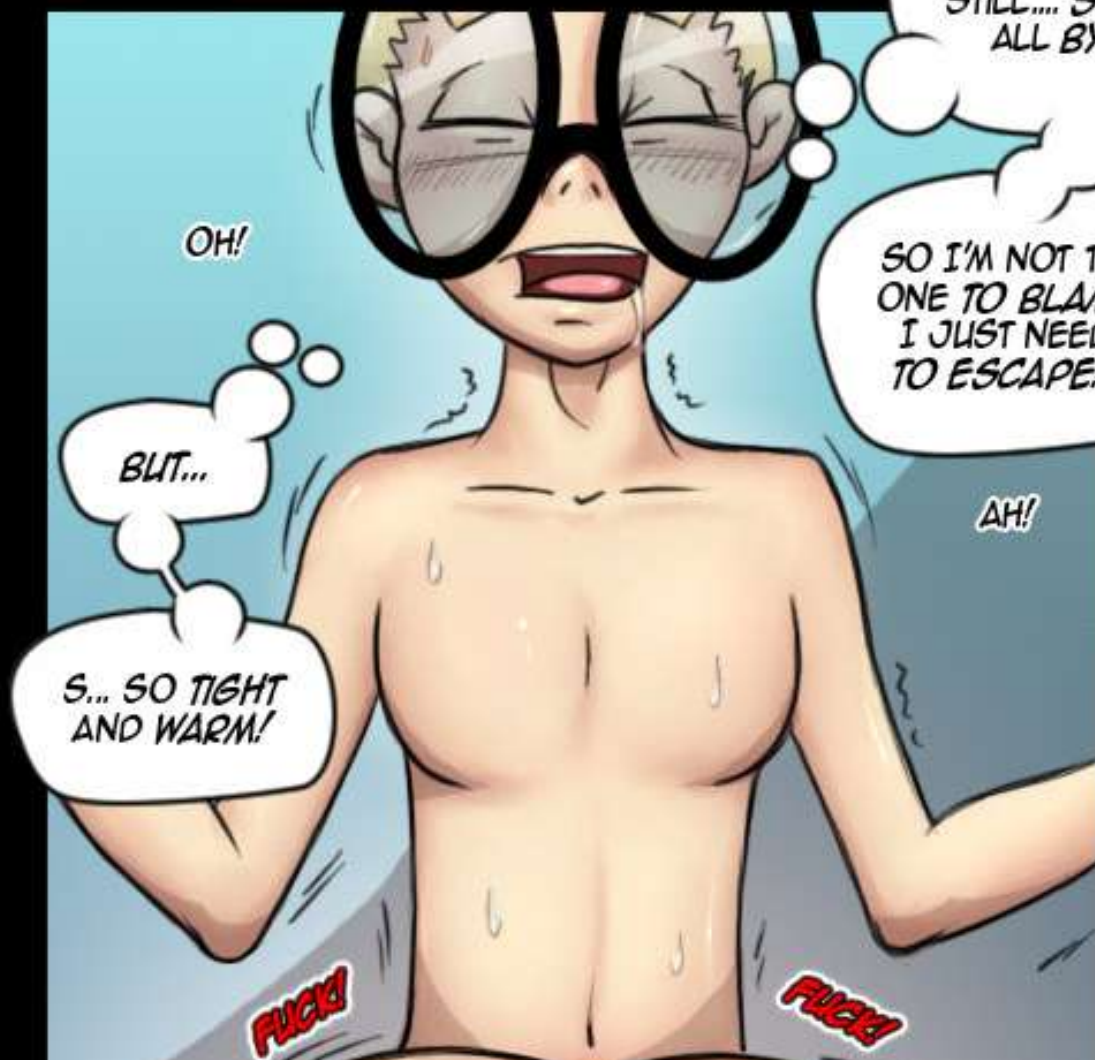
DEAD MAN!

**milfToon**





MHMM!



S... SO TIGHT AND WARM!

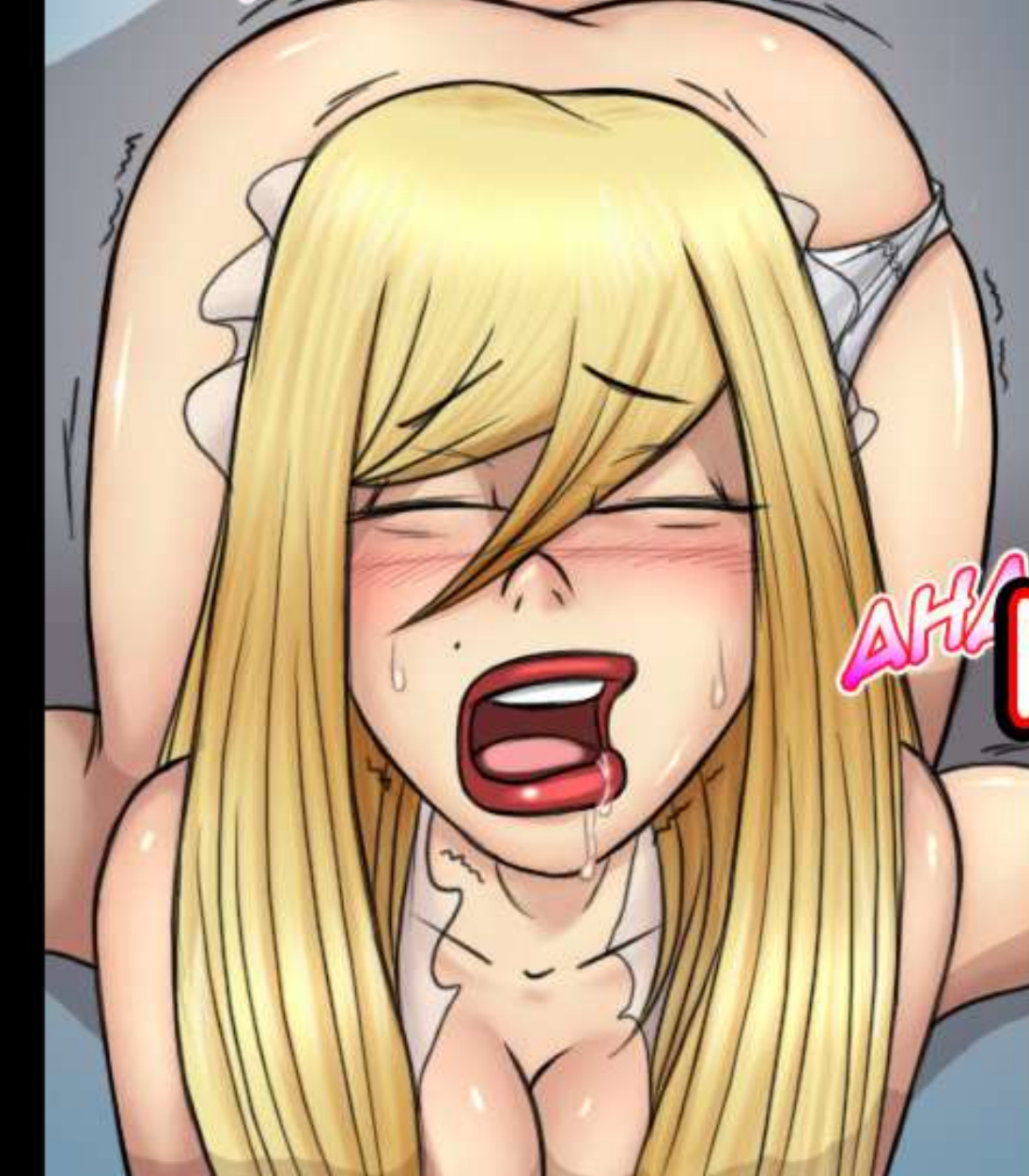
BETTER STAND STILL... SHE IS DOING IT ALL BYHERSELF ...

SO I'M NOT THE ONE TO BLAME. I JUST NEED TO ESCAPE!...



MilfToon

MilfToon



MilfToon

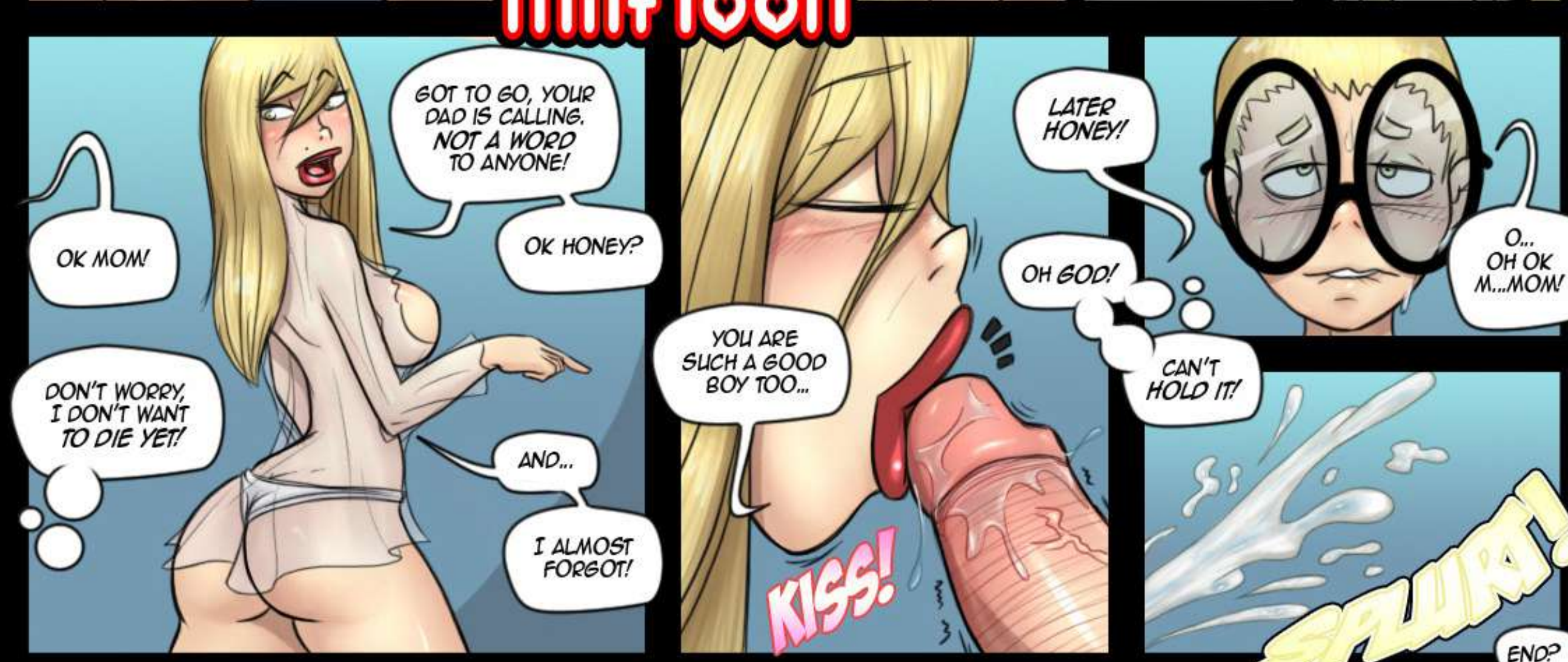
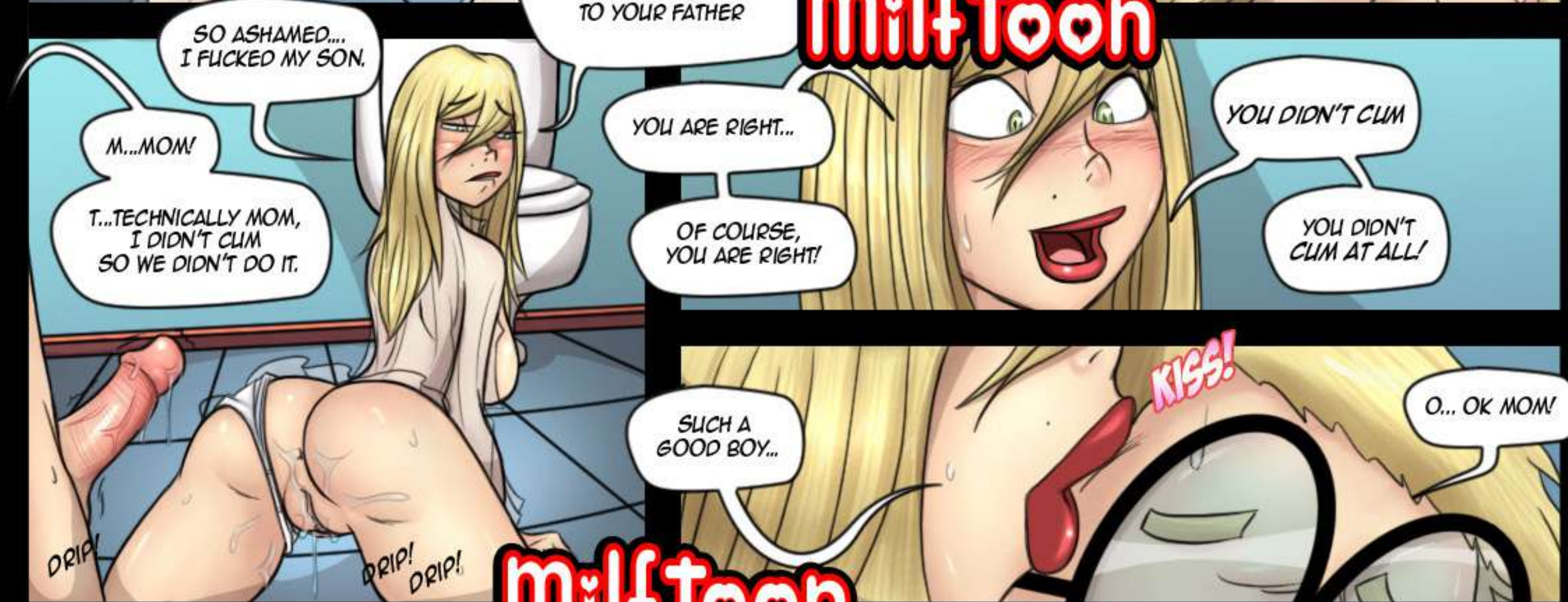
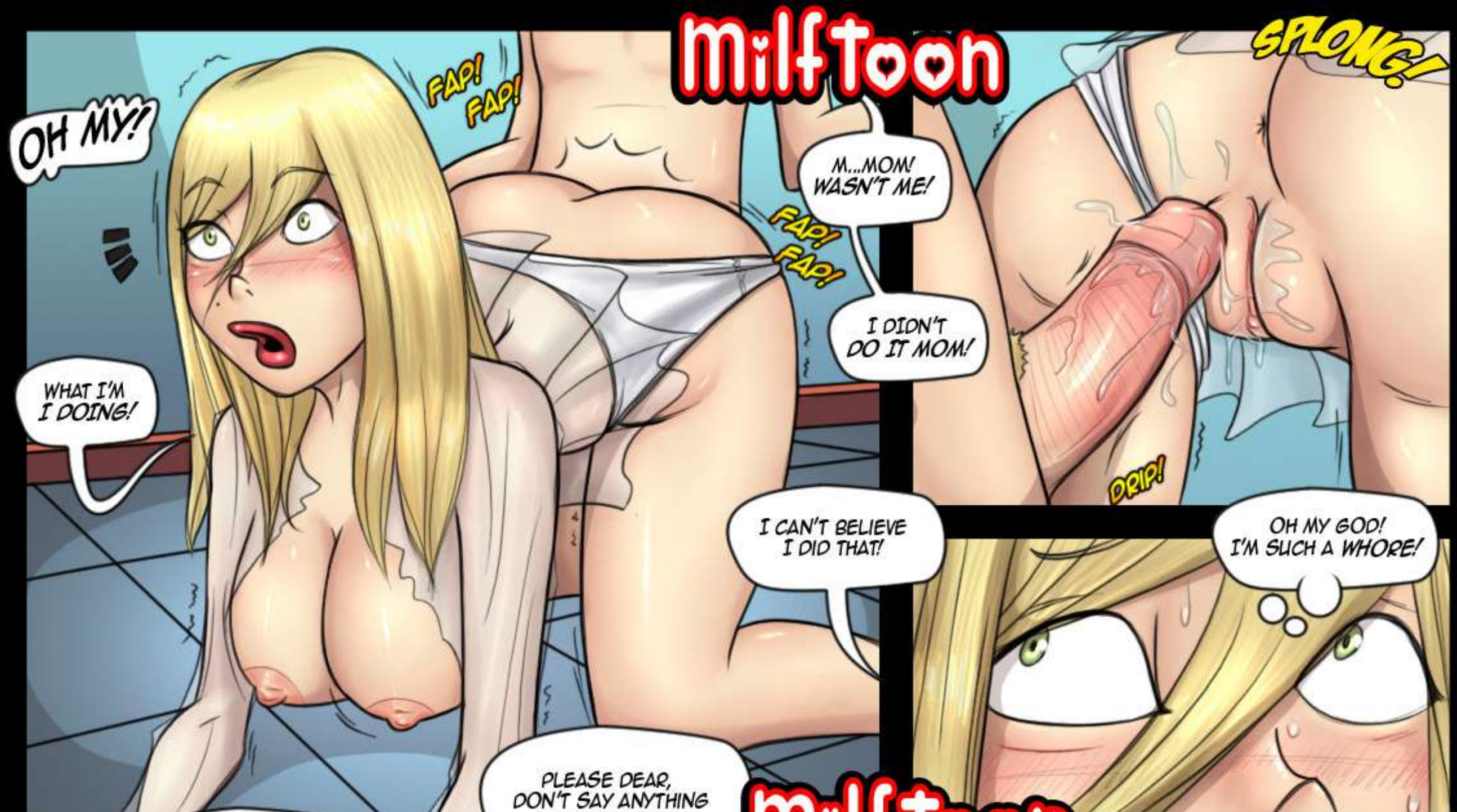


DEAR? WHERE ARE YOU? ...SON?



WHERE ARE THOSE TWO? SHIT! DAD! CAN THIS GET ANY WORSE!







# Family Snapshots #42



Mommy always gives me blowjobs after we get home from church. She does such a good job of keeping my balls empty!



# Mommy's Little Snuggle-Bear

by klrxo

With Dad away, Gabe finally gets a chance to show Mom how much he loves her

(Fm, inc, preg)

**F**light number 313 is now boarding through gate eleven." The loud speaker announced. "Well I guess that's me guys." Matt said as he turned towards his wife and son.

Bonny stepped towards her husband, her

nine-month pregnant belly leading the way. Her tummy stuck out so far it looked like she was hiding a beach ball beneath her skirt. She gave Matt a quick hug and kiss.

"Have a safe flight, hon." She said.

Their son Gabe hugged his father. He was tall, slender and about as enthusiastic as any eighteen-year-old.

"See ya, Dad." He muttered.

"You're sure you don't mind taking the week off school to help your mom?" Matt asked.

"Of course he doesn't mind." Bonny said, taking her son's arm.

"This is probably the last week he doesn't have to share my attention with a little brother." Bonny smiled.

A few minutes later Bonny and her son watched Matt's plane back away from the gate. She gave Gabe's hand a little squeeze.

"Well, guess it's just you and me, sweetie." She said in a soft motherly tone.

As they walked back through the airport Gabe found himself being aroused by the sound of his mom's tiny heels clicking against the tile. He peered down at her sexy little feet, arched perfectly in her dainty little high-heeled sandals. The nails on her squatty little toes were a beautiful teal-green, matching her long fingernails.

Gabe's eyes traveled up her long silky-smooth legs which were only partially exposed beneath her three-quarter length dress. The giant orb of baby-meat obstructed most of the view, but that was okay, what Gabe really wanted to see was the mound of tit-flesh resting atop her pregnant tummy.

The U-shaped neckline of Bonny's dress left exposed the kind of cleavage that fuels boys dreams. Gabe's mom had big heavy breasts that just sort of trembled with each step.

On the car ride home young Gabe couldn't help but sneak little peeks at his mom's tummy. He felt almost ashamed of the fact that something as natural as a pregnant belly could make the cock in his pants as hard as iron.

"Are you gonna miss Dad?" Gabe asked.

"I'll miss having someone to snuggle with at night. I hate being in that big bed all by myself." She said. "I was kinda hoping that I might find somebody to take his place, be my little snuggle-bear for the week. Know anyone who might be interested?" She asked, gazing at her son with a little smile.





"I would." Gabe said.

"I thought you'd be up for the job. After all, your father did ask you to stay close to me this week." Bonny winked.

After arriving home Gabe went up to his room to play video games. About a half-hour into it his mom tapped at the door.

When she stepped inside, Gabe's jaw about hit the floor. Bonny was in a long wrap around skirt and a pale-pink top that fit like a sports bra. Her huge pregnant tummy was completely naked protruding out in front of her. Her long brown hair was slicked back, still wet from having just gotten out of the shower.

"Hey there, snuggle-bear, mind if Mom comes in and hangs out?" She asked.

"No, not at all." Gabe said, his cock slowly rising in his shorts.

Gabe was sitting on the edge of the bed and Bonny climbed up behind him, kneeling on the mattress. She threw her arms over his shoulders and rested her weight against his back, pancaking her baby-ball between them.

Resting her head on his shoulder she watched the TV screen as her son tried to concentrate on the game.

"Can I ask you something?" She said softly.

"Sure." He answered.

"Are you getting laid?" She asked candidly.

"What do you mean?" He muttered.

"Come on now, sweetheart, do I really have to explain what getting laid means?" Bonny smiled.

"No." Gabe said.

"So are you?" She asked.

"Well, no... not really." He answered.

"Not really meaning not lately... or not really meaning I'm a virgin?" She asked.

"Not really meaning... not ever." Gabe said.

"I'm sorry, baby. A boy your age should be getting his weenie wet at least once a day." She said, staring into his eyes.

For a moment they became locked in a stare. Bonny's big brown eyes had the cock-hard teen in a trance. She looked at the TV and smiled.

"Can I play?" She asked.

"Sure?" Gabe said with surprise.

Bonny climbed off the bed and came around to the front of her son. Gabe took a sec to marvel at huge jutting enormity of her breasts as they stretched the thin top.

"Scoot back." She said, then turned and planted her big soft ass between his legs.

Gabe moved back against the wall with his legs on the bed. His mom scooted back against him, she too bringing her legs up on the bed and planting her bare feet flat on the mattress.

Bonny's skirt rode up a bit, exposing the bottom half of her silky-smooth legs. Gabe could feel his cock at full mast as he reached around to help his mom with the controller.

"So how do you work this thing?" She asked.

"These buttons here are the gas and break. These arrows control your steering." He said.

"Seems easy enough." She said, setting the

controller down on the peak of her pregnant orb. She took her son's hands.

"I'll play the game. You play with your brother." She said, placing his hands on the sides of her mountainous swell.

Bonny began to play the racing game while Gabe slowly ran his hands over her belly, feeling the smooth naked swell of her pregnancy. Looking over her shoulder he had a birds-eye view of her gaping cleavage.

Bonny made a little yelp and leaned to one side, getting into the game. As she did this Gabe watched as her tit-meat wobbled from side to side. He let out an audible sigh, his cock flexing in his shorts.

Bonny glanced back at him.

"You okay back there cuddle-bear?" She asked in her cute little tone.

"Yeah." He muttered.

Her skirt had now crept up over her knees and her legs were slightly spread.

Gabe's hands wandered down beneath his mom's swollen belly. His fingers sunk right up into the soft pliable flesh. His hands were getting a bit rough and he hesitated for a moment.

"Go ahead, sweetheart. You're not gonna

*Bonny's hand slipped under the hem of her son's boxers and her fingers combed through his pubes*

hurt him." She reassured him.

Bonny rested her weight back against her son, leaning against him. She could feel his throbbing erection against her ass.

Gabe decided to test the limits. His fingers snuck under the top of her skirt and began rubbing her lower belly. Wandering further he felt the tips of his fingers slide against the hem of her silk panties. It wasn't long before they crept underneath.

"And just where do you think you're going?" Bonny said, glancing back at him.

"Sorry, Mom." He smiled, sliding his hand back onto her belly.

Gabe ran both hands up along the top of Bonny's pregnancy and soon found them sandwiched between the baby-ball and his mom's huge, spongy-soft tits.

Bonny slowly got up and handed her son back the controller.

"That's enough gaming for me. You take over." She said.

Gabe took over the game as Bonny crawled back behind him again. He soon found himself

sitting between her legs, leaning back against her softness.

"My turn." She said, slipping her hands under his T-shirt.

Gabe felt his mom's soft hands roaming across his chest. Her long nails drug up his abs and across his nipples. Soon Bonny's hand slipped under the hem of his boxers and her fingers combed through his pubes.

"Fair's fair." She teased.

"Yeah, but I had to stop." Gabe said.

"Oh... interested in spending more time in Mom's panties are we?" Bonny teased.

"I wouldn't mind." Gabe blushed.

"Sounds like I have a naughty bear to snuggle with this week." She said, kissing him on the cheek.

A couple hours later Gabe sat at the table watching his mom in the kitchen preparing dinner. She was still in her cute little wrap around skirt and sports bra. He couldn't take his eyes off her enormous baby-ball.

"You're awfully quiet over there. Something on your mind?" She asked with a little smile.

"No, I just can't believe you're dressed this way." He said.

"Are you complaining?" Bonny asked.

"No, it's just that you never dress this way when Dad's around." He said.

"You might be surprised what I'll do when Dad's not around." She smiled.

"Would you get naked?" Gabe asked.

Bonny gazed at him while she stirred her vegetables. A slight smile crossed her lips.

"You'd like that, wouldn't you?" She said.

"Yeah, I think you have a great body." Gabe said.

"You just like my big boobs. All boys your age like big boobs." She said.

"And all women your age like big penises." Gabe said.

"Are you trying to tell me something." Bonny said, cocking an eyebrow.

"Maybe." Gabe smiled.

"Maybe I don't believe you." She said.

"Maybe I should prove it." Gabe said.

"Maybe you should wash your hands for dinner." Bonny smiled.

Bonny could feel her son's eyes on her at dinner.

"I don't think you could handle a girl with big boobs." She said.

"Why do you say that?" He asked.

"I don't know... I think you'd pop too soon." Bonny said.

"I think you're wrong." Gabe said.

"You sound so sure of yourself." She smiled.

"I've seen girls with big boobs before." He said.

"What, D-cups. Sorry, sweetie D-cups aren't big. E-cups are big." She said.

"Is that what you are, Mom... an E-cup?" He asked.

"What do you think?" She said.

"I don't think you can handle a guy with a



big penis.” He smiled.

“Oh you don’t do you?” She said.

“No, I think you’d pop too soon,” he said.

“Well, for your information I can pop over and over so it doesn’t matter. And yes I’ve had guys with big penises.” She said.

“What seven inches? Sorry, Mom, seven inches isn’t big. Ten inches is big.” He said.

“Is that what you are, Gabriel... Ten inches?” She asked.

“What do you think?” He smiled.

“I think it’s bedtime.” She said.

“Bedtime? It’s only six o’clock.” He said.

“So that’s a NO?” She asked.

“No, I’m ready for bed.” Gabe smiled.

Bonny held his hand as he trailed her up the stairs. Gabe stared at her heavenly ass as it swayed invitingly.

The pregnant mom led him into her lair, a place where boys dream of going when Dad’s away.

“Get undressed and crawl into bed. I’ll be out in a few minutes.” She said, stepping into the bathroom.

Gabe stripped down to his boxers and hopped into his parents bed. It was so fluffy with all those soft pillows and all that white down.

Bonny stepped from the bathroom in a pale-pink baby-doll. Her tits bobbed with each step, like braless tits do.

As if Gabe’s cock wasn’t hard enough, Bonny reached under and slid her pale-pink panties down her long legs before slipping under the covers.

“Where’s my cuddle bear?” Bonny said in a soft little voice.

“Right here.” Gabe said.

Bonny snuggled up against him. Gabe literally gasped as he felt her huge milk-filled breast rest against the side of his chest. She lifted her head, gazing down at her son.

“I can’t believe you’ve never been laid.” She said.

“Why’s that so hard to believe?” He asked.

“Because you’re so handsome.” She said, letting her nails drag against his chest.

“I wouldn’t lie to you, Mom.” He said.

“No, sweetie, I didn’t say I didn’t believe you... it’s just kind of sad that’s all.” She said.

“That’s funny. Most mom’s would praise their kids for not having premarital sex.” He said.

“True, but most moms wouldn’t snuggle half-naked in bed with their son while their husband’s out of town either. Guess I’m not like most moms.” She smiled.

“True. So do you think Dad would be mad... if he knew I was laying here?” Gabe said.

“Oh most definitely. That’s why I’m gonna keep my little snuggle-bear a secret.” She said, kissing him on the cheek.

“Sounds good to me.” Gabe said.

“EEEEUUWW!!!” Bonny squealed, putting a hand on her belly.

“What’s wrong?” Gabe asked.

“You’re brother’s kicking. Wanna feel?” She

asked.

“Of course.” Gabe said.

“Tell you what, why don’t I lay on top of you. That way we can both feel him play while he’s sandwiched between us.” She suggested.

“Okay.” Gabe muttered, his heart racing with excitement.

Bonny straddled her son and as she moved into position Gabe could see straight down the neck of her baby-doll nightie. His cock flexed as he gazed at her huge gaping canyon between her milk-filled breasts. The hanging udders teetered back and forth as they descended towards him.

The swell of Bonny’s pregnancy flattened against Gabe’s stomach and her soft tits rested against his chest. He felt her nest of love snuggle softly against the swell of his boner.

Gazing down at her son she smiled lovingly, gently running her fingers through his hair.

“Mmmmmm, my little snuggle-bear.” She said softly.

Gabe could feel his unborn brother squirming around in his mother’s womb. It felt weird pressed against his stomach.

“I think your brother’s as excited to be nestled

*As if Gabe’s cock  
wasn’t hard enough,  
his Mom slid her  
pale-pink panties  
down her long legs  
before slipping under  
the covers with him*

against me as you are.” Bonny said, giving Gabe’s cock a gentle little nudge with her bare muffin.

“So what was I like when I was a baby?” Gabe asked.

“Hmmm, You were my boobie-baby. Always wanted to suck on his momma’s big swollen nipples. Even when you weren’t sucking you liked to just rub your little body up against them.” Bonny explained. “I have a strange suspicion that not much as changed.” She said with a giggle.

“They do feel good.” Gabe said, glancing down at all the breasts meat oozing out from between them.

Bonny glanced at her tits too then fed her son a naughty little smile.

“Sometimes, after your dad left for work, I’d bring you back to bed with me. I’d lay on my side and wrap your little body between my breasts. It’s not surprising that you became such a boobie-lover, as much as I used to smother you with them.” She smiled.

“Smother me how?” Gabe asked.

“Well, I used to do this thing when you were little where I’d take off your shirt and lay you down on your back. Then I’d take off my bra, crawl above you on my hands and knees and let my big boobs dangle above your face.” Bonny said.

“Wow, I bet I liked that.” Gabe giggled.

“You were little and still nursing. Your momma’s boobs were a big part of your world. You were so cute. I used to love to watch your little eyes light up while those big breasts hovered over you, especially when I’d start to make them swing.” Bonny recalled in a loving motherly tone.

“Back and forth they’d swing, little drops of milk dripping from the nipples. Then after a while I’d let them drag against you. I used to love watching your little body shiver while those big soft sacks licked your chest.” She smiled.

“Holy Cow. What I’d give to be that age again.” Gabe said, his cock drooling onto his tummy.

Bonny giggled, patting his cheek lovingly.

“Think you’d like being momma’s boobie-baby again?” She asked.

“Would I ever.” Gabe answered.

Bonny rose up into the upright position, still straddling her son. This put more cunt-smothering weight on his cock and it felt amazing.

Gabe gazed up at his mom’s top half as it now towered above him. Her beach-ball sized belly stuck way out over his stomach and the swell of her breasts resting against it looked absolutely massive.

“And just what if I decide to take you up on that offer, buster. What’s in it for me?” Bonny smiled.

“I don’t know. What do you want?” Gabe smiled nervously.

“Well, we are talking about my boobs here. Big boys aren’t suppose to see their mother’s boobs. Maybe in return I should get to see a part of you that I’m not suppose to see.” She said with a sly little smile.

“You mean my...” Gabe started.

“Well, fair’s fair right?” She said.

“I guess.” Gabe answered.

“Besides, I’ve been a little curious ever since you made that ‘ten-incher’ comment.” She said.

“Well now I guess I get to prove it, right?” Gabe said.

Bonny fed him a peculiar little smile, staring down into his eyes.

“Yeah, I guess you do.” She said.

Gabe’s mom moved into a sitting position beside him, tucking her long legs underneath her. She eye-balled Gabe’s erection as it made his boxers stick way up.

“Wow... looks like a circus tent. Must be quite the pole under there holding that up.” She said.

They both giggled at her comment.

“You’re sure you want me to do this?” Gabe asked, tucking his thumbs under his elastic waistband. “Are you sure you wanna play boo-





bie-baby?” Bonny questioned.

“Yeah, I’m sure.” Gabe answered.

“Well then I guess you better get those boxers off, mister.” She smiled.

Gabe lifted his ass as he slid his shorts down his legs. His big boner sprung free and bobbed around under Bonny’s stare.

“Wow!” She said, her mouth slightly agape.

“Told you it was big.” He said, smiling proudly.

“Oh, sweetie it’s... it’s beautiful.” Bonny whispered.

“Thanks.” He said.

“And you’re telling me that this big thing has never been inside a vagina?” Bonny asked.

“Sad but true. Can I see your boobs now?” Gabe answered.

“Patients, your-horniness, my boobs aren’t going anywhere and I’m not through looking at you yet.” Bonny said.

“Sorry, Mom. Just anxious I guess.” Gabe said.

Bonny slouched down next to Gabe for a moment, looking down into his eyes.

“I know you are, sweetheart, but lets just take our time and enjoy this, okay. We have all night... all week for that matter.” Bonny said.

“Alright.” Gabe smiled.

Bonny glanced down at her son’s erection.

“So... ten inches huh? We’ll see.” She said, reaching over towards the bedside table.

Bonny opened the drawer and pulled out a large black dildo.

“Holy crap, Mom, is that what I think it is?” Gabe smiled, his eyes getting big.

“What, a mom isn’t allowed to own a dildo?” She asked, making it bob back and forth.

“You didn’t actually think that all your mom did around here all day was housework, did you?” She asked.

“No, it’s just kind of weird that my own mom is showing me her sex toy, that’s all.” Gabe said.

“Well in case you’ve forgotten, goof-ball, we’re laying here looking at your penis. I really don’t think showing you my sex toy is that big a deal, do you?”

“No, I suppose you’re right.” He smiled.

“For your information, this dildo is exactly ten inches. It said so on the box when I bought it, which means, Mr. Ten-Incher, that unless you were over exaggerating, it should be your twin.” Bonny said.

“Should be.” Gabe said.

“So lets prove it. Make it stick straight up.” She said.

“How do I do that?” Gabe asked.

“You can’t be serious.” Bonny said, then giggled at how naïve her baby was.

“Reach around and pinch the loose skin on your scrotum.” She said.

Gabe followed her directions.

“Now pull it down.” She said.

Gabe pulled on his sack and his bone-hard shaft rose up until it pointed up at the ceiling.

“Tah-dah.” Bonny giggled.

She reached down and placed the base of the dildo on his pubic bone. It hid his cock from their



view, accept for his bulbous cock-head, which rose a bit higher than the fake one.

“News flash, sweetheart, your shaft is ten inches. If you count that big pink battering ram it’s capped with, you’re more like eleven.” She said.

“Well, it was last year when I measured it.” Gabe said.

“Looks like you’ve sprouted an inch since then.” She said.

“Gee, how cool is that? I even have my mom’s dildo beat.” Gabe grinned smugly.

“Yes, but no matter how hard you try, you can’t make yours vibrate.” She giggled.

“Yeah, but I have an extra inch, which means that I can go deeper.” Gabe said.

“Deeper yes, but I still think you’d pop before you got there.” Bonny said.

“I bet you’re wrong.” Gabe said defensively.

“You know, you’re awfully confident for a virgin. Are you sure you’ve never been laid?” She asked.

“Trust me, Mom, I’m completely cherry.” He said.

“Cherry meaning you’ve never even been sucked on?” Bonny asked.

“Completely cherry, Mom. Why, is that so hard to believe?” He asked.

“Yes, it is! How does a handsome eighteen-year-old with an eleven-inch penis go this long without getting it wet?” She asked.

“I don’t know, maybe we should call Guinness. I could have broke a record or something.” He said.

Bonny slapped him on the leg playfully, making his cock jump.

“Smart ass.” She said.

“So do you think eleven inches is bigger than average?” Gabe asked, knowing full well the answer.

“Sweetie, given that the average penis is six inches, I’d say, yes, you’re well above average.” She said.

“So I have a big penis then?” He asked, wanting to hear her say it.

“Yes, sweetheart, you have a very large penis.” She said with a quirky little smile.

“Larger than Dad’s?” Gabe asked.

“Gabe.” Bonny whined, as if her son had just said something cruel.

“What, it’s just a question? How many inches is Dad?” He asked.

“Big enough to make me happy. How’s that?” Gabe said.

“So how many inches does it take to make you happy?” He asked.

“You’re just not going to leave this alone, are you?” She said.

“Nope.” He smiled.

“Fine, anything over seven inches makes me happy.” She confessed.

“So Dad’s only seven inches then?” Gabe smiled.

“I know where you’re going with this, so stop right now.” Bonny said, trying not to crack a grin.

Bonny leaned over him, staring down into his eyes.





“Look, sweetie, you’re in my marital bed and I’m not gonna kid you, if things keep going like this, you’re probably gonna get laid.” She said, making Gabe’s heart pound in his chest.

“So do me a favor and let’s not talk about your dad anymore, okay Boobie-Baby?” She smiled.

“Okay.” Gabe smiled.

“Do me another favor. Go into the nursery and get the pacifier that’s in the crib.” Bonny said.

“Okay.” Gabe smile, reaching for his shorts.

“No... leave those off.” She said.

Gabe crawled out of bed and rushed out the door, his big boner flouncing up and down.

When he returned a minute later his jaw about hit the fucking floor. There, standing at the foot of the bed was his mom, completely naked. Her tits were massive and rested against the huge nine-month swell of her pregnant belly. Beneath her baby-orb he could just make out the neatly trimmed mound of her womanhood.

“Hi.” She said, in a sweet teasing tone.

“Hi.” Gabe sighed, staring at her milk-filled udders.

“Come here.” She smiled.

Gabe walked over to his mom and she stepped forward and threw her arms around his neck. The teenager let out an audible sigh as her big tits and belly kissed his chest. He felt the tip of his cock drag against Bonny’s pubic fuzz and stop against her engorged clit.

“If you wanna stop now, we can... I’ll understand.” She said, looking into his eyes.

“I don’t wanna stop.” He muttered.

“Good, then lets get back in bed.” She said, taking him by the hand and leading him around to the side of her bed.

Bonny had a cute little waddle when she walked from carrying all that extra baby-weight. This made her pendulous breasts just sort teeter back and forth across her belly.

Gabe watched her meaty ass sway seductively as she led him around the bed. Those beautiful cheeks crowned the silky-softness of her long shapely legs. As Bonny crawled onto the bed her cheeks parted slightly and Gabe could see the big wrinkly pucker of her asshole. His breath quivered as his eyes caught site of her bald clamshell.

Bonny turned towards him, resting on her knees near the center of the bed. She smiled at Gabe and patted the spot in front of her. Gabe noticed that there was a big bottle of baby-oil sitting next to her that she must have gotten while he was fetching the pacifier.

“Come lay back down on your back.” She said.

Gabe moved into position next to his beautiful pregnant mother and she gazed down hungrily at his young teenaged body, taking a second to admire the large, beefy fuck-stick rising all the way to his belly-button.

“What do you want me to do with this?” Gabe asked, lifting the pacifier.

“What do you think, Boobie-baby?” She smiled naughtily.

Gabe smiled as he stuck the nipple in his mouth and began to suck. Bonny giggled as she watched him.

“Awe, look at my adorable little baby boy.” She said, in a cute little mommy-voice.

Bonny got onto her hands and knees and crawled over above her son. She gently grazed his chest with her long nails as she smiled down at him.

Gabe stared at her heavy tits as they as they dangled right in front of him.

It wasn’t long before Bonny crawled right over the top of him so that her hanging milk-sacks could droop right above his face. Gabe studied her massive areola. They were covered with bumpy little milk-glands, which made them look so thick and rubbery. The teats themselves were as big around as AA batteries had little indentations where the milk secretes.

“Does my sweet little boobie-bear wanna watch Momma’s titties rock?” She asked.

Gabe nodded his head.

“Yes, he does, doesn’t he. He wants to watch her boobies dance.” Bonny said.

Bonny began to slowly move her chest and Gabe gazed up with delight as her drooping breasts began to gently swing from side to side.

*“Don’t worry,  
sweet-baby, when  
Momma’s pussy’s  
ready for you to  
cum, you’ll cum.”*

They were like big pendulums swaying back and forth hypnotically.

“While you watch them move I want you to think about how it would feel if they were squashed against you. Think about what it would be like to have the big soft sacks crushed against your chest.” She said.

Gabe sighed excitedly at the very thought of it. He was so aroused by his mother’s words and the sight of her massive jugs moving in unison that his hand instinctively went to his cock.

“That’s right. It makes baby wanna stroke his big beautiful boner, doesn’t it, sweetheart?” She asked.

Again, Gabe could only nod as he sucked on the pacifier, imagining it was one of his mom’s engorged nipples. He used his drooling pre-cum to twist his first around the enormous cock-head.

After letting her tits flounce for a few minutes Bonny sat up, straddling her son’s tummy. Gabe could barely see over her mammoth pregnant swell and gazed up into the butt of her tits.

Bonny took the baby oil and began to squirt it onto her breasts. Her son watched in awe,

stroking madly at his cock, as she rubbed the oil into her flesh. She peered down at him over her matronly mounds with a naughty smile.

“Enjoying the view?” She asked, rubbing the oil down onto her swollen belly.

Bonny got back on her hands and knees above her son, her tits and tummy glistening with oil.

“Okay, I want baby to stop stroking and bring his hands up and rest them on my waist.” She said.

Gabe reluctantly let his cock go and followed his mom’s directions. He knew something magical was coming.

“That’s my good boy. I don’t want you to pull all that sperm out before Momma’s had a chance to smother you.” She smiled.

“You wanna be smothered, don’t you baby?” She asked, staring down at him.

Gabe nodded, his eyes glued to the drooping knockers and their huge demon eyes.

“My baby-boy wants to be smothered by all this soft mommy-flesh, doesn’t he?” She asked in a soft warm tone.

Bonny slowly let her body descend onto her son. The first thing to make contact was her huge greasy baby-ball. The spongy swell hugged his enormous hard-on as Bonny’s pregnancy began to flatten against her son’s tummy.

Her tits began to spill onto his chest, rolling out like soft dough. Gabe let out an audible moan as his body became blanketed in voluptuous flesh.

Bonny coiled her arms around her son’s neck and began to move her body against his. Her big slippery tits glided easily up and down his chest and Gabe could feel the rubbery nipples licking his flesh.

His cock was trapped between his belly and the spongy softness of his mother’s baby-ball. The friction it caused against the underside of his shaft felt amazing.

“Mmmmm, my baby likes that.” She smiled.

Bonny buried her face in the soft of her son’s neck and began to flutter her long tongue against the areas she knew were the most sensitive. The entire bed began to rock as the experienced mom ground her body against the handsome teen.

Gabe was breathing heavily as the pressure on his cock intensified. He slid his hands back and dug his fingers into Bonny’s big meaty ass.

“Uh-huh... oh, that’s where Mommy likes her titties... crushed right up against her baby.” She said between licks.

Gabe was in absolute euphoria. He could hear the light thumping of the headboard against the wall as his mom rocked up and back against him. His young body shivered with a rush of excitement.

“Hhhnnnnmmmm!!!” He hummed.

“Oh that’s it, sweetie. Come on.” Bonny said lovingly as she felt his cock balloon against her smothering tummy.

Gabe felt the floodgates give way and his



penis began to spit it's potent milk.

"Uuunnnggg!!!!" He groaned, still sucking on the play-nipple.

"Oh, there you go, baby-boy. Let it squirt!" She said.

Squirt it did and it seemed to never stop squirting. Little trickles of semen seeped from between their bodies, running down the sides of Gabe's tummy and onto the mattress.

With his head thrown back the nipple fell from his mouth as his cock continued to pulse.

"Oh, Gggod, Mom!" His voice quivered.

Bonny just kept working her slippery body against her baby, gazing down at him with a loving smile.

"Oh, that's my baby. Come on, get it all out of there." She said.

When Gabe finally relaxed Bonny stopped rocking and just laid there against him.

"I bet I could make him pop again." She smiled.

"Right now?" He asked.

"Yep." She said.

"I don't know, Mom. That was pretty intense." Gabe sighed.

"So that's a challenge then?" She said, raising an eyebrow.

"Sure, why not." He smiled.

Bonny scooted up a bit until she slid off her son's cock. She lifted herself off his chest and Gabe watched her tits wobble. Sliding onto her knees she reached back and took hold of his still throbbing member, positioning it at the entrance of her honey-pot.

Her inner lips stretched around the bulbous head and with one big cock-swallowing lunge her ass dropped all the way to his balls.

"Oh god!!!" Gabe groaned as he felt the heat of her furnace surround him with it's soft wet warmth.

Bonny gasped a little, her eyes getting big as she felt her vaginal walls expand around the eleven-inch guest. She felt her son's spongy mushroom push against her cervix.

"So, you still think I can't make it pop again." She smiled.

"Nope." Gabe smiled, knowing full well should would.

"Prop the pillows up behind your back." She said.

Gabe did as she asked so that he was sitting a little more upright, but still reclined backwards. This allowed his mom to fall forward and rest her tits on his chest.

"I'm gonna prove you so wrong, mister." She grinned, knowing that in this position she could really work his cock with her cunt.

Her big meaty ass rose, her juices dripping down Gabe's shaft, then it dropped suddenly, swallowing it up again. It was like a steam locomotive, starting slowly and gradually speeding up so that within seconds her big matronly bottom was beating against his balls.

It was the perfect union. Big sloppy pregnant pussy stuffed to capacity with beefy teenaged

cock. Their genitals made a lewd throaty slurping sound as they slapped together.

Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup!

"So, Mom... am I touching places Dad's never been?" Gabe asked.

"You've got four inches on him, what do you think?" Bonny said, a little out of breath as she continued to work her ass.

Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup!

"I think he only wishes he could touch bottom. It feels amazing." Gabe said.

"Well maybe you should call him, tell him what he's missing." Bonny joked.

"I bet I make you cum harder than he can." Gabe persisted.

"Well in about ten more seconds, sweetie, we're gonna find out." Bonny voice quivered.

Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup!

Gabe was front row center to the orgasm show, staring his beautiful mom. Her body suddenly convulsed making her big titties jump as she threw her head back.

"Oooohh, Godddd!!!!!" She groaned.

She pushed herself up a bit crushing his cock against her cervix. Her hips went into overdrive as she stirred her pot with her son's big spoon.

***"That's how my boobie-baby wants to spend his week, isn't it? Fuckin' and suckin' his horny Momma?"***

"Oooohhhh, Oooohhhh, Yeah, Oooohhh, Gabriel!!!" She shrieked, her cute little voice echoing through the house.

Her body did it's final little shiver, the dropped back against her son and her ass resumed bouncing.

Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup!

"Was I right? Did I make you cum harder than Dad can?" He asked.

"You have to ask." She sighed.

"Bet I could do it again." He smiled.

"Easy for you to say, boobie-baby, I'm doing all the work." She said, her voice trembling with each thrust.

"I know. All I meant was that I could go a long time in this position without cumming." Gabe said.

"Well then I guess it's gonna be a long night, isn't it?" She smiled.

"Don't worry, sweet-baby, when Momma's pussy's ready for you to cum, you'll cum. It doesn't matter what position you're in." She said.

"How's that?" He asked.

Suddenly, Gabe felt his mother's birth canal

flex against his cock, creating ball-busting friction as his pecker continued to plow in and out.

"Oh, God... Oh, Mom!" He moaned.

"That's how." She smiled, relaxing her cunt-muscles.

"Oh wow... that felt amazing." He said.

"Well, unlike some people, I've been doing this awhile. How does it feel to be in bed with a woman who knows just how to make you squirm?" Bonny asked.

"Awesome." Gabe answered.

Bonny flexed her cunt again and the soft hot walls of her vagina squeezed hard around his cock-shaft.

"Oh, Mom!" Gabe sighed.

"Good answer." She giggled.

After relaxing her cunt again Bonny noticed that Gabe was staring at her tits, which were bouncing around on his chest.

"Big and soft, aren't they baby?" She asked.

"They sure are." Gabe said.

"Are you ready to suck?" She smiled.

"On your boobs?" Gabe asked.

"No, on my pinky-toe. Of course my boobs, goof-ball." Bonny teased.

"Okay." He said excitedly.

"Slouch down a little." She said.

Gabe adjusted his position so that Bonny's boobs now hung above his face. Bonny's ass never missed a beat. It just kept bouncing.

Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup!

Gabe watched as her hanging breasts fell to his face. One of her huge swollen nipples fell right into his mouth and as soon as his lips closed around it he felt his mom's body begin to convulse.

"Oh, God, I'm cumming!" She squealed as her face began to contort.

For fun, when no one else was home. Gabe sometimes liked to fill two water balloons with warm water and tie them together. He liked to rest the weight of one balloon on his face and imagine it was his mom's breast against him. He loved the way the balloon would mould around his face, completely smothering him.

Now, here he was, his face completely buried under the weight of the boob he had always dreamed about. This balloon had a nipple and areola and he was nursing and chewing like a hungry infant. Despite being wracked with another mind-blowing orgasm, Bonny showed no signs of tiring. She was a hungry pregnant slut. Hungry for big teenaged cock.

Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup!

The big bed shook as mom and son drank from the fountain of forbidden lust. They fell into a steady thirty-minute rhythm with Bonny reaching a screaming climax about every five minutes.

Bonny sat up a bit and her breasts lifted off her son's face, her cap popping from his mouth.

"Hey there, my boobie-baby. Are you ready to cum?" She asked, grinding his dick.

"How did you know I was getting close." His



voice shivered.

"Moms just know these things." She smiled.

"I don't want it to end." He muttered.

"It won't... we have all week." She said, leaning down against him and staring into his eyes.

"And you and I my little cuddle-bear are gonna do nothing but fuck." She said, matter-of-factly.

As soon as the word "fuck" left her mouth Bonny flexed her cunt muscles, forming a vice-like seal around her baby's cock.

"Oh God! Oh, Mom!" He groaned.

"Come On, Baby-Bear!" She said, in a sweet, motherly tone.

Gabe groaned as he popped hard, sending the biggest load of cum that ever squirted from his balls into his mother's secret chamber. It seemed to never end as rope after rope of hot white love-lava was pulled from his piss-hole from his mom's clutching sheath.

Bonny collapsed onto his chest and for a few minutes they kissed like lovers, their tongues twisting together wildly.

"Well, this may have been your first lay, but it's obvious this isn't the first time you've had your tongue in a girls mouth." She teased.

"No, I've done that a few times." He said.

"I can tell. You're pretty good with that little snake. I think I see a really long make-out session in our future." She smiled.

"Was I good with the big snake too?" Gabe smiled.

"Well, you made me scream seven times. I'm pretty sure that qualifies as good." She said.

"Was I better than Dad?" He asked.

"Yes, my sweet-baby, you were better than your dad." She grinned, patting his chest.

Bonny clenched his bone-hard shaft as it still remained tucked inside her warm vagina.

"You still have a boner." She smiled.

"It doesn't go away easily." Gabe said.

"Well then I guess we'll have to fuck until it goes soft, won't we?" She asked.

"As turned-on as I am, that could be tomorrow morning, Mom." Gabe smiled.

"So, I'm a big girl... I can certainly go at it all night... Can you?" She said, raising an eyebrow.

"All night? Ha, I could go all week." Gabe said.

"Yeah but are you sure this is where you wanna spend your week, in this soft bed pounding your beautiful big breasted mother?" Bonny asked teasingly.

"Hell yeah." Gabe smiled.

"Yeah, that's how my boobie-baby wants to spend his week, isn't it, fuckin' and suckin' his horny momma?" She said in a sweet tone.

"Wow, Mom that's such a turn on when you talk that way." Gabe said.

"I know, I can feel your penis flexing. Do you know why it's flexing, baby?" Bonny said, gazing down into his eyes.

Gabe nodded, wanting to hear his mom say what he was thinking.

"It's flexing because it wants to fuck pussy." She said.

Gabe sighed as the head of his cock ballooned with more blood.

"See, sweet-baby, you've got a big strong teenaged boner that's ready to spend the whole week inside Mommy." She said.

Bonny climbed off her son, letting his pecker slide out of her steamy cunt.

"Go downstairs and get me the phone. We're gonna do something I think you'll like." She said.

Gabe got a big smile as he jumped from the bed, his big dick bobbing up and down.

A few minutes later...

"Hi, sweetie, how was your flight?" Bonny asked, holding the phone to her ear.

The pregnant mom was straddling her son, who was sitting on her padded vanity stool in the middle of the bedroom. Her tits and massive baby-orb were sandwiched between them and Bonny's long legs were wrapped around his waist, her heels resting on the edge of the stool behind Gabe's ass.

Gabe's cock was buried to the balls in Bonny's warm clutching birth canal. His bulbous cock-head was sunk right down into the soft mouth of her spongy cervical head.

*Bonny lifted her son's face from her tits and they began to kiss softly*

His head lay right up against his mom's soft titties as he felt her stir her pot with his big fuck stick.

"How's the hotel room they put you up in?" She asked.

While Bonny's husband Matt answered, Bonny lifted her son's face from her tits and they began to kiss softly.

"That's good, hun. Do you wanna say hi to Gabe, he's right here." She said.

"Okay, hold on, I'll put you on speaker-phone." She smiled.

Bonny put the phone on speaker-phone and set it down beside them.

"Hi, Dad." Gabe said with a grin as his mom began to lick and suck on his neck.

"Hey, sport, what are you up to?" Matt asked.

"Awe, nothing' just hangin' out here with Mom." He said as he felt his mom's cunt grind his cock.

"I appreciate you watching out for your mom this week. It means a lot." Matt said.

"Don't worry Dad, I'm gonna take good care of Mom and the baby this week." Gabe said, his voice quivering a little.

"Uh-huh." Bonny hummed as dug her tongue against the tendons in her son's neck.

Gabe let out a little sigh as he felt the tip of his cock dig against the entrance to his mother's womb.

"You okay son?" Matt asked.

Bonny and her son started kissing hungrily, their tongues twisting together. "Hello, anybody there?" Matt asked.

"We're here, sweetie." Bonny said between kisses.

"You guys in the middle of a good TV show or something, you seem a little distracted." Matt said.

Gabe and Bonny giggled, staring at each other naughtily.

"I think Gabe's just enjoying his mother's undivided attention tonight." She smiled.

"Well, Gabriel, you just don't let your mom do anything overly strenuous. She needs to spend lots of time on her back this week." Matt said.

"Don't worry, I have a feeling she'll be spending plenty of time on her back, Dad." Gabe grinned.

"And while I'm on my back I'm sure my baby will be right there taking care of all his mother's needs." Bonny smiled, staring into her son's eyes.

Bonny leaned in and continued making out with her baby. Their tongues danced wildly together.

"I knew I could count on you, son. If Mom goes into labor you call me first thing, okay?" He asked.

Gabe and his mom were going at it hot and heavy now. Bonny's hips were gliding up and back, causing Gabe's cock to plow against the bottom of her honey-pot. Gabe tried to break the kiss to answer his father, but Bonny wouldn't allow it.

"Huh-Uh." She hummed, twisting her long pink snake around his.

"Gabe? Is anyone there?" Matt asked.

Overwhelmed with wicked incestuous lust, Bonny couldn't pull herself off of her baby. Her hips were gliding wildly now.

"Hello?" Matt called out.

Without breaking her wet, tongue-twisting fun the horny mom reached over and turned off the phone, hanging up on her husband.

About ten seconds later the phone rang, but Bonny's body was quivering with orgasm so she just let it ring.

"Oohh God, I'm cumming so hard!" Bonny cried.

Gabe smiled with pride as he felt his beautiful mom use his big cock to bring herself off.

"Oh shit I love that dick?" She said between kisses.

"Did you enjoy the phone call?" She asked.

"That was awesome." Gabe muttered, the phone continued to ring in the background.

"Sorry, honey, can't answer the phone. I'm too busy taking care of my big-dicked baby boy." She said playfully, her ass hammering down



against Gabe's balls.

The bedroom echoed with that familiar creamy fuck-sound...

Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup! Thfflup!

"Do you think he'll worry?" Gabe asked.

"I've got an eleven-inch penis inside me. Does it look like I really fucking care?" Bonny giggled, her eyes wild with lust.

"Wow, with one out of my system I could sit like this all day." Gabe said.

"Good, in the morning I'll suck you off, we'll turn on some soft music and I'll spend the rest of the day bouncing on your lap. Sound like a date?" She asked.

"Oh yeah." Gabe sighed.

"Right now I want my snuggle-bear to follow Daddy's orders and get me on my back. Then, once I'm on my back, I want you to nail me to the mattress." She said naughtily.

"Yes, ma'am." Gabe said.

Gabe grabbed hold of his mom's meaty buttocks and stood up. Bonny let out a surprised little scream, throwing her arms around her baby's neck.

"Oh my God my babies a fucking stud." She said, gazing down into his eyes as he carried her over to the bed.

"Right on the edge, sugar bear." She directed him.

Gabe set his mom down softly so that her ass was right at the edge of the bed and he was still standing on the floor. She threw her legs back into the birthing position, Gabe's cock still buried inside her moist folds.

"There you go, baby. Long hard strokes now, come on." She said.

Gabe slid his dick in and out and in and out, falling into a nice rhythm. He watched in fascination as Bonny's huge milk-filled breasts rolled like big rippling waves up and down her chest. Even her enormous baby-ball seemed to be wavering up and back from the force of his thrusts.

"Oh yeah, there's my baby-boy." She said as she felt the tip of his battering ram knock at her cervix.

Gabe looked down and was amazed by the sight of his mother's splayed cunt. There was a neatly trimmed triangle of dark hair crowning an enormous marble-sized clit. Her big beefy labial peddles were stretched around the girth of his rod.

"Harder!" Bonny requested, a little pre-orgasmic whine in her voice.

Gabe gave his mom all he had, fucking her matronly cunt with deep, ball-slapping strokes.

Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup!

Bonny's back suddenly arched from the mattress, her face going into a cute little contortion. Gabe eyes got big as he watched her huge belly balloon upward.

"Holy shit." He muttered, still hammering away.

"Uuuuggggnnnnhhhhh!!!!" Bonny grunted.

"Uuuuggnnnnhhhhh!!!!" She continued, her body, quivering.

Gabe noticed that his mom's cute little toes were pointed. How he loved her sexy feet.

"Oh God I want you on me." Bonny whined, grabbing Gabe's hand and pulling him up onto the bed.

Moving to the center of the bed her long legs twisted around Gabe as she pulled him down on top of her. Gabe felt the meat of her pregnancy squashed between them as he now lay flat against his mother.

"Oh baby, fuck me hard!" She hissed.

As directed Gabe started to fuck, his ass rising and falling. He felt his mom kissing and licking at his neck.

"Oh yeah, just like that. Feed me that big pussy-fucker." She said.

Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup!

Gabe balls were like a door-knocker, slapping against Bonny's buttery asshole. Bonny dug her heels in his ass, pulling him deep. She wanted to feel his bulbous head lick her cervix with each down stroke.

"You doin' so good, baby boy. Takin' such good care of Momma's pussy." She panted.

Gabe's fingers sunk into Bonny's big sweaty

*"Oh yeah, that's my baby-boy," she said as she felt the tip of his prick knock at her cervix*

breasts, savoring their spongy softness. Never in a million years did he think he's ever be cupping his own mom's boobs.

Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup!

At about one pussy-packing stroke per second Gabe fell into a nice ten minute rhythm. It felt so good thrusting against his mom's voluptuous body. Her arms were curled around him and even though he seemed to need little coaching, like a good mother, she encouraged him along.

"Oh, you have such a nice strong boner don't you baby boy?" She said.

"Uh-huh." Gabe muttered.

"It's gonna stay big and hard for Momma all week, isn't it boobie-bear?" She asked in a cute little voice.

"Oh, yeah." He sighed as he felt his shaft glide up and down Bonny's velvet pouch.

"That's right. We'll keep it nice and stiff so Momma can suck it... and fuck it... and wrap her big soft titties around it." Bonny said.

Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup!

"Can you feel it, sweetie? Can you feel Momma's pussy pucker?" Bonny moaned.

"Yeah." Gabe's said.

"That means you're about to make it cream." She whined.

"Oh yeah." Gabe said, picking up the pace a tad.

"Oh that's it sugar, make your Momma howl." Bonny said, thrusting her cunt up to meet his downward thrust.

Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup!

"Oh Fuck! Oh Shit! Oh Gabriel! Oooohh-hnnnggggod!!!!" Bonny cried, curling her head back.

Gabe smiled and just kept feeding his mom dick. He loved the way she squirmed beneath him as she just kept cumming and cumming for what had to be a full two minutes.

Bonny was in absolute euphoria. Here was a pregnant middle-aged woman in her sexual prime with the dream dick inside of her.

"He's like the energizer bunny and I fucking love it." She thought.

Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup! Thffrup!

Ten more minutes passed and about this time sweat was dripping from their bouncing bodies.

"Do you want to me to cum, Mom?" Gabe asked.

"Do you need to, sugar?" She asked.

"No." He said.

"Then don't. Prop my legs back." She gasped.

Gabe held Bonny's legs to the sides of her chest. This allowed his cock to go a little deeper. His cock-head curved upward as it slid along the head of her cervix.

"Bet Dad's never fucked you this long before." Gabe said proudly.

"Most men can't go half as long as you have, sweetie-bear. I think you're momma's finally met her match." Bonny said.

Bedsprings whined as their bodies bounced for yet another ten minutes before Bonny screamed again. Gabe had been fucking his mom over an hour since his last orgasm and he could the beginnings of a strong one.

"Oh, Mom I think I'm gonna cum." He cried.

"Oh Sweetie, fuck hard!!!" Bonny shouted.

Gabe did fuck hard. His cock was literally a blur as he hammered Bonny's sloppy cunt with everything he had.

"Oh Godddd, Mom!!!" He cried, as his penis began to spirt.

"Oh, that's it baby... lay into that pussy!" She said, fucking him right back.

Bonny could feel the hot ropes of teenaged spunk splashing against the door to her womb. It seemed to never stop until her son rested, finally still on top of her. The loving mom ran her fingers through his hair as she held him against her softness.

"My little cuddle-bear." She said softly. ■



**do you lick your lips when  
you see your son's cock?**

***...you're not alone.***





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# Her Son's **1st** Cum

by Kathy Andrews

Janet's little boy is coming of age—right before her eyes!

(Fm, inc, exh, ped)

Janet gasped as she saw the little girl. Brad, holding his mother's hand, began to giggle. They had walked past the alleyway between the houses, and the little girl had been squatting near a fence about fifteen feet inside the entrance. Her skirt was up, and she was running her hand up and down between her legs.

"Oh, my God!" Janet hissed.

The girl looked up at them, a grin of pleasure on her face. She didn't pause in rubbing her cunt, but seemed to increase the movements. Then

she pulled her hand away and exposed the pink lips of her pussy to them.

"Brad, don't look at her!" Janet said, tugging at her son's hand.

Brad giggled again, and Janet couldn't resist one final look at the girl. The girl had pulled the lips of her cunt open, grinning wickedly at them.

Walking swiftly, her face burning with shame for the little girl, Janet felt the oddest sensation between her open thighs. Heat suddenly flared up, and her cunt became wet. Her nipples felt extra sensitive suddenly, and she could hardly

stand the rubbing of her summer sweater against them. She was aware that her son had been excited, too. A glance at the front of his pants showed his young cock straining in hardness.

They hurried home, with Brad trying to drag his feet, and he kept looking back, hoping to see the girl again. She was about his age, and very pretty, with long blonde ponytails and lovely blue eyes. He didn't know who she was. He knew most of the boys and girls in the neighborhood, but he had never seen this girl before.

Janet rushed to her room as soon as they





entered the house. Her panties were soaked, uncomfortable, and the insides of her thighs were slippery with the seeping juices of her own pussy. She lifted her skirt and stripped her panties off, tossing them into the laundry hamper. Her cunt felt almost painful, her clitoris inflamed. She stripped her sweater over her head, after making sure Brad wasn't peeking. Naked from her waist up, she entered her adjoining bathroom and sat on the toilet. The tinkle of her piss seemed louder than ever. With her skirt bunched at her lap, peeing, she touched her nipples.

No longer peeing, she opened her thighs and looked down between them. All she could see was the thick mat of fan-shaped cunt hair. But she could definitely feel the pulses racing about her cunt. Spreading her legs wide, she shoved her hand down and began to agitate her distended clit. It had been years since she had fingered herself. Her clit was tightly knotted, juices almost pouring out of her cunt. She moaned and pressed her fingers against the puffy pussy lips, the heel of her hand smashing her inflamed clit.

That look at the little girl had triggered something deep inside Janet, and she began to claw at her cunt frantically. She jerked her ass back and forth on the seat of the toilet, her hand smashing at her clit. She began to wail as the pleasure built almost unbearably. She leaned her head back, sobbing with self-induced ecstasy. With her finger deep inside her cunt, she brought herself to orgasm. The contractions rippled through her hotly, turning all her muscles to liquid. With her hand cupping her convulsing cunt, a finger deep, the heel crushing her throbbing clitoris, Janet closed her thighs tightly.

"Oh, God!" she whimpered as her climax finished. "Oh, God!"

Shame came over her now, and she sat there, burying her face into her hands. Janet didn't want it to come back to her, that insatiable desire for erotic pleasures. She had fought it down for years, and now, one peek at a little girl fucking herself with a finger in an alley had brought it rushing back.

She, too, had been a naughty little girl. She had been a few years older than the girl she had seen. It had happened at school. She had been sitting in the bleachers, watching the boys practice basketball. She had always enjoyed watching them racing back and forth on the court. She had watched in the hopes of seeing a cock, or a pair of balls. All she had ever seen, though, were jock straps. Still, even that would make her tingle, make her cunt moist and hot, and sometimes she would actually come.

Then, one afternoon, as she sat there watching them, her knees together and her elbows resting on them, chin cupped in her hands, she had the strangest urge to reveal herself to them. The desire to expose herself had come on quickly.

She had opened her knees. A couple of the boys had been looking her way, and they had

seen the flash of her panties. Janet had clamped her knees together just as quickly as she had opened them, but it had been enough to make her cunt explode with the most delicious orgasm. She sat stiffly until the spasms were over, and when she opened her eyes, she noticed the two boys whispering and pointing at her.

Strangely enough, she didn't feel ashamed of what she had done. The pleasure she had experienced wouldn't let her feel ashamed. With the wet heat still rumbling between her legs, she did it again.

This time she stared directly at the boys as she flung her legs wide, holding them open for almost a full minute. Immediately she came again, her cunt pulsating wet inside the crotch of her panties. She was still coming when she finally closed her legs. Weak from her orgasms,

she remained sitting there and hardly knew the time. A sudden grip on her shoulder pulled her upward.

She was taken roughly into the principal's office, where she was told in no uncertain terms what a bad girl she was, that she could not return to school for a week. Afraid of her parents' reaction, she didn't tell them. She pretended illness, always jumping when the phone rang, expecting some school official to be notifying her parents of her wild behavior.

Since that time, she had controlled herself. It took a great deal of effort but she succeeded. When she married, she had been too ashamed to let her husband know, yet had wanted him to share her desire to expose herself. For many years, she had suppressed that wild hunger, but now, today, with the little girl, it all came in on





her again. The demand to expose herself to others was strong, very strong.

Getting to her feet, she leaned for a moment against the sink, regaining strength. There was nothing she could do about the burning heat of her cunt except to try and ignore it. She pulled on a thin white blouse, buttoning it, but leaving the two top buttons open. The creamy swell of her rounded, full tits showed, the dark circles of her nipples slightly revealed. The sleeveless blouse revealed the curves of her tits, and that was what she wanted. She pulled on a fresh pair of bikini panties, smoothed her skirt down, and left her room.

She got halfway to the living room.

Brad stepped from the hall bathroom, a towel wrapped about his waist, otherwise naked. His hair was damp from the shower. The towel was a small one, and his legs showed, one all the way to his hip. Janet's hand went to her throat as she looked at him.

"Brad," she said softly.

Her son looked at her quizzically, seeing something different in his mother's eyes, but not knowing what it was.

"Brad," she said again.

She began to tremble, her knees shaking. She reached her other hand out toward her son, but not yet touching him.

"Brad, that girl..." she whispered. "That girl was..."

Brad realized something was different about his mother. Her eyes seemed to be hot, and she had trouble speaking. He stood and waited.

"Brad!" Janet hissed, and her hand grabbed the towel around his waist, jerking it free. "Oh, Brad!"

He stood naked, his cock standing straight up, his young balls dangling. Her eyes devoured her son's cock and balls. She dropped her hand from her throat, clenching both fists tightly at her hips, unable to take her eyes off his cock and balls.

Brad wasn't ashamed of being naked in front of his mother. His cock jerked back and forth, almost smacking his lower stomach. His eyes glowed now, sensing something exciting was about to happen to him.

"Touch it," Janet whispered. "Touch yourself, Brad."

"You mean, like this, Mom?" He closed his fingers about his cock, squeezing.

"Yes!" she moaned. "Touch it like that!"

Brad squeezed his cock as his mother stared in glazed hunger.

"Move your hand, honey," she urged huskily. "Move your hand on it. Pump it, baby!"

Brad jerked his tight fist up and down his cock.

"Oh, God, so beautiful!" she whimpered. "It's so beautiful, Brad! Do it faster, baby!"

His hand speeded up.

Janet sagged against the wall, her legs shaking badly now as she watched her son jacking off. Her cunt was boiling, clenching and

loosening. It was almost as if she were back on those bleachers, watching the boys.

"Come, Brad!" she hissed. "Let me see you come!"

"Come?" he asked, puzzled. "I don't know what you mean, Mom."

"You mean you can't..." She swallowed hard. "You don't know what coming is, darling? You can't come yet?"

"I don't know," he said, not understanding.

Janet suddenly realized how young Brad was. There was no hair around his cock, nor his balls. Yet, his cock was a little bigger than she would have thought.

"But it feels good to play with yourself, doesn't it?" she asked, nervously.

"Oh, yes, Mom!" he gurgled, squeezing his cock hard. "I like to play with myself. It always feels good."

Janet was struggling to keep her tight fists at her sides. Her cunt was pulsing in desire. "Do you play with yourself a lot?"

Brad nodded, grinning at her. Janet had to know, had to know what her son did with himself, if he liked doing it. She had to know all about it because she was afraid of what she was about to do.

"That girl... did that excite you?" she asked.

***He was excited to  
have his cock hard  
and his mother  
looking at him***

"It sure did, Mom!" he replied with a high-pitched voice. "I got real hard!"

"You like to see that? I mean, do you like to look at girls that way?"

"I guess so," he replied. "I never saw one until today."

"But you've thought about it, wondered what a girl would look like between the legs?"

"All the time," he admitted.

"You know what it's called, don't you, honey?"

"Sure, Mom," he said, excited to have his cock hard and his mother looking at him, asking him these questions. "It's a pussy!"

She smiled. "Yes, a pussy," she said softly, with heat in her voice. "It's a pussy, baby. It's also a cunt."

Brad giggled. "I like that best. Cunt."

"Ooooo, say it again!" she groaned.

"Say what again? Pussy?"

"No, cunt!"

"Cunt!"

"Ooooo, baby, again!"

"Cunt," Brad giggled wickedly, his cock straining in his fist. "I saw her cunt, Mom! We both saw her pussy, her cunt!"

"Ohhhh, darling!" The rumble of an orgasm began inside her cunt, and she couldn't stop from smashing her fist against her pussy. "Ohhhhh!"

"What's wrong, Mom?" he asked, watching his mother's hand pressing at the front of her skirt.

"I'm coming!" Janet sobbed.

Brad, not knowing what his mother meant, gripped his cock and watched her shake. Her hand was rubbing at the front of her dress. Whatever "coming" was, his mother seemed to like it.

The spasms passed, and she moved her hand away from her pussy. Her eyes glowed and she was smiling with happiness.

"It was a good come, Brad," she said. "I know you don't know what I mean, but you will one of these days."

Her fingers played with her skirt. She began to inch her skirt upward, very slowly. "Want to peek at me?" she asked, throatily.

"Really, Mom?"

"Just a peek," she said. "No more... one look and that's all, okay?"

She lifted her skirt, watching for his reactions. Her long, slender thighs showed, and she paused when her skirt was almost above the crotch of her panties.

"You're sure you want a peek at me, Brad?" she asked again.

He nodded, his eyes gazing at her legs. "You won't... tell about it, will you?"

"Who would I tell, Mom?"

A shiver moved up and down her spine, and she held her breath as she lifted her skirt quickly. She held it at her waist, letting her son stare at her panties. Then she dropped the skirt, smoothing it over her hips.

"There, you've had a peek," she said.

"Yeah, a quick one," he complained. "I didn't see anything, Mom."

"You saw my legs... you saw my panties. That's enough right now," she said.

Disappointed, his cock still hard, he picked up the towel and started to wrap it about his hips again.

"No," she said.

He looked at her, the towel dangling in his hand.

"Don't put it on just yet," she said. "Let me look at you naked. You're beautiful, Brad. You're very beautiful, naked, and hard. Don't cover it up, not yet." She made up her mind instantly. She had found out her son was receptive, but just how much, she didn't know. There was only one way to find out.

"It's not fair, Mom," he said.

"What isn't, honey?"

"I'm naked, and you gave me just a little old peek," he said. "I didn't even see anything. I saw more of the girl in the alley."

"You're right, and I'm going to..." Her fingers lifted and fumbled at her blouse. "You want to see my... my titties?"

"Yeah, Mom!"



She pulled one side of her blouse open, flashing a flawless tit at him, then covering herself.

“Aw, come on, Mom!”

“Come with me,” she said, her voice very low. “I’ll show you something really fun, exciting.”

She took his hand and pulled him into her bedroom. She had never felt so excited in her life, so hot and erotic.

She sat down on the edge of her bed, making her son stand a few feet before her. “Now, you have to just watch me,” she said. “You can’t touch, okay? Promise you’ll just watch, and we can both have so much fun, Brad.”

His cock was still very hard, throbbing up and down. She lay back, but made sure she could see his cock and balls. She moved her hands up to her tits, cupping them both.

“Just watch me, honey,” she repeated. “Watch Mother. I like to be watched. You can see everything you want to see, if you’ll promise to stand there and watch, and not try to touch me.”

Brad agreed to watch, gripping his cock hard as his eyes followed his mother’s hands.

Janet slowly opened the remaining buttons of her blouse, and peeled it open. Her tits rose up in spongy whiteness. Her nipples peaked as she circled them with her fingertips. Her eyes began to smolder with heat, gazing directly at her son’s cock and balls. She made soft, low, sobbing sounds of pleasure.

“Watch me,” she kept repeating. “Watch Mother. Watch what Mother does to herself! Watch me play with myself, darling!”

Leaving her tits exposed, she ran her hands down to the front of her skirt, and began to slowly inch it upward. When it was halfway up her legs, she stopped.

“You’re sure you want to see?” she asked again. “You won’t ever tell anyone about it, will

you?”

“I promise, Mom!” he said, swallowing noisily.

Feeling a shameful excitement, Janet lifted her legs. She raised them high in the air, her toes pointing at the ceiling.

“Watch,” she breathed.

Brad was watching, almost choking with excitement. He saw his mother’s slim, long thighs, the crotch of her panties pooching from them, the whiteness of her ass cheek where the tan stopped. His balls felt very tight, more than usual. There was a difference in the tingling of his cock.

Janet held her legs in the air for some time, letting her son look at her from behind. Her cunt was throbbing so hotly, her clitoris about to explode. She began to gasp heavily, running her hands along the backs of her thighs, a fingertip of each hand moving along the tight, puffy crotch of her panties. She moved a fingertip along the center of her panties, feeling lightly of her cunt. Her eyes remained fixed upon her son’s cock and balls.

Her hand moved up and down the crotch of her panties. She wiggled her ass, then lowered her knee to her tits. Peering between her knees at her son, she hooked a finger into her panties, peeling the crotch away.

“See it! See Mother’s pussy, Brad!” she groaned.

“Oh, yes, Mom!”

The wet lips were lined with silky, dark hair, glistening in wetness. Brad was making gulping sounds as he stared at her cunt.

“See Mother’s cunt, baby! Watch Mother’s cunt!”

Janet was boiling, mindless. Exposing herself to her son was the greatest, but the best was yet to come. She was going to do something she had

fantasized about for years.

“Watch me! Watch what I do with my cunt, baby!”

She parted the lips of her pussy, her clit protruding. She began darting a finger down and penetrating her steaming cunt. She wiggled her ass around, groaning as she fingerfucked herself, then twisted and pinched her distended clit. She probed a finger deeply, then removed it, and began to pat her cunt. She made soft, wet panting sounds, her ass shaking from side to side.

“Ohhh, watch me, watch me!” she squealed, drawing her knees along her head, lifting her ass higher. She rubbed and smashed at her cunt, pulling at her clit, then dove a finger into herself and fucked in and out. “Watch my cunt! Brad, watch Mother’s hot cunt! Ooooo, I’m going to make myself come! Watch me fingerfuck my cunt, baby! Ohhhhh, honey, hold your beautiful cock tight and watch me fuck myself!”

Brad watched, his young eyes huge, his mouth open. His cock felt hard in his fist and throbbed more than ever before in his life. His balls seemed tight and full for some reason. What his mother was saying, what she was doing in front of him made his mind reel with ecstasy.

Janet’s eyes burned. She lifted her ass as high as she could, almost doubling herself up. She shook her ass in a frenzy of self-induced pleasure.

“See my cunt!” she yelled. “Look at Mother’s cunt, baby! Watch what Mother can do with her cunt! It’s so juicy, Brad! Can you see how juicy my cunt is? Mother’s pussy is hot, baby, so fucking hot! I’m going to fuck it with my hands... make myself come! Ooooooh, yes, yes I am! Watch me... watch me do it! Ohhhhh! Ooooohhh, it’s so good!”

Her hips jerked up and down, meeting her fingers. She was fucking herself now with four of her fingers. She twisted her ass frantically, her





excitement intense.

“Ahhhh, I’m going to make myself come, baby!” she cried. “Watch me come! I’m about to come! Ohhhh, fuck, fuck, fuck!”

A scream came out of her throat as her cunt convulsed. The hairy pussy lips gripped at her buried fingers, clutching them. She shook her ass wildly, no longer seeing her son. Her eyes were open, but they were filmed over with intense ecstasy. Her cunt clawed at her buried fingers, squeezing them hard.

It seemed to Brad his mother was having a fit. Yet at the same time, it was exciting to see her shaking so hard, wailing with rapture. He wasn’t sure what was happening, but it was obvious that his mother loved it.

When the shudders stopped, she slowly pulled her fingers out of her cunt, and lowered her legs. She remained on her back for some time, the crotch of her panties still pulled to one side. Her vision slowly returned and she smiled at her son.

“Did you like that, Brad?”

“Wow, Mom!” he grunted.

“Wasn’t it beautiful, seeing me? Watching me do that to myself?”

“Yeah!”

She sat up, her tits jiggling in a tight way. She leaned back on her hands, and arched her hips. The panties moved over her pussy.

“Am I bad?” she asked, her voice a whisper. “Am I a bad woman, Brad? A bad mother?”

“Gosh, no!” he said.

She held her arms out to him. Brad darted into his mother’s arms, and she hugged him tightly, feeling his cock smashing at her naked tits. She clutched the cheeks of her son’s ass, squirming her tits against his cock and balls, kissing at his chest wetly.

“Do you love me?” she asked.

“Oh, Mom! I love you!”

“Do you love me more now, after watching me do that?”

“Yes, Mom,” he said, hugging her head against his chest, his cock throbbing on her firm tits. “Yes, yes, yes!”

“Mmmmmm,” she murmured, and dipped her face, pressing her lips to the head of his young cock, kissing.

The sound smoothness of her son’s young cock against her lips sent something like an electric shock through Janet.

She held him with arms around his hips, her hands holding each cheek of his tight, young ass. His cock burned at her lips, scalding them. Back and forth she rubbed her lips, mewling softly. She listened to her son gasping, the sounds of his excitement exciting her. Her cunt, already juicy from her fingerfucking so vigorously, dripped against the bed. She squirmed slightly, pressing her cunt and ass down on the mattress. Her hands tightened on his ass.

Shifting her face slightly, she pressed her lips into his lower stomach, parting them, the tip of her tongue tasting his flesh. The head of his cock

probed beneath her chin. Janet felt the hunger rising inside her. She knew she would give in, that she couldn’t resist giving in.

“Baby, baby,” she moaned against his stomach. “Oh, baby!”

“Mom, it feels so tight!”

“What is tight, honey?”

“My... my balls,” he groaned.

“Poor things,” Janet whispered, sliding a hand between them, cupping her son’s hairless balls. “They do feel tight, baby.” They felt tight and hot, as if loaded from pent-up emotions. “They feel very hard, Brad. Hot and tight.”

“They hurt, Mom.”

“I know, darling,” she purred, twisting her tongue against his belly button. “I know they hurt. It’s my fault, Brad. Watching me do that made them hurt.”

She drew her hands up from his balls, holding the base of his cock. Still gripping his ass in her other hand, Janet rubbed the smooth swollen head of his cock back and forth on her lips. She wanted to take his prick into her mouth, to taste and lick his cock. She wanted to suck on his cock badly.

Pressing his cock against her neck, Janet

*Janet dug her fingers into her son’s ass cheek, rubbing her lips back and forth on the head of his cock*

looked up at him. She felt his hardness throbbing against her flesh, and rubbed her hand up and down.

“I shouldn’t have let you watch that, baby,” she said softly.

“Oh, I liked it, Mom!”

“But it’s made you hurt so badly.”

“That’s okay,” he said. “I don’t mind. It’s okay if I hurt. Mom, I love to watch you play with yourself. It’s okay, Mom.”

“Maybe I can make it better,” she whispered.

She lowered her face again, drawing him between her thighs. Clutching at one cheek of his ass, she pressed her knees against his legs. Again she brushed his cock across her lips, then her chin. She pressed his prick at her nose, inhaling the fresh, innocent scent. She leaned back, and lowered his cock. Brad was starting to gasp as he saw his mother press the swollen prickhead against one of her nipples. She stroked her fingers along the base.

“Ooooo, it feels very good on my tit, Brad,” she said.

“Kiss it again, Mom,” he choked.

“Mmmmm, you like that, do you?” she purred.

“Mom, it feels like I’m gonna pee!”

“Oh, baby!”

Janet dug her fingers hard into her son’s ass cheek, rubbing her lips back and forth on the head of his cock. She didn’t think he would piss, but she wouldn’t care if he did. She parted her lips slightly, just enough to touch his piss hole with the tip of her tongue. She felt his small body jerk, and she gave his cock a suck.

“Mom!” Brad groaned, his knees shaking.

“Hush,” Janet whispered. She rubbed his cock back and forth across her lips again. She cradled his tender balls for a moment, then used her thumb and finger to jack on the base of his cock.

“Mom!”

Her lips rubbed, and the gushing of his come juice startled them both.

Squirt after squirt of young come juice spewed from his piss hole. Janet didn’t move. She clung to his ass, her lips against his cock, letting him come. The hot wetness dripped downward from her lips, over her chin, and she felt it drop onto a nipple. Brad was shaking and groaning, almost dancing. He was still coming as she drew her face away. She saw a spurt fly from his piss hole, and gave a low squeal as it struck her nipple. She grasped his throbbing cock in her fingers, and began to jack him swiftly, tightly.

“Ooooo, you’re coming, Brad! Look, baby! Look at your cock! You’re coming! Ohhhhh, that’s beautiful, darling! Your first come... and I’m making it happen for you!”

“I gotta... I gotta...” Brad gasped.

“Just come!” she urged hotly. “Come, Brad! Ooooo, watch your cock squirt! It’s so beautiful!”

A final spurt dribbled out, falling downward. Janet twisted her fist on his cock, slowly manipulating it. Her eyes were glittering with bright heat. She moved her tongue out, tasting his come juice on her lips. Her cunt felt swollen. “Are your balls okay now?” she asked softly, lowering her hand from his cock to his balls. They felt loose and empty now. She massaged them tenderly.

“What was it, Mom?”

“You came, honey,” she explained. “You came your first time. Wasn’t it wonderful? Didn’t it feel so wonderful?”

He grinned shyly at her. “Is that what happened when you played with yourself—you came?”

“Oh, yes!” she squealed. “It’s wonderful to come!”

“I thought I was gonna pee.”

“It does feel like that, sometimes,” she said.

“Your face is a mess,” Brad said. “I didn’t mean to do that in your face, Mom.”

“Oh, I loved it!” Janet cried softly. “It felt good, catching it in my face.” A shiver moved through her flesh. “I loved feeling you come off in my face. If only I had realized... knew it was going to happen so fast, I’d have...”

Brad waited.



“Yes, I would have! I’d have fucked you, Brad!”

“Really, Mom?”

“God, yes!”

“Let’s do it now, then!”

Janet laughed. “You’re very eager, aren’t you? I guess seeing that little girl got to you.”

“You got to me, Mom,” he said. “Watching you playing with yourself got to me.”

Janet pretended shyness. “You mean seeing me play with my cunt?”

“Yes, that’s it.”

“Then say it,” she whispered. “Say cunt, Brad!”

He giggled. “Cunt.”

“Ooooo, it makes me shiver to hear you say that,” she mewled. Wiping her mouth with her hand, she rubbed it on her skirt. Then she wiped her chin, and again on her skirt. She used her blouse to wipe her tit. “I’m going to be your girl, Brad. Mother is going to be your cunt!”

“That means I can kiss you and touch you and, you know, other things?”

“I said I’d have fucked you, didn’t I?”

She gently pushed him away. Getting to her feet, she removed her blouse and dropped it. Her tits rose out in firmness. Brad stared hungrily at them.

“You can touch them,” she said. “You can play with my tits.”

His hands eagerly went to his mother’s tits. She shook them as his hands fondled and felt. She unzipped her skirt, letting it fall to her feet. His cock was turning hard again, and she closed her fist about his prick for a squeeze. Leaving her panties on, she climbed into the center of her bed, bringing her son with her. She sat on her feet, drawing his young face to her tits.

“Suck them, Brad,” she urged softly. “I love to have my tits sucked. Suck Mother’s tits, honey.”

Brad gurgled with young excitement, closing his lips about a nipple and sucking vigorously.

Janet crooned and held his head tightly, watching his mouth suck hungrily. She dropped one hand to his lap, finding his cock. She stroked his prick as he sucked at her tit in a greedy manner. His harsh, hot breaths felt good on her naked flesh.

She rubbed his cock, whispering to him.

“You have a beautiful cock, Brad. It’s so hard and sweet looking. I don’t mind if you come in my face, baby. You can come on me anywhere you want. You can stick it in Mother, come inside me, anyplace you want to put it.”

Her words and her hand had his young body trembling. Janet knew the magic of her words, of her hand.

“You can put your cock in Mother’s cunt and fuck it. I’ll be your first fuck, Brad. I think that would be sweet, your first piece of ass. Mother’s cunt is very hot and wet, and your cock will love it.”

Brad sucked hard, drawing her nipple almost to his throat. His mother’s words inflamed him to greater desire, and his cock throbbed powerfully in her hand.

“You like to see me fingerfuck myself, don’t

you?” Janet went on. “You love to see Mother’s titties, Mother’s cunt. Seeing me feel my pussy makes your beautiful cock hard, and Mother loves a hard cock, Brad.”

Brad slipped his mouth from her tit. “Really, Mom? You’re gonna let me fuck you? Really?”

Her eyes danced with erotic fire as she nodded.

“When?” Brad asked eagerly. “When are you gonna let me fuck you, Mom?”

“Right now,” she said. Lying back, her tits swelling up, Janet parted her legs. “All you have to do is slide my panties to one side, darling, and shove your cock in.”

Brad was almost beside himself with excitement. He jumped between his mother’s thighs, his fingers fumbling with her panties. Being so near to her cunt with his hands was almost too much for him.

“Let me do it,” Janet said, knowing he was too excited.

She drew the crotch of her panties to one side. Brad stared at her cunt, his mouth gaping. His cock throbbed tightly. Janet lifted her hips, twisting them teasingly, understanding his awe.

“Come on,” she urged softly. “Put your cock

***Her cunt gripped,  
flexing on his cock.  
She felt his prick  
throbbing inside her  
pussy, his balls on  
the cheeks of her ass***

in me.”

Brad leaned over, and Janet grasped his young cock. She brought the smooth head to her pussy, rubbing it up and down the slit for a moment. Brad gasped again, and Janet was holding her breath. The first penetration of a cock into her cunt was the most thrilling. She loved the anticipation of the swollen head spreading the lips of her cunt, the slow inward movement. Once the head was between the lips of her cunt, she wanted it shoved hard, rammed deeply and swiftly.

“Ooooo, feel that, Brad?”

The wet lips of her cunt clutched the round head of her son’s cock, squeezing.

“Oh, Mom!”

She curled her fingers into his hips, and jerked.

She squealed as she jerked his cock into her cunt, his balls smashing at her ass.

“Oooooo, it’s in me, Brad! Ohhhhh, your cock is in Mother’s cunt!”

Janet grasped her son’s ass in both hands,

holding him deep and tight. She twisted her legs about his, squeezing.

“Don’t move,” she hissed. “Don’t move yet, Brad.”

Her cunt gripped, flexing on his cock. She felt his prick throbbing inside her pussy, his balls hot on the cheeks of her ass. She felt as if she could lay like this for hours, her cunt sucking and squeezing.

“Hold my tits, darling.”

Brad braced his elbows on the bed, covering his mother’s tits with both hands. She wiggled her hips, then made an up and down movement.

“Now you can move,” she hissed. “Fuck me, Brad! Fuck Mother, baby! Ohhhhh, fuck Mother’s cunt! I want your cock... fucking me! Ram it up my pussy, baby! Oooo, Mother’s cunt is so fucking hungry for your young cock!”

Brad wasn’t sure what to do, and followed his mother’s lead. When she bounced her hips, he bounced his. She held his hips and jerked him up and down, making his cock fuck in and out of her cunt. Brad caught the rhythm, and gasping in rapture, began to fuck his mother vigorously. The friction of her cunt lips sent Janet into wild thrashing motions. She swung her legs open, then closed them about his hips, only to swing them wide again. She shoved her hands to his ass, clutching the tight cheeks as hard as she could, digging into them. She threw her cunt up to him powerfully.

“Ooooo, give it to me!” she wailed.

Brad, fully into the rhythm of his first fuck, fucked his cock in and out of his mother’s gripping cunt wildly.

Janet squealed with the lunges, lifting her knees, pulling them back, tossing her burning cunt up and down. She wiggled and thrashed her ass while the burning excitement seared through her. Her son’s cock felt huge inside her, going deliciously deep. The sensitive lips of her cunt felt the hard throbs. Each time her son fucked into her, her swollen clit scraped along the cockshaft, sending electrical jolts of rapture through her, from head to toe. Moist slapping sounds came from between them as his cock fucked back and forth, his balls slapping upon the twisting, grinding cheeks of her ass.

Brad fucked her hard, buffeting her on the bed. His excitement was great, and knowing she was pleasing her son, giving him this intense pleasure, made it better for her, too. She tossed her ass fast and hard as he came down. He fucked her so powerfully, she was actually scooting on the bed, her back sliding along the sheets. The lips of her cunt, protected by the thick mat of curling hair, were being beaten hard. They were swollen, throbbing as they gripped Brad’s cock. Her long, sensitive clit was being scraped and battered painfully, but Janet loved it. She clawed at the clenching cheeks of her son’s ass, her fingers squeezing. She squealed and sobbed as her ecstasy increased with each delicious stab of his cock.

“Deep!” she wailed, tears of rapture in her



eyes. “Go deep! Ohhhh, baby, fuck me deep! Your cock is so hard, and it fucks me so good! Faster, Brad! Oh, darling, fuck Mother’s hot cunt deep and fast! Beat my cunt... stab my cunt... fuck my cunt, my hot, hot cunt!”

Brad heard his mother’s wild cries, but he couldn’t speak. Not with words. All he could do was grunt and pant and choke. The sensations of his mother’s wet cunt holding his cock sent his mind reeling insanely. There was a heat covering his cock that was like nothing he had ever felt before. The feelings in his cock and balls were terrific, and the sensations radiated outward to his thighs, up his back.

Janet threw her head back, eyes closed as the sweet sensations flooded her body, starting in her cunt, going outward along the hairy lips, then steaming up across the fan-shape of her pussy hair. Her muscles twitched as her cunt burned, her thighs melting with heat. She closed them tightly about her son’s thighs, locking her ankles there. She clutched at his pumping ass with desperate fingers, jerking him downward hard. She began to sob as her ecstasy became unbearable.

She screamed, the sound shatteringly shrill.

“Ooooo, my cunt, my cunt! Brad, fuck my cunt! Ahhhhh, darling, my cunt is going to explode! Oh, baby, baby! I’m about to come, Brad! Mother’s cunt is... is... ohhhh, I’m coming!”

Janet dug harshly into her son’s ass, her fingernails almost cutting the flesh. She wasn’t aware that she was holding him tightly, making it impossible for her son to move. She wasn’t aware of anything except the mindless orgasm that shot through her cunt. The spasms of her pussy gripped Brad’s cock like a vise of steel. She bucked her cunt onto his prick, the hairy pussy lips smashed at the hairless base of his cock, working with a strong, flexing suction.

Her pussy rippled with waves of wetness, of scalding heat, from the base of his throbbing cock to the swollen, bulging prickhead.

Janet shrieked insanely, the ecstasy overwhelming her. She clung to her son’s shaking ass, her knees riding up his sides to spread her convulsing cunt for more depth. The powerful contractions burned from her pussy to her tits.

Brad couldn’t take it.

His head shot upward, his teeth gritted tightly.

Janet sensed, rather than felt, her son’s cock jerk inside her spasming cunt. She screamed again as her son’s cock spurted. The thick, creamy come juice, for the second time in his young life, splashed along the greedy, smooth walls of her flexing cunt. The short, jerking squirts of his come juice drenched her cunt. Her pussy was so sensitive, she could feel the come juice burning inside it, feel it splash at the very end of her pussy.

“Oh, God!” she wailed. “Oh, God! Yes, baby... Yes!” ■



**does your mom like  
to let you watch?**

**...you're not alone.**





# Family Snapshots #14



**“Do it, Travis! Make Mommy’s favorite cock shoot its sweet, juicy cum! I’m recording this on my iPhone so I can send it to your Aunt Jenny and her girls... Now cum, Travis! Cum for Mommy!!”**



# Mom's Game of Dares

by Ahabscribe

Two horny moms chat over the Internet about the naughty things they want to do with their sexy sons!

(Fm, inc, exh, cons)

**M**y name is Carmen and I'm 41 years old. My husband and I divorced many years ago and he left the area and we lost touch with him, which is no loss for me, but has been hard on our son, John. He missed having a father dearly, but I did the best I could to be a mother and a father to my son and I think he's turned out okay. At the time of the events I will relate, John was a senior in high school, just turning eighteen. We live in a nice, but small house in a rural area of Indiana. I work as the manager of a flower shop and while we're not rich, we do get by okay.

I love the Internet and spend lots of time on the chat sites. I came to make many friends online over the last few years. The best friend I ever made online is a woman named Donna from California. Like me, she is divorced and raising a son who was the same age as John. In our first conversation, we both laughed over and over as we kept replying to each other's responses, "Me too!"

We kept tripping across each other in different chat rooms and just enjoyed talking to each other about everything (in between fending off the underage boys and the dirty old men that keep pestering us for cyber-sex). We found that we shared the same tastes in movies and music and that we had shared many of the same experiences growing up, despite me being from Indiana and her from California and Nevada.

It was like I found the sister I always dreamed of. Donna and I shared our relationship triumphs (far too few) and our relationship disasters (way too many). Through the ether of the internet, we wiped each other's tears and cheered each other's triumphs.

We were also proud mothers, bragging about our sons and their accomplishments as they made their way towards graduation and laughed and fretted about their own adventures with love as they went through puppy love and then first serious crushes and heartbreaks as well as their misadventures—Donna and I consoling each other when we had to punish them for some silly thing or another.

As time went on, Donna and I became so





close in our internet chats, we found ourselves able to talk about the intimate details of our lives—almost no detail of our sex lives were kept back from each other, as we described the rare occasions we had lovers as well as what we liked sexually. We even admitted to becoming aroused talking about such things with each other and like a couple of giggling teenagers at a slumber party, we would masturbate together, describing our naughty fantasies as we fingered ourselves.

Late one night as we came down from mutual orgasms, Donna first broached a subject that would set our course towards a life changing event. As I slowly stroked my still throbbing pussy, my leg draped over the side of my chair, Donna asked me, (forgive me if this is awkward, but I'm not sure how else to write this).

Donna: WHEN JOHN HIT PUBERTY, DID HE EVER PEEK AT YOU?

Me: LOL, OF COURSE-HE'S A BOY. YOU KNOW HOW THEY ARE WHEN PUBERTY HITS THEM-LOL!

Donna: OH YES, SHANE WAS THE SAME WAY. I COULDN'T CLIMB OUT OF THE SHOWER OR CHANGE CLOTHES WITHOUT HIM BARGING IN!

Me: LOL, OH YES AND ALWAYS PEEKING AT ME WHEN I WAS OUT IN THE BACKYARD, SUNBATHING!

Donna: LOL-BET THAT WASN'T ALL JOHN WAS DOING!

Me: LOL-YOU KNOW IT! AND I IMAGINE SHANE WAS DOING THE SAME!

Donna: OMG! YOU SHOULD HAVE SEEN HIS CUMRAGS! I BET THAT BOY SHOT OFF FIVE TIMES A DAY!

Me: SAME HERE LOL!

I felt my pussy tingle afresh as we talked about our boys peeking at us. This was naughty talk and it felt like nothing before. Then Donna pressed me for more information.

Donna: DOES HE STILL PEEK AT YOU, CARMEN?

I moaned a little, and a fresh trickle of juices oozed from my cunt as I slipped a finger inside, shivering a little as my labia clasped my probing digit. I remembered a moment a few weeks ago as I was drying off in the bathroom and John has walked in unexpectedly, finding me fully naked. We had gaped at each other for several seconds as he gawped at me. Then I managed to wrap the towel around me and told him I'd be finished in just a minute if he needed to pee. My son had fled the room, but not before I could make out a discernible bulge in his cutoff jeans.

It wasn't the first time my son had "ac-

cidentally" walked in on me in the shower—over the years, he had caught me naked many times, but I wrote it off to a typical boy's case of raging hormones. I paused before I continued to type. This was a little beyond anything we'd ever discussed before, but I considered Donna a good friend and I wanted to be honest.

Me: YESSSS. JOHN CAUGHT ME NAKED COMING OUT OF THE SHOWER JUST A COUPLE OF WEEKS AGO.

Donna: SHANE STILL PEEKS AT ME TOO. LAST SATURDAY I SAW HIM IN MY BEDROOM MIRROR PEEKING AT ME WHILE I WAS GETTING DRESSED.

Me: LOL-WHAT DID YOU DO??

Donna: YOU'RE GOING TO THINK I'M TERRIBLE!

Me: WHAT? TELL ME, DONNA!

Donna: (BLUSHING HERE!) I GOT A LITTLE TURNED ON AND DECIDED TO TEASE HIM. JUST AS I FINISHED DRESSING, I ACTED LIKE I DIDN'T

***"Why don't we both be naughty mothers... I know you want to!"***

LIKE THE OUTFIT I PUT ON AND I SO I STRIPPED IT OFF.

Me: OMG! YOU DIDN'T!

Donna: I DID! EVEN CHANGED MY PANTIES AND BRA AND GAVE HIM A LITTLE SHOW WALKING AROUND THE ROOM NAKED!

I groaned a little and plunged three fingers into my pussy. I know I should have been horrified, but her words on the computer screen had me as wet as I could be. I was terribly aroused at the thought of my friend teasing her son. I guess I got focused for a moment on my own gratification because Donna had to prompt me.

Donna: CARMEN? ARE YOU STILL THERE? HAVE I OFFENDED YOU?

I hastily pulled my fingers from my throbbing cunt and without thinking, typed a response with my free hand while figuring out what to do with my dripping fingers. I giggled as I impulsively stuck them in my mouth and sucked my own cream off.

Me: I'M STILL HERE! NOT OFFENDED, DONNA, BUT A LITTLE TURNED ON!

Donna: WHEW-BREATHING A SIGH OF RELIEF HERE! I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE STOPPED TALKING TO ME. THIS TURNED YOU ON, CARMEN?

Me: OH GOD YES! YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE HOW WET YOU JUST MADE ME!

Donna: REALLY? BE HONEST NOW. DOES IT TURN YOU ON WHEN JOHN PEEKS AT YOU?

I shivered as I considered her question and was faced with the realization that I was about to confess to something that would be considered terrible by most people.

Me: MY TURN TO BLUSH, BUT YES, I GET EXCITED WHEN HE PEEKS AT ME! HE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO RUNS OFF AND MASTURBATES!

Donna: LOL GLAD TO KNOW ITS NOT JUST ME! ARE WE A COUPLE OF TERRIBLE MOMS OR WHAT?

Me: I DON'T KNOW-MAYBE A COUPLE OF HORNY MOMS! LOL! THAT'S WHAT HAPPENS I GUESS WHEN YOU'RE AROUND A GOOD LOOKING YOUNG MAN ALL THE TIME!

Donna: CARMEN, HAVE YOU EVER CONSIDERED TEASING HIM?

Me: MMMMM JUST IN MY FANTASIES!

I could not believe I just told her that! After the last bathroom incident, John had fled to his room, no doubt to masturbate, and I had done the same. I remembered lying on my bed, knees drawn up and spread wide as I finger fucked myself as I dreamed of parading around in front of my son in all sort of nasty ways.

Donna: I CANNOT BEGIN TO DESCRIBE HOW HOT IT MADE ME TO SHOW OFF LIKE THAT! I DON'T THINK MY PUSSY HAS EVER BEEN SO WET AND HOT! THERE WAS A RAGING INFERNO BETWEEN MY LEGS!

Like the one between my legs that was growing now. I gave up trying to type with both hands and returned two fingers to my sopping pussy.

Me: HAVE YOU DONE IT AGAIN SINCE THEN, DONNA? HAVE YOU WANTED TO?

Donna: I HAVEN'T, BUT YES, I HAVE WANTED TO. DO YOU THINK YOU COULD TEASE YOUR SON?

Me: OMG! I DON'T KNOW. I WISH I COULD BE THAT NAUGHTY AND BRAVE.



Donna: I WILL IF YOU WILL!

Me: WHAT! YOU ARE SO NAUGHTY, DONNA!

Donna: WHY DON'T WE BOTH BE NAUGHTY MOTHERS, SWEETIE! I KNOW YOU WANT TO!

Me: I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M EVEN TALKING ABOUT THIS! WHAT WOULD WE DO?

Donna: I DON'T KNOW-MAYBE WE SHOULD BOTH FIND A WAY TO TEASE THE BOYS BETWEEN NOW AND TOMORROW NIGHT AND WE'LL TELL EACH OTHER WHAT WE DID. AGREED?

Me: I CAN'T BELIEVE I'M SAYING YES. SHOULD THIS BE NUDITY OR WHAT?

Donna: UP TO YOU, CARMEN, BUT I THINK WE CAN BE NAUGHTY TEASES WITHOUT GETTING BUCK NAKED, DON'T YOU?

Me: I WILL TRY. TALK TO YOU TOMORROW NIGHT THEN?

Donna: OKAY. GOOD LUCK, CARMEN. I HAVE TO GET OFF HERE AND MASTURBATE FOR A WHILE! LOL!

Me: WAY AHEAD OF YOU, SUGAR! LOVE AND KISSES!

I clicked off the internet and focused on fingering myself. I felt like a wanton slut as I threw my other leg over the arm of the chair, leaving myself spread wide as I plunged three fingers in and out of my pussy while my other hand feathered over my swollen clitoris. I moaned through clenched teeth as I began to orgasm, trying not to get too loud and disturb my son who I hoped was asleep in his room next to mine.

I shivered and jerked as spasms of pleasure rippled through my body and a part of me wondered what my son might make of the new stains I was leaving on the cushion of my office chair. I was absolutely dripping wet—my cunt cream literally pouring out of me. When I could finally get up, I stumbled on to bed on shaky knees and fell asleep wondering what I had gotten myself into.

The next morning, I woke up after a night of strange, troubling yet arousing dreams—sex dreams of vague bodies joined together, my son's face shifting in and out of view as I engaged in carnal act after carnal act with some unknown person. I felt like I hadn't had a good orgasm in a month and that everything I did or touched triggered a sexual response, be it the pulsing energy of the shower or the way my skin felt as I slipped on a pair of plain cotton panties and a bra as I dressed.

As I raced around getting ready to go to

work, I pondered how I was going to “tease” my son before ten o'clock tonight. I saw my son off to school, driving away in his second hand beater of a car and then racing off to work myself. I was preoccupied with the problem all day and kept screwing up flower orders and having to redo them.

When I walked into my house that afternoon, I was worn out. Who knew that being naughty could be such hard work? I trudged up to my room to change before cooking dinner. I shed the skirt I had worn and started to unbutton my blouse, but stopped halfway when I glanced in the mirror.

Now I think I'm pretty good looking for a woman of forty-one. I'm five foot, three inches tall, and maybe I could lose a few pounds, but I had a great little figure—my breast size being 36D, my tits look larger on my little frame and my legs are good. I wear my blonde hair long with just a hint of curls and I have blue eyes. I



know my son loves to peek at me and who could blame him, I thought to myself. I'm still a cutie!

I took off my blouse and undid my bra, admiring my still relatively firm breasts, cupping them as I looked at myself in the mirror, my large button nipples getting hard as I brushed them with my fingers. I shed my plain cotton panties and slipped on thong panties, turning to admire my firm tush and giving my butt a little shake as I looked at my bare cheeks. I slipped back into my blouse—a dress shirt really, leaving my bra on the floor. The bottoms came down to about mid thigh, exposing plenty of leg. I left several buttons undone and bent over to experiment, looking into the mirror to confirm that in that position, anyone could look right down my blouse and get a great view of my tits hanging down. “I can't believe you're doing this, Carmen!” I muttered to myself, giving myself one last glance in the mirror.

I went back downstairs and got started on dinner. Overall, I wasn't dressed that differently than I might have been usually. I often ran around the house in a blouse or nightshirt and panties. Of course, I usually had a bra on as well as plain and functional white cotton panties. It would be interesting to see how long it took my eighteen year old son to notice.

John came bounding in a little before six o'clock from baseball practice. “Hi, Mom! Wow, something smells great! What's for dinner?”

I felt my heart begin beating a little faster as I turned from the sink and faced my son. I know I'm not objective about my own flesh and blood, but I think John is a handsome young man. He towers over his short mother, standing just a hair shy of six feet and has lost most of his youthful slimness, his chest and arms becoming that of a man. He has an unruly shock of black hair that he inherited from his maternal grandfather and my own blue eyes.

“Hey, sweetheart. Got a pot roast cooking in the oven, it will be maybe another thirty minutes. Why don't you go clean up, grab a shower and I'll have dinner on the table when you get back downstairs.” I walked up to him and kissed him on the corner of his mouth, aware that he was staring intently at me as I crossed the room. I wondered how visible my nipples might be against the white material of my blouse as I leaned into him and stood on tip-toe to kiss him, pressing my unfettered breasts against his hard body. He had been practicing hard and I felt a little dizzy as I smelled his sweat and musk.

He seemed a little flustered as I moved away and without looking back, I could feel his eyes crawling over my body. “Um—yeah, sure thing, Mom.”

I walked to the stove and bent over to open the oven door, knowing full well that my blouse would rise and expose my practically naked ass



cheeks. I turned and smiled at my son, who stood rooted in the doorway, half in and half out of the room, staring at my ass. "Hurry up, John. You don't want to keep your mother waiting!" I turned my attention back to the roast in the oven, not hearing the floorboards creak for several more seconds and I knew my son's eyes were glued to my ass. Only when I closed the oven door did I hear him walk away.

I leaned against the counter top, my whole body shaking from the tension. I felt like a hot furnace was between my legs and I could barely stand. The crotch of my panties was absolutely soaked and I was sure that if I looked down, the light blue of the material would be completely dark with my juices. I so wanted to touch myself, but I think I would have had an orgasm on the spot.

John returned downstairs just as I pulled the roast out of the oven. His hair was wet from his shower and his T-shirt and gym shorts molded against his still damp skin, showing off his muscular body. I told him to have a seat while I fixed our plates. He sat at our kitchen table, his chair against the wall so he was facing the entire kitchen. Again, I could feel his eyes on me as I moved around the room. I fixed him a heaping plate of roast, potatoes and vegetables that would match a hungry man's appetite. I took a deep breath, turned around and brought it to the table. The easiest thing would have been to moved to his side and set the plate down, but I came to the side opposite my son and leaned over the table to hand him his plate.

I could see his eyes widen in surprise as I leaned over and let him see down my partly unbuttoned blouse. I took my time, setting his plate down with deliberate slowness and then fiddling with his cutlery while letting my son eyeball my heavy breasts, hanging down like full milk udders, nipples swollen and long.

"This looks great, Mom!" John sighed as he took in the view, his eyes never straying from my open blouse.

"I'm glad you like it, son," I said quietly back, feeling my face burn. "I hope it tastes as good as it looks."

John smiled and nodded, saying, "Oh yeah, Mom, so do I." I wanted to giggle so badly from our double entendres. I stood up and returned to the counter to fix my own plate. We both ate in silence, giving each other odd looks as we cleaned up our plates. I wondered what was going through my son's mind after my little display.

I was scared and aroused all at the same time, and struggled to keep my composure. I was also curious as to the effect that I was having on my son and when I was finished, I "accidentally" dropped my fork and leaned over to pick it up, glancing under the table where I was rewarded with a good view of the enormous lump in John's gym shorts.

John offered to help me with the dishes afterwards, but I said, "Do you have homework?"

My son nodded resignedly. "Oh yeah, Gilbert is killing us in Literature class and I have a Calculus quiz tomorrow."

I told him to get to his work, but agreed to let him do his work at the kitchen table when he suggested it. "If you're sure I won't be bothering you while I clean up in here." I said.

John smiled and shook his head. "You will never be a bother to me, Mom!"

So, while my son spread out his work on the kitchen table, I did the dishes, foregoing the dishwasher and doing them in the sink. As I cleaned up, I found several reasons to bend over to put this away or check for that in a bottom cupboard. I stood on tiptoe to set the dishes in their place, well aware that John was eyeballing my ass cheeks and wondering if he could see the wet crotch of my panties.

I doubt my son got very much studying done while I slowly straightened up the kitchen. I paused at one point when he asked for help on a calculus problem and leaned over next to him, well aware that, while my eyes were on the textbook page, his eyes were focused on the gaping front of my blouse. I hadn't a clue about how to help him, but lingered beside him for

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a few minutes, making stupid suggestions and savoring the sinful sensation of exposing myself to my son.

I finally left him to his studying, but not before one last naughty tease. I poured him a glass of soda and put a few cookies on a plate and as before, leaned across the table and set them in front of him. "Just in case, you wanted to nibble on something, John." I said, taking my time and giving him one last long look.

My son's eyes gleamed with lust as he replied, "Thanks, Mom. This was the best dinner ever!"

I hurried upstairs and behind closed doors, I masturbated furiously while I thought about my son, his cock and all the wonderful places he could put it in. My panties were a dripping mess- I could have wrung my juices out of them I was so turned on.

I tried to wait till ten o'clock, but I found myself online an hour earlier, hoping that Donna might try and log in early and I almost shouted with glee when I saw her nickname surface in the chat room.

Donna: CARMEN! YOU COULDN'T WAIT EITHER! LOL!

Me: GOD NO! HOW DID IT GO! WHAT HAPPENED?

Donna: IT'S YOUR FIRST TIME, YOU GO FIRST! WERE YOU A NAUGHTY MOM?

I proceeded to tell her what had transpired in just the last few hours, feeling my pussy moisten and heat up again as I saw my recent memories replayed in my head. My comments were interspersed with Donna's comments.

Donna: OMG!!! YOU DIDN'T! YOU ARE MAKING ME SOOO WET!

When I was done, my fresh panties were again wet, soaked with my cream as I rubbed my pussy through my panties.

Donna: I LOVE IT! I LOVE YOU, CARMEN! GIRL, YOU REALLY KNOW HOW TO COCKTEASE!

Me: AND YOU, TELL ME WHAT YOU DID!

Donna: WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING, I DUG OUT AN OLD CAFTAN OF MINE THAT ZIPS UP THE FRONT. I KINDA HAD THE SAME IDEA AS YOU. I WORE IT WITH THE ZIPPER DOWN FAR ENOUGH THAT SHANE WOULD GET A GOOD LOOK WHEN I BENT OVER AND DURING BREAKFAST THAT NAUGHTY BOY LOOKED DOWN A LOT! SHANE HAD TO CHANGE HIS SHIRT BECAUSE HE SPILLED SO MUCH CEREAL WHILE TRYING TO EAT AND STARE AT MY TITTIES AT THE SAME TIME! LOL!

I felt my pussy go from hot to molten as I read my friend's account of exposing herself to her son. I was typing one handed again as I replied.

Me: AND WAS THAT IT? DID NAUGHTY MOTHER DO ANYTHING ELSE?

Donna: AFTER BREAKFAST, I GOT INSPIRED WHEN I WENT FOR MY SHOWER. I HAD STARTED TO FINISH UNZIPPING THE CAFTAN AND I GOT THE NAUGHTIEST IDEA. I SNAGGED THE ZIPPER AND PRETENDED I COULDN'T GET IT UNDONE. I CALLED TO SHANE TO HELP AND LET HIM FIGHT WITH THE ZIPPER. I TOLD HIM TO PULL HARD ON IT AND HE OUTDID MY BIGGEST HOPES. HE ALMOST FELL OVER, HE TUGGED SO HARD AND BAAM, HE HAD ME UNZIPPED AND WAS INCHES FROM MY NAKED BODY! I COULD FEEL SHANE'S BREATH ON MY TUMMY AS HE GOT A GOOD VIEW OF MOMMY'S GOODIES!

Me: OHHH WOW! WHAT HAPPENED THEN?



Donna: LOL-I APOLOGIZED AND SO DID HE AND AFTER TAKING A LONG LOOK AT MY PUSSY AND BOOBS, HE WAS OFF TO HIS ROOM LIKE A SHOT! WHEN I CLEANED UP LATER, I FOUND NOT ONE, BUT TWO FRESH LOADS OF CUM IN HIS LAUNDRY!

Me: MMMMM-SOMEONE'S HAVING NASTY THOUGHTS ABOUT HIS MOMMY!

Donna: I BET SHANE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE. AND I BET THERE IS MORE THAN ONE MOTHER HAVING SEXY IDEAS ABOUT HER SON!

Me: LIKE YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE! I WANT TO SEE WHAT'S MAKING THAT BIG BULGE IN HIS SHORTS SO BAD!

Donna: OH YESSSS, SAME HERE! THIS HAS ME SO HORNY, IT'S A WONDER I JUST DON'T GO GRAB HIM AND DRAG HIM TO BED AND HAVE HIM FUCK ME BLIND!

At her written expression of our mutual fantasies, I had to pause for a moment as I felt myself plunge into orgasm, managing to type a little "brb" before turning into a quivering mass of aroused motherhood. I had four fingers plunged deep in my pussy as I envisioned my son driving his cock deep into me and giving him my seed as I screamed out in pleasure. When I recovered, I sucked on my own juices while typing.

Me: SORRY. I HAD TO CUM AFTER YOU SAID THAT! THIS WAS SOOO HOT AND NASTY!

Donna: OHHH, ME TOO, CARMEN! I JUST KNEW THAT WAS WHAT YOU WERE DOING! I BROUGHT MY DILDO WITH ME TONIGHT AND RIGHT NOW, IT'S BURIED IN MY SNATCH!

Me: OMG!!!! I LOVE IT WHEN YOU GET SEXY LIKE THAT! DONNA, CAN I ASK YOU AN AWFUL QUESTION?

Donna: YOU KNOW YOU CAN!

Me: IF THE CHANCE EVER CAME, WOULD YOU FUCK YOUR SON?

There was a long pause and I held my breath as I waited for an answer from my friend. Part of me couldn't believe I asked the question and part of me wondered if I asked it hoping that someone else really shared the same sudden fantasies that I found myself obsessed with.

Donna: I DON'T KNOW. YOU JUST ASKING ME THAT QUESTION MAKES MY PUSSY THROB! HOW ABOUT YOU, CARMEN-WOULD YOU FUCK JOHN?

Me: I DON'T KNOW EITHER. I DON'T THINK I CAN EVER LOOK AT HIM AGAIN THE SAME WAY. I KNOW HE'S HAD SEXUAL THOUGHTS ABOUT

ME FOR YEARS, BUT NOW-NOW I'VE RESPONDED WITH MY OWN SEXUAL DESIRES.

Donna: DO YOU THINK THIS MAKES US BAD MOTHERS, CARMEN?

Me: NO, DAMMIT-I KNOW YOU AND I ARE GOOD MOTHERS. WE BOTH HAVE RAISED TWO FINE MEN! WE ARE JUST TWO WOMEN WITH NEEDS OF OUR OWN AND WITH TWO YOUNG HUNKS JUST A FEW FEET AWAY, WE'D BE NUTS NOT TO HAVE THESE FEELINGS AND DESIRES!

Donna: WHAT DO WE DO NOW?

Me: LOL! I DON'T KNOW. I GUESS WE FANTASIZE AND MASTURBATE A LOT AND KEEP EACH OTHER SANE!

Donna: LOL! WELL, DO YOU THINK IT'S OKAY IF WE KEEP TEASING OUR BOYS? THIS HAS DONE MORE FOR MY LIBIDO THAN MY LAST THREE BOY-FRIENDS!

*I gave him a long look at my fully naked body, wondering what he thought of his mom's big tits and trimmed pussy*

Me: THIS MAY BE AWFUL OF ME, BUT I DON'T THINK I'M GONNA STOP RIGHT NOW. THIS WAS A LOT OF FUN AND I DON'T THINK I'VE EVER CUM AS HARD AS I HAVE THIS LAST COUPLE OF DAYS.

Donna: MMMMMM! THESE BOYS OF OURS HAVE NO CLUE HOW LUCKY THEY ARE TO HAVE TWO SUCH SLUTTY MOMS! LOL!

And so it began. We talked way into the night, discussing our new fantasy outlets and whether it was right or wrong, but neither of us willing (or maybe able) to give up our new found game of teasing our sons. We tossed naughty ideas around and agreed to steal each other's plans and to report back our deeds whenever possible.

For a long time I would wonder what my son was making of his mother suddenly being much more careless in her dress and appearance around the house as I was constantly coming up with ways to expose myself to him.

I found myself in an almost constant state

of arousal as just being in the same room with my son made me wet. I came to feel as if there was a constant cloud of sexual pheromones surrounded me—I would swear I could constantly smell my wet cunt, it was so strong and intense. John too, seemed to be in a constant state of erection and spent a lot of time in his bedroom and judging from the cum I found in towels, his shorts and even my panties, he was jacking off two or three times a day at least.

I took delight in coming up with new ways to tease my son. I took a day off from work and drove into Indianapolis and splurged on some new lingerie. Some evenings I would wear short baby dolls that my tits almost fell out of and some evenings you would find me wearing diaphanous gowns that while they covered me, they barely concealed any part of my body. Other times I resorted to the tried and true blouse and thong (I spent a small fortune on thongs, my cotton panties consigned to the back of my underwear drawer).

Once, feeling especially daring, I finished my shower and peeked out the bathroom door to confirm his bedroom door was open and called out, "Honey! We're out of clean towels. I'm going to run to my room, so don't peek!" I knew full well that he would and as I paraded by his room in my birthday suit, I glanced in and sure enough, he was sitting on the edge of his bed, staring out the door intently.

I stopped, grinned and shook my finger at him, teasingly chiding him. "Shame on you, young man!" I gave him a long look at my fully naked body, wondering what he thought of his mom's big tits and trimmed pussy, before I fled to my bedroom.

Donna reported much of the same fun and games. She had the distinct advantage of the beautiful California weather and was able to tease Shane with a number of scandalous and skimpy bikinis that were "at least a size or two too small for me, Carmen. I am practically falling out of them every time I move!" as she worked on her suntan.

We became so curious as to what each other really looked like that we sent our sons off to the nearest electronic stores to buy and hook up web cameras. I was anxious to the point of insanity the first time I logged in knowing I was going to see Donna in the flesh.

It took us a few minutes to work out the kinks, but then there she was. She was beautiful and not at all what I expected. I had an image of a typical California beach bunny in my head, but found instead a lovely woman my age. Donna had short, brown hair in a pixie cut and a slender body. In the sleeveless blouse she was wearing, I judged her breasts to be the size of grapefruits and her nipples round like quarters (she was obviously not wearing a bra!), and I envied the way they seemed to be a whole lot perkier than mine. She had big brown eyes and an elfin look about her.

Donna smiled at me and I felt a little sliver



of heat travel through me.

Donna: OMG CARMEN! YOU ARE LOVELY!

Me: YOU'RE BEAUTIFUL TOO!

Donna: I WAS SO WORRIED THAT THE CAMERA MIGHT COME ON AND THERE WOULD BE A 55 YEAR OLD GUY IN A DIRTY T-SHIRT AND SHORTS!

Me: LOL! I USED TO WONDER THAT TOO, BUT I JUST KNEW YOU WERE WHO YOU WERE, I JUST DIDN'T KNOW YOU WERE SO GORGEOUS!

I blew her a kiss and she responded in kind.

Donna: LOOK WHO'S TALKING. I DON'T KNOW HOW JOHN CAN KEEP HIS HANDS OFF YOU AND THOSE BIG BOOBS!

Impulsively, I lifted up the T-shirt I was wearing and flashed Donna. She laughed and responded by flashing her lovely pert tits at me and then blew me a kiss which I returned.

Donna: GOOD GOD, LOOK HOW WE'RE ACTING! YOU'D THINK WE'RE A COUPLE OF LOVE STRUCK GIRLS INSTEAD OF TWO NAUGHTY MOMS!

Me: CAN'T WE BE BOTH? LOL!

That comment led us down a new path about any woman to woman experiences we might have had. I admitted I had never made love to a woman, but had fantasized about it from time to time (and yes, I admitted that I had fingered myself while imagining Donna as the quintessential California beach bunny).

Donna owned up to a few trysts in college with two sorority sisters, but nothing since then. I could see her blushing as she too admitted masturbating a few times about an imaginary version of me.

We proceeded to update each other on our latest teasing of our sons. Donna recounted a night of constant peeking by Shane when she "forgot" to close her bedroom door and slept in the nude with the covers kicked off.

Donna: THAT HORN DOG CAME AND PEEKED AT ME FIVE TIMES BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND TWO IN THE MORNING! I WOULD FINGER MYSELF IN BETWEEN VISITS AND PRETEND TO BE ASLEEP WHEN I'D HEAR HIS DOOR OPEN.

Donna leaned into the camera, her face filling the screen.

Donna: CARMEN, THE LAST TIME, I GOT TO WATCH HIM JACK OFF. SHANE'S COCK IS HUGE! HE STROKED OFF FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES AND WHEN HE CAME, IT WAS ALL I COULD DO NOT TO JUMP OUT OF BED AND GO

LICK HIS SPUNK OFF HIS FINGERS!

Me: OH MY GOD! THAT IS SOOO HOT, DONNA! WHAT HAPPENED NEXT?

Donna: SIGHHHH. WE WERE BOTH EXHAUSTED, SO I MASTURBATED AFTER HE WENT TO HIS ROOM AND THEN PULLED THE COVERS UP AND WENT TO SLEEP.

I groaned and instinctively leaned back in my chair and let my hand trail down to the waistband of my panties. Donna grinned and licked her lips. I jerked my hand out as I realized what I was about to do!

Donna: DON'T STOP ON ACCOUNT OF ME, SUGAR! WE BOTH KNEW WE BOTH FRIG OURSELVES WHEN WE TALK ABOUT THE SEXY STUFF. I DON'T MIND YOU FINGERING YOURSELF IF YOU DON'T MIND ME DOING THE SAME!

She moved back and I saw a long, shapely leg appear on the computer table she was sitting at. Her crotch was now visible and I could see she was wearing lacy white panties. Donna grinned and unashamedly slipped her hand inside her panties.

*I'm sure my son  
was able to see my  
pink pussy lips!*

Donna: I'M GOING TO MAKE MYSELF COMFORTABLE WHILE YOU TELL ME YOUR LATEST TEASE WITH JOHN!

Me: MMMMM, YOU'LL LIKE THIS, DONNA. LAST NIGHT I JUST CAME OUT OF THE SHOWER AND HAD ON A THIN BATHROBE THAT I BARELY HAD TIED TOGETHER. I HOPED TO LET IT ACCIDENTLY OPEN IF I ENCOUNTERED JOHN, BUT HE WASN'T UPSTAIRS. I FOUND HIM DOWNSTAIRS WATCHING AN OLD JIMMY STEWART WESTERN. NOW YOU KNOW I LOVE JIMMY STEWART AND SO I SAT DOWN ACROSS FROM JOHN AND PUT MY FEET UP ON THE OTTOMAN. I QUICKLY BECAME AWARE THAT JOHN WAS SNEAKING GLANCES AT ME AND I WAS WORKING THE TOP OF THE ROBE APART TO GIVE HIM A PEEK AT MY TITS. LOL! I DIDN'T REALIZE THAT FROM THE ANGLE I WAS SITTING, HE WAS GETTING A PERFECT BEAVER SHOT!

Donna: LOL! I LOVE IT!

Me: I HAD ONE TIT COMPLETELY IN VIEW BEFORE I REALIZED HE WAS

LOOKING AT MY PUSSY. IT MADE ME WET AND I'M SURE MY PUSSY BEGIN TO BLOOM RIGHT IN FRONT OF HIM. I ACTED LIKE I WAS COMPLETELY IMMERSED IN THE MOVIE FOR LIKE TWENTY MINUTES AND DIDN'T NOTICE HIS STARING AT ME. OHHH, DONNA-I WAS SO EXCITED. MY NIPPLE LOOKED LIKE A RIPE OLIVE ABOUT TO SPLIT AND I WAS SO WET I COULD BARELY KEEP MY HANDS OFF MY PUSSY. MY SON GOT HIS MONEY'S WORTH. I'M SURE MY LIPS WERE SPREAD WIDE AND HE WAS ABLE TO OGLE MY PINK PUSSY MEAT!

In the camera, Donna had one hand in her panties, squirming something furious and her other hand was playing with her right breast. Somehow, sometime while I was typing, she had lost her top. She saw me watching her and ignored her breast long enough to type a message.

Donna: HOW DID IT END? WHAT HAPPENED? GIVE ME DETAILS, GIRL!

Me: I THINK HE STARED AT ME FOR ALMOST THIRTY MINUTES. I WAS SO HOT, I THOUGHT I WAS GOING TO CUM WITHOUT EVEN TOUCHING MYSELF AND I GUESS HE WAS TOO. JOHN COULDN'T TAKE IT ANYMORE AND SAID HE WAS GOING TO BED. HE RACED OUT OF THERE WITH A HARD-ON I THOUGHT WAS GOING TO SPLIT THE SEAMS OF HIS JEANS WIDE OPEN! AS SOON AS HE CLOSED HIS BEDROOM DOOR, I HAD MY WHOLE HAND IN MY PUSSY. NO WAY COULD I HAVE MADE IT TO MY ROOM!

That was enough to send us both into furious masturbation, spurred on for each of us by the image of the other mother furiously fingering themselves. We didn't have audio, but facial expressions told the story as we watched each other's passions rise and rise and then almost as one began to cum and cum. In the aftermath of our orgasm, I licked my fingers clean, enjoying the sight of Donna's eyes widening and then following suit.

Me: THIS IS GETTING REALLY INTENSE, ISN'T IT? I'VE NEVER BEEN INVOLVED LIKE THIS BEFORE.

Donna: YES. I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH LONGER OUR SONS CAN STAND IT AND TO BE HONEST, I'M FEELING THINGS FOR YOU I NEVER FELT BEFORE.

My heart beat faster just hearing her speak the words that I felt in my heart. This was all unfolding in ways that I never expected.

Me: I KNOW-I FEEL THE SAME WAY ABOUT YOU. WE'VE STARTED SOMETHING WILD AND CRAZY HERE. DO YOU THINK WE ARE BRAVE ENOUGH TO FINISH IT?



Donna: I DON'T THINK WE HAVE A CHOICE. I CAN'T GIVE THIS UP, CAN YOU?

Me: NO, I DON'T WANT TO EITHER.

We talked a little more and then decided to call it a night. There was a few minutes of silly chatter as neither of us wanted to sign off and we mostly stared at each other. Finally, I knew we had to quit, but I knew there was something left unsaid that needed to be said.

Me: I GOT TO GET TO BED, SO I'M GOING TO CALL IT A NIGHT, DONNA. HAVE A GOOD NIGHT AND I'LL TALK TO YOU-SEE YOU TOMORROW. DONNA, I LOVE YOU.

Donna's face softened at my words and she looked at me with such loving tenderness.

Donna: OH CARMEN. I LOVE YOU TOO. GOODNIGHT DARLING.

We blew each other kisses and finally signed off. I was trembling as I shut down my PC. I had never expected to feel like this. I never expected to have emotions like this for someone I had never met or for my son. In some ways, I felt like I was spiraling out of control, but in a way that was exciting and refreshing—a way that gave me new purpose. I hadn't a clue what was going to happen but I was sure anxious to find out.

The next couple of weeks just flew by as almost nightly now, Donna and I were teasing our sons in some lewd way or another. My evening attire grew skimpier as the weather warmed. I was still so envious of Donna's California sun and her ability to tease Shane while sunbathing, but early April in Indiana just doesn't allow for outdoor sunbathing.

I consoled myself by again taking a shopping day and splurging on several bathing suits that I modeled for my son (wanting a man's opinion being what I told him). John sat happily in the living room, ogling me openly as I would parade down the stairs in one outfit after another, pose for him and then strut back up the stairs, the whole time feeling his gaze on me.

I'm not sure which ones John enjoyed most. I had taken my cue from Donna and had opted to buy suits a couple of sizes too small and the effect was incredible. I bought a little black bikini that I was simply overflowing. My tits were almost popping out and once or twice when I would bend over, I expected the weight of my breasts simply to snap the bikini top open. I asked John, "Do you think it's too small on me—maybe I should go back and get a bigger size?"

He responded with an exaggerated look of disbelief and said in an urgent voice. "Oh no, Mom—I think it fits you perfectly! You look sexy!"

I blushed a little, but rushed over and bending over so he could get a really good look at my tits, I kissed him on the nose and whispered, "Thank

you, honey! Every girl likes to hear that from a good looking man!"

I think that the black bikini was his favorite until I came down the stair in a scandalous string bikini that was little more than three tiny swatches of cloth held together by a few stringy lines of fabric. It was red in color and complimented my fair skin tones well I thought. It also covered primarily my nipples and barely kept my mound covered (just by a hair—a little of my trimmed bush was visible at the top), and left my ass cheeks absolutely bare.

"Um, wow, Mom—that's some bathing suit," John breathed. "I don't think we can let you wear that to the lake."

I struck a cheesecake pose and replied, "Why not, son? I thought you said I look sexy?"

John nodded vigorously. "Oh yeah, you look hot, Mom, but I think that suit would be illegal in Indiana! I'd hate to see you get arrested." There was an intense look in his eyes that seemed filled with lust and desire and I doubt that he was aware that his fingers were literally digging into the fabric over the overstuffed chair.

I knew I was flirting with danger, but madness overtook me and I turned away from him and with my legs spread apart, bent over to touch my fingers to the floor. I looked at

*I realized my son  
was ejaculating into  
his jeans! I had just  
made my son cum!*

him from between my legs, well aware that my tits, ass, and barely covered pussy were all on display—I even thought I could feel one of my swollen labia lips beginning to tug free of the darkening swimsuit material. In a sultry voice, I said, "Well then, I guess I'll have to wear this bikini just around the house and it will be our little secret."

I waggled my ass a little for emphasis and then John's face turned blood red and he struggled to stifle a harsh moan and he shivered and jerked slightly. I felt my own face begin to redden as I realized John was having an orgasm—my son was ejaculating into his jeans! The fire that had been smoldering between my legs since I'd started the show now burst into a raging inferno. I shivered as I recognized the warning signs of my own impending orgasm. I had just made my son cum!

Sure enough, as I slowly straightened up, I could see a dark blue spot grow in his jeans. Part of me wanted badly to run over, pull his pants off and clean up the mess with my tongue, but part of me was scared and skittish and wondering if I

finally had gone too far.

I stood up and winked at him and said, "Well, that's the show, honey. Thanks for your input and your compliments." I hurried towards the stairs, but looked over at my son, now looking like a love struck puppy. "You know how to make an old woman feel good about herself?"

John sighed as I ran up the stairs, tits bouncing. "You're not old, Mom!" he called after me and as I closed the bedroom door, he added, "I love you, Mom." I lost it right then, collapsing just short of the bed, driven to my knees by my own orgasm. I stuffed my right hand in my mouth to muffle my scream while my left hand sought out my pussy, already exploding with pleasure. I don't know how long I lay there on the floor, but my orgasm seemed to go one and one, visions of my son, naked and beautiful doing all sorts of things to me. My orgasm carried me into sleep where my dreams continued my wonderful and incestuous visions.

That night I recounted my day's adventures with my son to Donna and we both watched each other masturbate using dildos (On my last shopping trip to Indianapolis, I had braved one of the larger adult stores and picked out a lifelike rubber cock), after I described my afternoon fun and games.

Me: I DON'T KNOW HOW MUCH MORE OF THIS I CAN TAKE, DONNA. I'M THINKING ABOUT FUCKING JOHN ALL THE TIME-I'M EVEN DREAMING ABOUT BANGING MY SON!

Donna: I KNOW, BABY, I KNOW. EVERYDAY, I WONDER IF THIS IS THE DAY, I EITHER CLIMB INTO SHANE'S LAP AND FUCKING HIS BRAINS OUT OR HE GRABS ME AS I'M PRANCING AROUND HIM HALF-NAKED AND FUCKS ME SILLY!

Me: YESSSS! JOHN JUST STARES AT ME AND I CAN IT IN HIS EYES THAT HE IS SEEING US FUCKING LIKE TWO SEX CRAZED ANIMALS. WHAT SCARES ME IS I THINK HE SEES THE SAME THING IN MY EYES!

Donna: YOU ASKED ME A WHILE BACK THAT IF THE CHANCE EVER CAME, WOULD I FUCK MY SON. REMEMBER?

Me: AND YOU ASKED ME THE SAME THING. YES, I REMEMBER.

Donna: I THINK WE'VE CREATED OUR OWN CHANCE, CARMEN. I DON'T THINK WE CAN TURN BACK NOW. OUR CHANCE IS HERE.

Donna and I stared at each other via our webcam link. Neither of us moved, we just studied each other's faces for a long time. Despite the distance, I could feel her need and desires which matched my own struggling to win her over. Finally, I lifted my fingers to the keyboard.



Me: WE'RE GOING TO FUCK OUR SONS, AREN'T WE?

Donna: YES, BABY, WE ARE.

Again, there was a long pause in our conversation as we stared into the PC screens at each other. The reality of our mutual situation was setting in and suddenly, I couldn't contain myself. A huge smile broke out on my face. Donna licked her lips and smiled back at me.

Donna: I GUESS WE ARE A COUPLE OF NASTY MOTHERS, AREN'T WE?

Me: WE'RE GOING TO BE THE MOTHERS OF A COUPLE OF SOON TO BE MOTHERFUCKERS IS WHAT WE ARE! THE QUESTION IS, HOW ARE WE GOING TO DO IT?

Donna: I'M NOT SURE. I SUPPOSE WE COULD GET UP RIGHT NOW, WALK INTO THEIR BEDROOMS AND CLIMB ON TOP OF THEIR BIG DICKS AND THEY WOULDN'T STOP US-LOL!

Me: YES, WE COULD, BUT MAYBE I'M NUTS, BUT I WANT TO BE ABLE TO SHARE THE MOMENT WITH YOU TOO.

Donna: MMMMM, BUT HOW CAN WE DO IT?

Me: I THINK I HAVE AN IDEA, BUT I WANT TO THINK ABOUT IT FOR A BIT. TOMORROW IS FRIDAY. DO YOU THINK YOU CAN KEEP SHANE AT HOME TOMORROW NIGHT?

Donna: LOL! BABY, I CAN BARELY GET HIM OUT OF THE HOUSE ANYMORE. HE'S AFRAID HE'LL MISS MOMMY DOING SOMETHING SEXY!

Me: OKAY, LET'S SET THINGS UP SO THAT BOTH OUR BOYS WILL BE HOME AND UM...IN A STATE OF AROUSAL TOMORROW NIGHT AND LETS YOU AND I MEET ONLINE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK YOUR TIME?

Donna: SOUNDS GOOD TO ME, BUT WHAT DO YOU HAVE IN MIND, GIRL?

Me: SOMETHING FUN AND NAUGHTY, BUT I NEED TO THINK IT THROUGH A LITTLE. GET SHANE ALL HOT AND BOTHERED AND I'LL DO THE SAME WITH JOHN AND WHEN YOU GET ON LINE, I'LL TELL YOU MY PLAN.

We talked a little more, but I resisted giving up any more of my idea. We signed off with our now customary "I love you" to each other and I tried to get to sleep. I tossed and turned for a long time as I played my ideas out in my head. I was sure it would work. Of course at this stage of the game, I knew it wouldn't take much to get my son into my bed.

The next day crawled by, taking what seemed forever to get to 4:00 P.M. I ran several errands

and then went over to the high school to watch John and his team play their county rivals. I sat with several other parents and watched the boys play hard—John playing third base and on top of his game that night. He made two diving catches that saved his team runs and drove in three runs with two doubles. I'm sure I made a spectacle of myself, jumping up and down and cheering him and the other boys on. I noticed that there were several other mothers there alone and I wondered to myself if I was alone in desiring my son—that there might be other mothers who fantasized about making love to their sons or maybe were already doing the deed. Just thinking about it made me wet. I could feel my panties moistening and by the time the game was over, I could feel that my inner thighs were slick with my juices.

Our boys won the game by a score of seven to four and John came running up to me afterwards and gave me a big hug! "We won, Mom!" In his exuberance, John wrapped his arms around me and picked me up and swung us around in a circle. "I could hear you up the stands, cheering me on!"

I laughed and demanded him to set me down, even as I relished the sensation of him

*I could feel my  
panties moistening  
and could feel that  
my inner thighs were  
slick with my juices*

pressing my pelvic region against his chest. Once I was on the ground again, he asked me if he could go out for a pizza with the guys. I told him that it was fine and gave him twenty dollars and said, "I don't want you out late tonight, honey. Be home by..." I glanced down at my watch. It was seven P.M. Donna would be expecting me at ten o'clock. "Be home by nine-thirty."

John rolled his eyes in exasperation, but before he could argue, I reached out and took him by the hand and locked my eyes on his. "I want you home early, son. I miss you when you're gone and I'm never sure when I might need you. Understand?"

John's face grew pale then turned a bright red. He swallowed a few times before answering. "Yes, I'll be home by nine, Mom."

I watched him leave with his buddies, he seeming a little more subdued than his teammates. He kept glancing back at me as they moved towards the locker room. I stood there and smiled, waving and occasionally blowing him a kiss. I wished I had been dressed

in something more than a long denim skirt and blouse, something that would remind him of my naughty antics, but the expression on his face told me I needn't worry about my son coming home on time.

Back home, I took a long leisurely bath, washed my hair and put just a hint of perfume on. My own sexual scent quickly began to waft in my nostrils and even though I appeared calm and serene on the outside, my every thought was centered on how this night would end and the thought of it ending in my son's loving embrace had my pussy absolutely dripping.

I debated on what to wear—considering several negligees, but in the end, I settled for a cute little belly shirt with shoulder straps and a thong bikini. I studied myself in the mirror and liked what I saw. I'd worked to lose a little weight, but still had just a bit of a belly, but I thought it looked sexy on me. Exercising had tightened my butt cheeks a little and while the shirt concealed my breasts, without a bra on, the material molded itself to my tits, the material so thin you could see the bumps of my areolas.

I reflected on the thought that the last several weeks had at least one positive aspect beyond turning me into a horny woman. As I stared at my reflection in the mirror, I smiled at myself. I am sexy! If nothing else, my son's stares and erections and compliments had made me feel sexy and attractive. I had reacquired the confidence in my own sexuality that most women lose the first time the crow's feet begin to appear or when they perceive that their tits have begun to lose their eternal war with gravity. I am a forty-one year old mother—I'm not some perfectly sculpted actress or model, but I am a by-God, sexy, gorgeous woman!

I was still reflecting on that as I heard my son's car pull up at twenty minutes past nine o'clock. When John came in, I was curled up on the couch, watching television. My son looked handsome. He had showered after the game and was wearing these big Bermuda shorts that are now the craze and a school T-shirt. He joined me on the couch, sitting on the far end so as to get the best view of my scantily clad body.

We chatted for a while, me doing nothing to tantalize him other than sitting there in what little clothing I had on. We talked about the game and what a great job he had done, both in the field and at bat and about school in general. He asked me how my day had been and I went through the highs and lows at the florist shop. The entire time, I could feel my pussy dripping and tingling and a quick glance down confirmed my nipples were trying their best to poke holes through the satiny material of my top. I could smell my arousal and from the way John's nostrils were flaring, so could he. There was a definite tent in his shorts that to his credit he was doing nothing to hide.

Our chat wandered aimlessly from topic to topic as we discussed possible plans for Saturday—maybe going to a movie or out to



dinner. I kept glancing up at the clock and when it was ten minutes till ten o'clock, I stood up and stretched, letting my arms go as high as I could manage, my shirt lifting until the lower part of my breasts were visible. I was also aware that the crotch of my panties was visibly wet, a dark blue spot spreading outward on the light blue material.

"I think I'm going to go up and get on my computer for a few minutes, John," I said glancing over at my son, his gaze fixated on my crotch. "Maybe chat a few minutes with my friend, Donna, before I call it a night."

"Okay, Mom," John replied, sounding seriously disappointed. I guess he was hoping for more than just a show. "I guess I might watch the sports channel and see how the Cubbies did today."

I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. "Sounds good, I'll come back down and give you a goodnight kiss before I go to bed." I smiled at him, stroked his cheek and said, "I love you, John. You are a good son." I turned and walked away, up the stairs, feeling his eyes on my naked cheeks like they were his hands.

Upstairs, I got on line and then had to try twice to get into my usual chat site—my fingers were trembling so badly that I clicked on the wrong bookmark. But right on time, I was logged in and connected with Donna and immediately after that, our webcams were linked and I was looking at my partner in incestuous lust and love. Donna looked beautiful and nervous. She was wearing a tube top that left the upper portion of her firm tits exposed and stood up to show me a pair of thong panties that appeared to be an exact duplicate of the ones I was wearing, right down to the visible wet spot in the crotch. I stood up and showed off my own and she immediately typed in a brand name and I nodded.

We both began to laugh and couldn't contain ourselves for several minutes, unable to type or do anything other than look at each other and then breaking up in giggles again and again. When we finally could act normal, I was delighted to realize all the tension I had felt was gone. As if she could read my mind, Donna nodded and then began to type.

Donna: WE'RE REALLY GOING TO DO IT, AREN'T WE, CARMEN? WE'RE GOING TO FUCK OUR SONS.

Me: WE'RE GOING TO FUCK THEM TOGETHER, DONNA. WHERE IS SHANE?

Donna: LOL! HE'S IN HIS ROOM STUDYING. HE BLEW AN ENGLISH QUIZ AND I'VE BEEN PRETENDING TO BE MAD AT HIM. HOW ABOUT JOHN?

Me: HE'S DOWNSTAIRS WATCHING SPORTS AND WAITING FOR ME TO COME DOWN STAIRS TO KISS HIM GOODNIGHT. ARE YOU READY TO HEAR MY PLAN?

Donna nodded vigorously and I quickly typed out the details, enjoying the delicious grin that spread across her face.

Me: DO YOU THINK IT WILL WORK, DONNA?

Donna: ABSOLUTELY! THE BOYS ARE GOING TO LOVE IT! SHOULD I CALL MY SON UP NOW?

Me: YES AND I'LL CALL JOHN UP TOO. TIME TO LET THE GAMES BEGIN!!!

I turned in my chair and hollered, "John, can you come up stairs for a minute?"

I heard a quick thump of feet on the stairs and then John was there. "Is everything all right?"

"Oh yeah, I need your help with something, but first let me introduce you to Donna. I beckoned him forward and he peered into my computer screen. Say 'hello' to Donna."

John leaned in and peered at the screen, his eyes roaming appreciatively over the sexy mother's image. Donna waved at him and my son laughed and waved back. A moment later and a handsome young man, looking every bit the sun-bleached surfer boy came into view. I let myself savor his fine figure in his tight T-shirt and jeans while Donna spoke to him. It was

*John, I dare you  
to rub your mom's  
ass cheeks!*

easy to read her lips and now that she was telling him to wave 'hi' at John and me. He gave us a friendly smile and waved, giving John a nod in that language that boys around the world share and gave me a long, appraising glance. "His name is Shane, he's Donna's son," I said to my son. Donna pointed to the keyboard.

Donna: I GUESS WE'RE READY, CARMEN. YOU WANT TO DO THE EXPLAINING?

Me: SURE. SHANE, YOUR MOM AND I HAVE BECOME GOOD FRIENDS OVER THE LAST SEVERAL MONTHS AND WE FEEL LIKE WE CAN SHARE OR SAY ANYTHING WITH EACH OTHER. NOW YOU AND MY SON HAVE PROBABLY NOTICED A CHANGE LATELY IN HOW YOUR MOMS HAVE BEEN ACTING AND... DRESSING, YES?

I could feel my son stiffen a little beside me as I said to him what I had typed for Donna and Shane. Shane visibly blushed and glanced down at his Mom's half naked body and then looked at me and slowly nodded.

Me: YOUR MOM AND I HAVE BEEN, WELL EXPLORING THINGS ABOUT OURSELVES AND WE'VE COME TO THE CONCLUSION THAT WE ARE BOTH NAUGHTY MOMS, AND WE LIKE BEING NAUGHTY MOMS! AND JUDGING FROM THE EVIDENCE, BOTH OUR SONS LIKE US BEING NAUGHTY MOMS TOO!

"Oh wow—hell, yeah," I heard my son mutter even as my words registered with Shane. Donna looked up anxiously at her son for his reaction and then smiled as he reached out and squeezed her bare shoulder.

Me: WE'VE BEEN TRYING TO DECIDE WHICH OF US IS THE NAUGHTIEST MOTHER OF ALL AND SO WE NEED YOUR HELP TO DECLARE A WINNER! SHANE, YOUR MOTHER AND I ARE GOING TO PLAY A GAME OF DARES. YOU AND MY SON ARE GOING TO BE HELPING US WITH THAT, OKAY? SOMETIMES YOU BOYS WILL GET THE DARE AND SOMETIMES IT WILL BE US MOMS, UNDERSTAND? FIRST ONE TO REFUSE THE DARE, LOSES!

Both my son and Shane look like they'd been hit with baseball bats, but I could see a visible lump in Shane's jeans and with a quick glance to my right I could behold the huge tent in John's shorts that told me he was up for my game of dares.

Me: EVERYBODY READY? WHO GOES FIRST?

Donna: IT'S YOUR GAME, CARMEN, WHY DON'T YOU MAKE THE FIRST DARE.

Me: OKAY. HMMMM, THIS IS TOUGH. IT SEEMS TO ME THAT SHANE IS A LITTLE OVERDRESSED AT THE MOMENT. MOM, I DARE YOU TO TAKE YOUR SON'S JEANS OFF.

Donna never flinched, but gave me an evil smile and turned in her chair and began unbuttoning Shane's jeans. She eagerly tugged them down to reveal his boxer shorts, a huge tent pressing out of the front!

Donna: I'M GOING TO LIKE THIS GAME! MY TURN!!! JOHN, I DARE YOU TO KISS YOUR MOM FOR THIRTY SECONDS—JUST A KISS—NO TONGUE—LOL!!

I felt John move and I looked up to see him staring back expectantly. I smiled and nodded, taking his hand and squeezing it. John took that as encouragement and leaned down, pressing his lips to mine. His lips felt wonderful pressed against mine and it was difficult to not open my mouth and offer him my tongue. Too soon, I felt my son pull back. I didn't want to stop and he left me there in mid pucker.

Me: OMG!!! THAT WAS GREAT. LET'S



UP THE ANTE A LITTLE. SHANE, I DARE YOU TO FRENCH KISS YOUR MOM FOR THIRTY SECONDS!

Shane wasted no time, bending over and pressing his lips to his mother's. John and I watched in awe as they passionately kissed, Donna's arms coming up and embracing her son, pulling her to him as their tongues danced and rolled together. When Shane pulled away, Donna gave her son a last, loving lick across the lips and then turned and grinned at us as she began to type

Donna: YOU EVIL BITCH!! YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GOOD THAT WAS! CARMEN, STAND UP AND BEND OVER. JOHN, I DARE YOU TO RUB YOUR MOM'S ASS CHEEKS FOR THE NEXT THIRTY SECONDS!

I gasped as I realized we were about to take this to a point there was no turning back from. I stood up and turned and leaned over, using the chair for support. I looked over at my shoulder and looked back at my son. He had the look of a little boy wanting so bad to stick his hand in the cookie jar and not sure if he'd be in trouble. "It's okay, son," I said reassuringly.

John moved up and put his palm on my butt cheek. He slowly ran it over my ass cheek and back again, his fingertips making me shiver as they brushed along the crack of my ass. "So smooth," he sighed. His touch sent shivers of pleasure coursing through me and I gave a quiet curse when my time was up.

Me: I AM FEELING SO HOT. SHANE, ARE YOU FEELING LUCKY? I DARE YOU TO PUT YOUR HAND INTO MOM'S TUBE TOP AND FONDLE HER TITS FOR THIRTY SECONDS!

Shane looked stupefied for a moment as what I imagined was one of his life-long fantasies was being offered to him. He sat his hand on his mother's shoulder again and she turned her head and kissed it before he slowly slid his hand downward and under the tube top, cupping Donna's lovely breast. His mother closed her eyes and bit her lower lip as his hand moved over her tit and I envied her the sensation of his palm rubbing against her hard, erect nipple. I don't even think Donna realized she was doing it, but she reached up with her hand and tugged the tube top down, exposing both her beautiful tits. "So lovely," I breathed in a quiet voice.

"Your's are more beautiful, Mom," John said in an equally awed voice.

Donna: TIME TO GET NASTY! JOHN, I WANT YOU TO PUT YOUR HAND UNDER YOUR MOM'S TOP AND FONDLE HER BIG TITS WHILE YOU FRENCH KISS HER FOR THE NEXT THIRTY SECONDS.

"Fuckin A!" my son muttered and he leaned

down for another kiss. My mouth was open and welcoming as his tongue met mine. At the same time, I felt his hand move under my belly shirt and grasp my breast. I moaned into John's mouth as he let his fingers sink into my soft, meaty tit, raising up to force his palm against my throbbing nipple, so badly in need of stimulation. My hand came up and cupped the back of my son's head, keeping him in place, not wanting him to pull away as we kissed like the lovers we were on the verge of becoming! Its end came too soon and we both broke away the kiss gasping, almost blushing as Donna and her son applauded us on the screen. I turned to face the screen, savoring the look of anticipation on Donna's face.

Me: THAT WAS SOOO INTENSE. SHANE, I DARE YOU TO PUT YOUR HAND DOWN IN YOUR MOM'S PANTIES AND GIVE ME A REPORT!

Donna's eyes widened but she quickly lifted her hips off the chair to give Shane better access and to show off to me and my son. Shane's hand disappeared into his Mom's thong and she immediately jerked as if she'd received an electric shock. Her mouth opened to moan and I immediately wished we had thought to have added audio. The fabric of her crotch bulged with exploring fingers and Donna hunched herself

*Shane, I dare you  
to fondle your  
mom's tits!*

against her son's probing digits. Sean grinned at the camera and reached out with his free hand and began to type.

Shane: WOW! MOM IS HOT AND CREAMY! DID YOU KNOW SHE SHAVES HER PUSSY?

When his time was up, Shane slipped his hand out of his mother's panties. I could see Donna cry out in protest, thrusting her pelvis upward. Her son held up two fingers to the webcam and we could see them glistening with his mother's pussy juices. Shane winked at the camera and then licked his fingers like they were an ice cream cone.

Me: OH YESSSS! FEEL FREE TO LICK HER CREAM OFF YOUR FINGERS!

Donna: MMMMMMM-JOHN, GIVE YOUR MOTHER THE SAME TREATMENT. I DARE YOU TO PUT YOUR HAND INTO MOM'S PANTIES AND COP A GOOD FEEL! TELL ME WHAT YOU FIND.

Like Donna, I raised myself up, throwing my legs over the arms of my office chair, gulping for air as I felt my son's palm press gently against my belly before sliding downwards and under my thong. "Ohhhh myyyy!" I gasped as I felt John's fingers slid across my trimmed bush and then into my wet folds of flesh, two fingers slipping between my labia lips. The sensation of contact was incredible as the realization that it was my son slipping his fingers into my pussy. A sweet, electrical shock detonated between my legs as John's index and middle fingers slipped inside me to swirl around, gently probing me.

"Mmmggaahhh—yessss! Finger Mommy's pussy, baby!" I stammered to my son, thrusting my pelvis again his exploring digits. John's fingers went deep and then curled upwards, seeking my pleasure points and finding them as I squealed with delight. I started to rise up out of the chair, but John used his other hand to gently press me down, then, much to my dismay, my son withdrew his fingers from my clasp pussy, fingers thickly coated with my cream. Donna and Shane never took their eyes off of us, his hand again on her shoulder and her hand on top of his.

"You are so fucking hot, Mom!" John moaned and then stuck his fingers in his mouth and sucked them clean as he leaned over me to use the keyboard.

JOHN: MOM'S HOTTER THAN THE FOURTH OF JULY! SHE IS ALL KINDS OF WET! EVEN HER LITTLE BUSH IS SOAKED!!! SORRY-I COULDN'T WAIT FOR YOU TO TELL ME TO SUCK MOM'S JUICES OFF MY HAND!

Donna shook her head and laughed and licked her lips. I was now shaking so much with lust that I could barely hit the keys. My nipples were so hard and swollen, they actually hurt and my panties were a sodden mess, my juices again soaking and staining my chair.

Me: I DON'T THINK DONNA MINDS, DO YOU, SWEETIE? NOW, MOM, I DARE YOU TO REACH IN AND FISH OUT YOUR SON'S COCK! I WANT TO SEE HOW BIG IT IS! AND I DARE YOU TO STROKE IT, MOM!

Donna grinned and fulfilled a long time fantasy as she slipped her hand into her son's boxers and brought out his erect penis. Shane's mother turned and raised her eyebrows at me as she stroked it slowly, proudly showing off her son's cock. I gave a little eek as I saw how big and long it was. Donna then stared up at her son's face as she masturbated him for thirty seconds. When she reluctantly let him go, it slapped hard against his stomach.

Donna: I TOLD YOU IT WAS BIG, CARMEN! MOM, I DARE YOU TO PULL DOWN JOHN'S SHORTS AND GIVE HIS DICK A LITTLE KISS AND LICK!



“Are you ready for this, John?” I asked my son. “Can Mom touch your cock?”

“Ohhh yesss, Mom. I’ve dreamed of this!” John sighed as I tugged his shorts down, freeing his cock.

“Omigod, son, you are fucking huge!” I gasped as I took him in my hand. My pussy tingled in anticipation of being stuffed by my son’s massive dick. I had known John was big just from the obvious bulges in his pants, but up close and now touching his stiff rod, I couldn’t believe how big he was. If I had known what had been hanging between my son’s legs earlier, I’m sure I would have already become his lover! I stroked my son and glanced back at the screen at Donna and her son. Donna was eyeing my son’s cock with interest and I tried to compare Shane’s cock with the one in my hand. It was hard to tell (and I was distracted by the throbbing meat in my hand), but I think Shane’s cock was a little bit longer, but John’s girth was greater.

I was so enthralled with my son’s penis that I almost forgot to follow through with Donna’s dare. I puckered up and planted a wet smooch on the crown of John’s cock and then playing up to the camera, I moved my mouth downwards and then ran my tongue up the length of my son’s shaft and finished by swirling my tongue over his swollen cock head. It took all my self control to not start sucking his lovely cock and return to the keyboard.

**Me: OHHH MY GOD! MOM DONNA, I DARE YOU TO SUCK YOUR SON’S COCK FOR THIRTY SECONDS!**

**Donna: I THOUGHT YOU WOULD NEVER ASK!**

Donna turned from the keyboard and took her son’s cock in hand. She flicked her tongue over the head, picking up a sliver of precum from his slit, then took him deep in her mouth, closing her lips around his meat and hollowing her cheeks, began to suck Shane.

Her son, bless his horny little heart, had the presence of mind to reach out and pick up the webcam, pointing it downwards so that my son and I could see Donna sucking his cock from his point of view. Her eyes had an expression of pure bliss as she slid her lips up and down on his penis, making it shiny with her saliva. Sucking her son’s cock had Donna losing all track of time.

**Me: I SAID THIRTY SECONDS YOU SLUT-LOL!!**

Shane laughed when he read my message and after setting the webcam back in place, he eased his mother’s face out of his crotch. Donna looked distinctly unhappy as she turned back to face the PC.

**Donna: YOU HAVE NO IDEA HOW HARD IT WAS TO STOP! JOHN, I DARE YOU TO GET BETWEEN YOUR MOM’S LEGS, PULL OFF HER PANTIES AND LICK**

**HER PUSSY FOR THIRTY SECONDS!**

John face was a bright red, but he looked eager and he moved down between my legs and pulled them together so he could remove my thong. As he pulled them off me, he brought the skimpy panties to his nose and took a deep breath. “God, I love your smell, Mom!” He then held up the panties to the webcam and squeezed the cream filled crotch so that we could all watch rivulets of pussy juice trickle over his hand.

John spread my legs, letting them again drape over the arms of my chair and then without warning, shoved his face into my flowered cunt, making me squeal with joy and surprise. His tongue shot out and roiled through my wet flesh expertly and I realized with a start that my son was not eating pussy for the first time. This was confirmed as his tongue washed over my swollen clitoris. “Ohhhh yesssss, sonnn!” I moaned as I bucked my pelvis into his face and let my fingers slip into his dark hair and pulling his face more firmly against my pussy. I picked up the webcam and pointed it downwards to let Donna and Shane watch my son work his talented tongue and mouth. Donna grinned evilly and began to type.

**Donna: LOL! JUST THIRTY SECONDS, CARMEN, REMEMBER? LET HIS HEAD GO, YOU WHORE!**

***Donna, I dare  
you to suck your  
son’s cock!***

I moaned with frustration. I was so tempted not to let John stop. I could feel the beginnings of an orgasm growing deep within me as my son hungrily licked and nibbled at me—his tongue lapping me and sucking on my pussy lips. I reluctantly let him slip from my grip and then pushed him back, mewling in delight as he kept sucking on my labia, stretching it out. I gasped in amazement! My son had me close to orgasm in just a few seconds with his tongue!

**Me: OH DONNA, I ALMOST CAME! JOHN’S TONGUE IS SOOO SWEET! SHANE, I DARE YOU TO USE THREE FINGERS ON YOUR MOM’S PUSSY FOR THE NEXT THIRTY SECONDS.**

Shane knelt down and his mother meekly let him pull her panties off her, leaving her virtually naked (her tube top was still on, rolled below her pert breasts now). She spread her legs wide and pushed her butt to the edge of her seat. Donna took hold of her labia and spread her cunt lips wide, giving Shane an easy and erotic target. Index, Middle and Ring fingers slipped into her and I could hear her lips move and almost

read her pleas to fuck her hard and fast with his fingers.

Shane immediately obeyed his mother and began to rapidly plunge his fingers in and out of her wet, grasping pussy. The effect on his mother was immediate as she stiffened in her chair, her mouth gaping open as she relished the sensation of her son finger-fucking her. Donna’s hands came up to pinch and tease her nipples as Shane worked his fingers in and out. John and I could see Donna’s sudden cry of protest as Shane who was keeping count suddenly withdrew his hand. He immediately began licking his Mom’s cunt cream of his fingers while Donna turned back to the keyboard, her body quivering with need.

**Donna: WHY COULDN’T YOU HAVE TOLD MY SON TO FINGERFUCK ME FOR AT LEAST A COUPLE OF MINUTES! CARMEN, I DARE YOU TO SUCK JOHN’S COCK FOR THE NEXT THIRTY SECONDS WHILE JOHN FINGERS YOU AT THE SAME TIME.**

Later, Donna told me what an erotic sight my son and I made as he leaned down and fucked my pussy with three fingers while I leaned into his pelvis and took his cock into my mouth. My whole body seemed to be on fire as my son penetrated my body with his fingers. I could feel my cunt muscles contracting, hungry for his touch, seeking to hold him inside me. My mind reeled as I processed the fact that I had my son’s penis, hard, long and stiff in my mouth. My tongue fluttered madly over his velvety steel skin while I sucked him. This all was so right and so incredibly naughty at the same time. This forbidden contact, this violation of custom and law was so incredible—I knew that I would never be the same—that no other man’s touch or love could ever make me the same way again. All too soon, I felt John withdraw his fingers and then gently withdraw his cock from my sucking mouth.

I looked up at my son with such longing and saw his lustful desire written on his face. I wanted and needed my son and he wanted and needed me and I knew that the game was over—that all that was left was to commit the deep, utter, complete and beautiful incest with my son.

**Me: TIME TO PUT UP OR SHUT UP! I DARE BOTH JOHN AND SHANE TO SIT DOWN AND LET YOUR MOTHERS RIDE YOUR BIG COCKS UNTIL YOU FILL US UP WITH YOUR SPUNK!**

Donna stood up, a lusty smile on her face and began to type as Shane slipped behind her and sat down in her chair, his cock standing straight up.

**Donna: ABOUT FUCKING TIME, CARMEN!! I’M GOING NUTS HERE. C’MON GIRL, LETS FUCK OUR SONS AND LIVE OUT OUR FANTASIES! LET’S MAKE OUR SONS MOTHERFUCKERS!!**



I was standing up myself and I could my son saying as much to himself as he was to me, “Oh my god—I can’t believe this is really happening. I’m going to fuck you, Mom!”

I turned around and bent over as John sat down, my hand stroking his hard cock as I kissed him. “That’s right, son. You’re going to fuck your mother, so do a good job, honey!”

I turned to face the PC and the webcam and I hoped I looked calmer than I felt. All the teasing and fantasy were about to end. Donna and I had pushed and pushed our relationships with our sons to way beyond any conventional norms and now, we were crossing that taboo line. I felt no regret, only the anticipation that perhaps an aroused virgin might feel on her wedding night.

Donna and I were mirror images as we watched each other and moved almost as one—both of us straddling our young stud sons. We gave each other reassuring smiles as we slowly lowered ourselves downward till our pussies were hovering over our sons’ cocks. I could see Donna’s cunt lips, swollen and spread, like a hungry mouth ready to swallow her son’s long and hard penis. Between my legs, I could feel the immensity of my son’s cockhead, brushing my wet flesh between my labia.

Donna and I nodded to each other and then almost reading each other’s minds, we mouthed to each other, “One-Two-THREE.” On the Three count, we both lowered ourselves onto our son’s erections. Donna’s eyes opened wide as she took his cock inside her and I sobbed out loud as I suddenly found myself being crammed full of cockmeat.

Both boys were big and despite my arousal and Donna’s—our cunts sopping wet, we both had to move slowly downwards, partly from their girth and partly from erotic sensory overload. These were our sons! This was the child that I had given birth to and now to realize—to savor the sinful sensation of his flesh returning to its birthplace was almost more than I could deal with. It was beyond pleasure—it was joy heaven sent!

Time slowed down, the universe centering around the slowing expanding sensation between my legs of immense, erotic pleasure as my pussy was crammed full of incestuous cock! I was aware that I was moaning, a low, soulful sound that was growing in intensity even as I watched Donna’s reaction to having her cunt stuffed with her son’s stiff dick. Erotic anguish was etched on her face and she was moaning, she was screaming with pleasure as she took all of him inside her, her body almost convulsing from the pleasure.

My labia scraped and then pressed firmly into John’s wiry pubic hairs and I realized even as orgasmic pleasure wracked my body that I had all of him buried in my cunt. “Y-you feeel sooo good, J-John,” I stammered. “You are sooo big, baby!”

“Your pussy is awesome, Mom—you feel so wet and silky and so fucking tight!” gasped John,

his arms wrapped around my waist. I could feel him kissing my back, little quick butterfly kisses that made me shiver with delight.

Like a helpless rag doll, Donna sat suspended on her son’s cock, his arms wrapped around her and hands cupping her perky tits. Mother and son were slowly rocking back and forth, Shane’s cock buried deep in his mother’s pussy. As I watched their movement, I began to emulate them and groaned as the movement changed the points of pressure that John’s cock stimulated inside of me. “Ohhh, Mom, that feels soo fucking good!” my son gasped as I moved back and forth. As we moved, I tried to type a message to Donna.

Me: OMIGODD! ITSSWONDERFUL  
DON’T YOU LUV YOUR SONNNS COCK,  
DONNNNA?

My writing became atrocious and can you blame me? Try trying to type coherently when you’re stuffed with your son’s cock and see how well you do. It took a minute or two before Donna even noticed my words and longer before she attempts a reply.

*Let’s live out our  
fantasies! Let’s  
make our sons  
motherfuckers!*

Donna: LLOVEMYU BABYS COOCCCCCK  
ABOUTT TO CUMMMM LOVE MY SONNNS  
LOVEFUK HIMIM!

We both typed a little more babble, but our need to mate with our sons took over and we devoted our attention to our sons’ splendid penises. John’s hands went to my hips and he began to slowly lift me up and down. I sobbed with delight, helpless to do anything but enjoy my son’s cock as he slowly moved me up and down. I am so short, my feet dangled in the air and I was totally at his mercy. My pussy felt so full! Each up and down motion, I could feel his thick shaft scraping my sides, so tight was my cunt packed that I swear I could feel every vein and bump on John’s cock.

On the screen in front of me, I could see Shane and Donna fucking. Donna’s longer legs allowing her to control her movements and her calves bulging with strain as she bounced herself up and down on her son’s long dick, her slick, glistening labia claspings at Shane’s penis. My friend’s lips were pursed and I could almost hear the coos and moans of Donna’s pleasure piercing the silence of the internet. Shane’s fingers were playing and pinching her swollen nipples, no doubt adding to the delicious delight his cock

was giving his mother.

My pussy began to spasm as I felt my orgasm begin to build, my son’s cock stoking the flames of my pleasure as he seemed to grow even larger inside me. His huge crown was pressing against my cervix, deeper than any man had ever penetrated me and the simple knowledge that my own son was about to deposit his youthful seed inside me seemed to intensify my pleasure all the more.

Movement on my computer screen caught my eye and I focused in to see Donna’s body convulsing. Shane was thrusting his hips upward to drive deep into his mother’s pussy and then once buried, both seemed to stiffen and Donna’s mouth opened wide as a silent scream of orgasm was ripped from her. The carnal vision on my PC sent me over the edge and I managed to whimper, “Oh God! I’m going to cum, John. Mommy’s cummingggg!” before the world caught fire.

Orgasmic flames raced outward from my pussy which clamped tightly around my son’s cock, my cunt muscles holding John in place and milking his cock for his sperm. All I could manage was a shrill scream as my son gave me my first incestuous cock induced orgasm. Pleasure so intense it bordered on pain seemed to overwhelm me, making me a reflection of Donna, helpless in the throes of her own incestuous orgasm.

“Momm! I—Your pussy is sooo—I’m going to cum, MOM!” John wailed and I felt his cock swell inside me and then unleash a torrent of his hot semen, bathing my insides, coating my womb with his seed. My orgasm escalated to new heights and I babbled incoherently as wave after wave of pleasure seemed to tear my body apart and heal it all within the tick of a single second repeated over and over again.

I let myself become lost in the moment, aware of only my own pleasure and that of my son, allowing myself to be immersed in the carnality, the sweet incestuous sin and love we had created. For what seemed an eternity, John’s cock pulsed and fed my pussy his sweet, steaming sperm while I baptized his cock with my motherly cunt cream. We seemed to drift in heavenly bliss forever.

At some point I returned to the universe, stirred out of my reverie by the sensation of my son’s cock slowly shrinking while his hands caressed my body, fondling my breasts and stroking my pussy. “I love you, John,” I sighed, my voice trembling with emotion.

“I love you too, Mom,” replied my son in a quiet, happy voice.

I focused my eyes on my computer screen and smiled as I saw Donna and Shane smiling back at me. Donna’s short, dark hair was wet with sweat and her body glistened from her exertions and I could see her breasts bob up and down as she still gasped for air. Still sitting in her son’s lap, I could see her son’s half-erect cock, covered in their mixed cum. Her wide spread pussy was



dripping semen.

My cunt throbbed around my son's semi-erect cock, as yet unwilling to let him go. I felt waterlogged or maybe the word should be sperm-logged with my son's seed and I must confess that it was a sensation that left me both content and aroused. I felt John's hands close around my breasts, sending aftershocks through me as he rubbed his palms against my nipples. It was a lovely way to come down from an orgasm. I twisted around and put one arm around my son's shoulders and leaned in and kissed him, softly, slowly, conveying both passion and motherly love to my son and lover.

When I turned my attention back to my friend, she was typing,

Donna: SO-WAS IT GOOD FOR YOU?

Me: MMMMM, BETTER THAN I EVER DREAMED. AND FOR YOU? DID YOU LOVE YOUR SON'S COCK?

Donna: OHHH MY GOD! I HAVE NEVER HAD A MULTIPLE ORGASM BEFORE. AND WATCHING YOU AND YOUR SON MADE IT SOOO MUCH BETTER.

Me: SAME HERE-YOU AND SHANE WERE SO BEAUTIFUL TO WATCH. IT DOESN'T GET ANY BETTER THAN THIS!

Donna: MMMMM, I CAN THINK OF ONLY ONE THING THAT COULD MAKE THIS MOMENT ANY MORE INCREDIBLE.

Me: REALLY?!! PLEASE TELL ME!

Donna grinned evilly at me and I felt a tremor of anticipatory delight rifle through me.

Donna: THE ONLY THING THAT COULD MAKE THIS NIGHT BETTER IS IF WE WERE ALL TOGETHER AND YOU AND I COULD LICK EACH OTHER'S SON'S SPUNK OUT OF EACH OTHER'S PUSSY!

John moaned as he read Donna's words and I felt his cock begin to stiffen inside my still wet and aroused cunt. I stared at Donna as she leaned back against her son, spreading her pussy lips wider and then used two fingers to spoon up some of her son's semen and then with a lewd smile, lick it off her fingers. I sighed and hurriedly typed a response.

Me: YOU KNOW, THE GAME HASN'T ENDED. DONNA, I DARE YOU AND YOUR SON TO COME VISIT US AND DO THAT FOR REAL!

Donna smiled and said something to her son who nodded eagerly. There was a carnal lust in her eye as her fingers quickly typed a response. She pressed the send key and then looked into the camera and mouthed the words, "I love you, Carmen!" And her message?

Donna: WHEN? ■

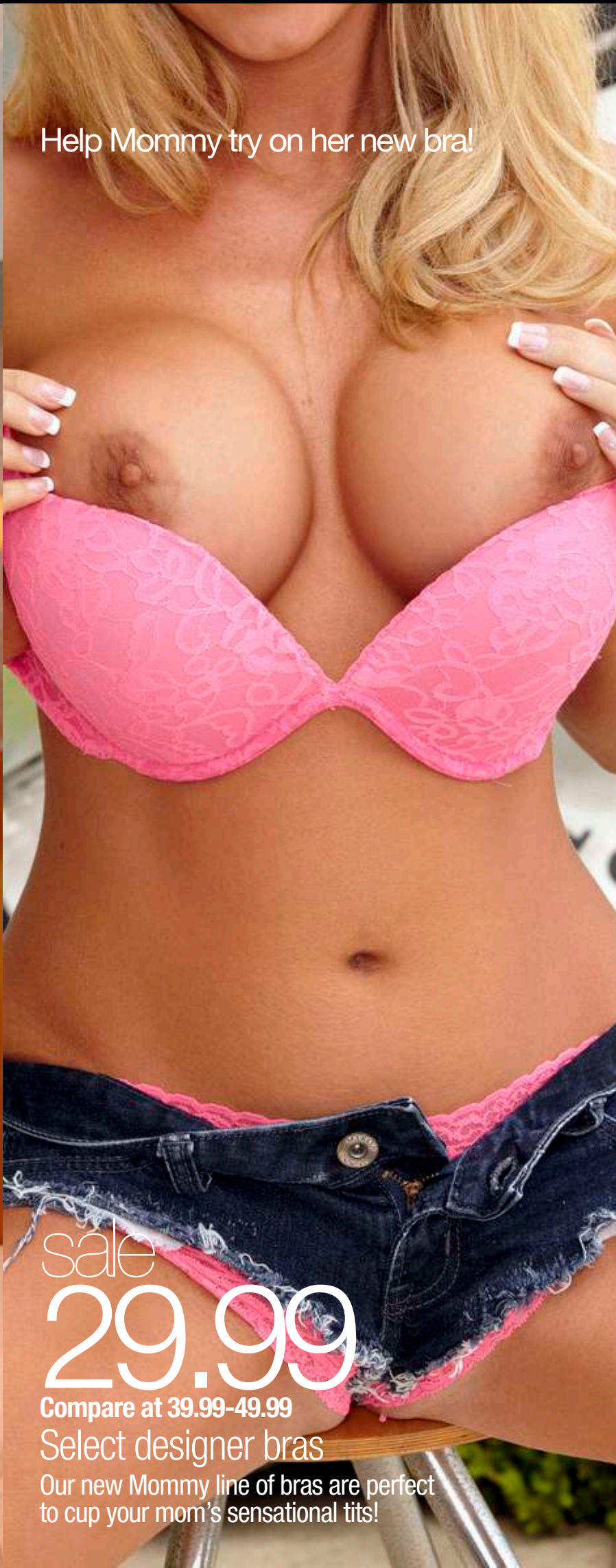


jcp

Don't be shy, son... tell Mommy what you think of her new swimsuit!

sale  
49.99

Compare at 99.99-129.99  
Select sheer swimsuits  
With our new swimsuits, you'll love to take a swim with your boys!



Help Mommy try on her new bra!

sale  
29.99

Compare at 39.99-49.99  
Select designer bras  
Our new Mommy line of bras are perfect to cup your mom's sensational tits!

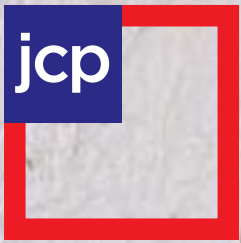


Lick it, son! Taste Mommy's cunt! Oh, you're going to make Mommy cum again!

sale  
29.99

Compare at 25.99-39.99  
Select bustiers  
Enticing lingerie for your horny Mom!





Like Mommy's new  
panties, son?

sale  
9.99

Compare at 15.99-20.99  
Select women's cotton panties  
Available in classic, hipster, bikini, boyshorts, thong, g-string, and crotchless

Want a hug  
from Mommy?

sale  
19.99

Compare at 15.99-24.99  
Select evening robes  
Perfect when you don't want to wear anything else around the house!

sale  
19.99

Compare at 29.99-39.99  
Select women's garters  
Stylish enough to wear without panties!

Come look at  
Mommy's new  
garter belt!

A perfect gift  
for Mommy!

sale  
19.99

Compare at 19.99-39.99  
Select designer stockings  
Sexy stockings that will impress the whole family!

jcpenny



# Family Snapshots #39



**“Travis knows I can’t resist when he parades in front of me without underwear. Seriously, what mom can resist a son with a cute little ass like that and a beautifully hard cock that is bound to get any mom horny!”**





# Helen's Peeping Son

by Guenter Klow

Helen shows her son it's just fine to watch Mommy masturbate

(Fm, inc, exh, oral, cons)

**H**elen hadn't intended to masturbate when she sat at her vanity to do her hair. She had just come from the shower and was naked. The urge came on suddenly and strongly and forced her to put the brush down.

She didn't usually masturbate when her thirteen-year-old son was at home, but he was safely in his room, she thought, and she could be careful to keep orgasm quiet. While she tried to talk herself out of it, her hands went to her full breasts and at the first touch, her nipples hardened, passion flared and she knew there could be no turning back.

Getting to her feet, she admired her reflection in the mirror, pleased that at thirty-seven she still had as beautiful a body as she had ten years before, when her husband left her to live in Mexico with the woman who had been his secretary.

He had left her with their five-year-old son and with a generous income, but with a sexual hunger that kept growing. Helen could have married again, she supposed, but because of Greg, her son, she didn't dare. She loved him enough for two parents and wouldn't risk further damaging him by bringing another man into the house. To avoid that risk, she just didn't date, depended on masturbation for whatever measure of sexual gratification it provided. It wasn't nearly as good as the real thing had been, but it permitted her to keep her sanity.

Her nipples felt super sensitive as she admired their reflection in the mirror. Her body seemed to be glowing, the sight of it adding to her excitement.

But what Helen didn't know was that the sight of her naked body was even more exciting to her son as he crouched outside her bedroom, peeping through the slim opening in the doorway as he had done many times before, his penis hard and throbbing with desire.

He stared at the wide, gently swelling behind he so loved, never tired of feasting his eyes on. The twin swells looked so smooth, would be so exciting to touch, he thought as he opened his fly and took his penis out. Later, he would masturbate as he always did after peeping at his





mother when she was dressing or undressing, but he didn't want to release the exciting charge while the thrilling show was going on. He would save that for later.

Helen turned from the mirror and paused, giving the boy at the door the most complete view of her body ever, then she let a sigh escape as her hands moved to her inner thighs, fondled, pressed, then moved into her crotch and rubbed slowly, warmly.

Only then did the boy realize that for the first time, he was going to see his mother doing something more than just dress or undress, she was, he suspected, going to do some female version of the exciting thing his hand could do to his penis.

A tiny voice in the back of his mind told him to go away and give his mother the privacy she needed, but he wasn't in the mood to listen so he stayed, his eye close to the door as the naked woman stood rubbing a hand in her crotch, then using the other hand to caress a breast. Staring intently, his penis throbbing and twitching with desire, Greg was just barely able to resist the urge to masturbate then and there.

And then, the preliminaries over, the naked woman went to the bed, sat, then fell back, her knees parting wide. A low groan broke from the woman as her right hand worked in her crotch, then the room was silent and he watched as her hand moved in a steady rhythm, doing something just out of sight of the boy, something that made her obviously feel very aroused, very excited, very good, Greg observed as he stared at his mother's naked body, saw it begin to move strangely, saw it tense, saw her body jerk upward, then she was jerking strongly on the bed, her body writhing as she panted through fierce orgasm. At the same moment, Greg lost all control as his semen strained beyond the point of holding, then he gave a low, broken groan and he was spurting his charge all over the door, his body trembling.

Toward the end of climax, Helen thought she had heard a sound, a groan that wasn't hers. As she listened, the boy's twitching body betrayed him, causing him to hit the door of his mother's bedroom.

As he heard the sound, the boy felt panic flare. Semen still spurting from his penis, he turned and ran toward his room. When Helen forced herself to open her door and prove to herself that her son had been watching her masturbate, a good deal of evidence was there on the door, oozing in slow, lazy trails. Helen felt her face flushing with embarrassment, yet the rest of her body suddenly became very cold and almost numb. She was barely able to walk back into her room and lie face down on the bed. She thought she wanted to cry, but she was mistaken. What she really wanted, she decided, was to die or at any rate, to vanish from the face of the earth. Neither happened and then she sat up, knowing that she had to talk with her son but not having the faintest idea of what she would say.

Later, still with no idea of what she was going to say to the boy, Helen put on a negligee and went to his room. As she knocked, she heard the bed creak, he called for her to come in and she did. Greg stood with his head bowed, his cheeks fiery red again as he mumbled an apology, then broke into tears and fell on his bed, crying like a very little boy.

"There, there, baby," his mother said as she went to sit beside him, to comfort him. "It's all right, dear. What you did was no big thing. So you watched me fingering myself. I guess the world will go on spinning."

Slowly, patiently, Helen worked with her son and then he was talking, telling her, haltingly, how for a long time then, he had been peeping through the doorway as she dressed or got undressed. She showed no anger as she held her son and heard all the words, heard him tell of excitement at the sight of a naked woman's body, of sexual arousal and of masturbation and a following guilt.

"You'll have to stop feeling guilty, dear," Helen said.

"But how, Mom? I know it isn't right for a boy to stare at his own mother like that, to get, you know, the way I get."

***"You'll learn it all, son. Take your clothes off so we can start learning."***

"Who says it isn't right? I have a pretty nice body and any normal boy who saw it would get a hard-on, I suspect. Do you always get a hard-on when you see me naked?" she asked in an almost light tone that made it easier for her son to reply.

"Oh yes. Even before you're naked. When you get in the room and I know you're going to undress, I get hard right away. As you take your clothes off, I get harder and harder and I get all sweaty and trembling. Oh Mom, it's so exciting. I know I shouldn't do it, but I can't help it. You're so pretty, you make me feel so good. I'm sorry, Mom."

"That really isn't anything to be sorry about, Greg. I have to find some way of making you see that guilt is a very damaging emotion. Look, let me show you something that may work, she said as she got off the bed, opened the flowing garment, shrugged it off her shoulders and it fell into a pool around her feet as she stood nude before her wide eyed son.

"There, Greg, look at me," she told him with a smile. "I want you to really see me naked, all over," she told him, then turned her back and

wriggled her behind as he felt his penis stirring, wondering if it could possibly get hard again so soon after such a big ejaculation.

"There, dear, there," she said as she walked around the room, "can you understand that you shouldn't feel guilt. It was my idea to show you my naked body. Here, look closely," she said as she cupped her breasts from below and made them dance excitingly for her panting, perspiring son. "See how my pretty tits can dance? Don't you think I have nice tits, Greg?"

He managed to stammer a word or two, the light in his eyes telling her how beautiful he found her to be, how exciting in a sexual sense.

"I'm not sure just what we're going to do, Greg dear," the woman said as she walked to him and put a hand on his shoulder, her naked body so close to his that it seemed to burn him, "but we're going to get things worked out. I'll leave you alone for a little while. Go ahead and think of how beautiful and sexy my body is and of how I showed it to you. If you get hard and want to pull yourself, then go on and do it. As I've tried to make clear to you before, your body needs to function normally and masturbation is just as normal as peeing. We'll talk some more later, darling."

Alone in her room, Helen sat on the bed, naked again, her mind working overtime but producing little more than a continuing confusion. She thought of what she had done in stripping naked for him and thought she should feel horror, but she didn't and then she realized that as she had posed in the nude for her son, she had become wildly aroused and still was.

And that presented her with a brand new problem. Her son was finding sexual arousal in peeping at her, what was going to happen to them if she allowed herself to get into the same state? Helen thought of the word incest, but she pushed it away, that was something other people did.

Helen postponed her thoughts and spent a few hours of the evening with her son, trying to appear casual, to help him relax, and then he went to bed and she was alone. All the thoughts and desires and fears returned at once and formed a nightmare jumble. Later, Helen was still trying to sort the various thoughts out when sleep claimed her, but she woke next day with all the thoughts still churning there, taunting her.

By the time her son returned from school, Helen felt that she had worked the problem out. Whether the path she had chosen to take was right or terribly wrong she couldn't be sure, but she knew which way she was going to go.

Greg had grown up close to his mother, almost without any friends at all. In childhood, it had been easy for her to play all the roles, but childhood was behind him and she had to prepare to play one more role, a role which society would condemn her for since she was his mother.

"Screw society," she told herself as she watched her son approaching the house, alone



as always. “We’re all we have, just the two of us. I’m going to make special rules for us. My son is going to learn that sex is a beautiful thing, part of love. I won’t have him destroying himself by guilt. Any guilt that has to be picked up and carried, I’ll look after.”

Hurrying to the door to greet her son, Helen threw her arms around him and felt instant response as she held him close to her, making him very much aware of the remembered beauty and excitement of her naked body, aware that that same body was so close to him, covered by a few clothes, things that could very easily be taken off.

“Do you feel excited, dear?” Helen asked her son as she felt him pressing firmly against her breasts and tummy.

“Yes. Oh yes. What’s happening, Mom?”

“Only very nice things, dear. Very exciting things. I can’t really be sure myself, but let’s go to my room and see what happens.”

Taking her son by the hand, she led the way to her room and as she closed the door behind them, though they were all alone in the house, she heard it close with a different kind of sound, as though it were closing off everything out of the past and another door was opening to admit the mother and son to a strange new world.

“Let’s start with a kiss,” she said as she took Greg into her arms again. “I don’t mean those formal type kisses. I’ll show you what a really sexy kiss can feel like,” Helen told her son as she brought their mouths together, warmly and wetly with his body trembling against her, the form of his stiff penis hard against her tummy.

The kiss went on and on, her tongue exploring his mouth as he pressed against her, then her hands rubbed down his back until they were fondling his buttocks. Instinctively, Greg did the same and he thought his hard penis would explode as he fondled the twin rounds through thin dress and panties, felt the firmness of flesh, explored what he had peeped at and lusted to touch.

“Mmmmm, this is so nice, darling. It’s so sexy,” Helen said, her lips brushing his ear as she whispered. “I love the way those hands fondle my ass. It makes me feel really horny, darling. I can feel how hard your cock is. I can see that you’re just as horny as I am. Are you feeling horny, my darling, are you?” she asked hotly and squeezed his buttocks, making his penis throb some more.

“Yes, oh yes! Oh Mom, your ass feels so smooth and sexy. Oh Mom, I’d love to see and feel it all bare.”

“You will, darling, you will,” she promised in a whisper. “You’ll see me and feel me all over, bare naked. You’ll have it all, darling, my ass, my thighs, my tits,” she lowered the volume of the whisper, “even my cunt. Do you want my cunt to play with and to fuck, darling? Do you want to fuck me like a real man?”

“Oh Mom... Mom... Mom... do you mean it? Do you really mean all that?” he asked as his mother held him and rubbed against him with

a body that felt on the verge of breaking into flames.

“Yes darling, I really mean it... I mean it all, Greg. A whole new life starts for the two of us today. We stop fighting hunger and frustration. We have each other, darling and we have so much to give, so much happiness to collect from now on. I’ll teach you, darling. I’ll teach you everything there is to sex.”

“Oh yes, Mom, yes. I’m pretty dumb about that, but I want to learn. I want to learn it all,” he panted and she felt very strong fingers digging into her buttocks through her clothes as passion consumed the perspiring boy.

“You’ll learn it all, dear. Take your clothes off now so we can start learning.”

“You mean all my clothes?” the boy asked nervously as his mother stepped back, smiling.

“That’s just what I mean. Let me see you naked, dear.”

“I... I’m scared,” he told her and she saw him blush.

“Fancy that,” she teased with a little laugh.

“How many times did you peep at me while I was undressing?”

“Oh, I see what you mean,” Greg told his mother and gave a nervous laugh as he began

***“You’ll have to  
take my panties  
off for me. Kneel  
down, darling...”***

undressing.

“My, you’ve grown since the last time I saw you undressed,” Helen observed as he pushed his pants down and she saw the form of his erect penis through his briefs. “Ah yes, you really are a big boy,” she added when he pushed his briefs down and a hard erection waved at her from above a nicely filled sac which hung temptingly between smooth, girlish thighs, Helen thought as she stared and licked her lips, then the boy was stepping out of his clothes, naked.

“For a boy of thirteen, you have a man sized cock, darling,” Helen told her son as she walked to him and gently closed a hand around the stiff shaft, giving it a little squeeze. “I’ll show you a nice place to park this beautiful prick while we have a sexy kiss,” she went on, then raised the hem of her dress high and guided the erection into a warm nest formed by the crotch of her panties and her silken smooth thighs. “Yes, I’ll feel your man-sized cock throbbing in my crotch while we do some sexy kissing. Do you like having your prick parked in my hot crotch?”

“Oh yes, Mom, yes,” he said, panting, then she brought warm mouths together, open mouths which mashed wetly through a fierce kiss which

became more intense when her tongue invaded his mouth, probing and lashing, urging his tongue to join in the sexy game.

Aroused by the kiss and by the silken confinement of stiff penis, Greg reached under his mother’s dress and played with her buttocks through and around her little nylon panties, then as he became bolder, he worked his hands inside her panties where firm, smooth nether cheeks drove him wild as he fondled them while the kiss went on and on and on until he feared he would ejaculate in his mother’s crotch before he could get his weapon into her very secret place.

Sensing his fear, Helen ended the kiss and backed away from the boy, freeing his penis, then she opened her dress and slowly raised it up and up, baring more and more until she pulled it to the top and allowed it to fall to the floor.

“Oh Mom, you look so sexy in your bra and panties,” the boy gasped, panting as though seeing her for the first time, her big breasts jutting in the black cups, her tummy excitingly curved.

“Is it still exciting after all the times you’ve peeped and watched me undressing?” Helen asked, knowing the answer.

“Yes, oh yes. It’s more exciting than it ever was. You’re so beautiful and so sexy, Mom. Please let me feel you all over.”

“I think I’d enjoy that myself,” Helen told her son and took one step toward him, then both his hands were swarming over her.

“Oh Mom... Mom,” he said, his breathing labored, “you’re such a beautiful woman, so sexy. You feel so good. I always wanted to do this when I peeped through the door.”

“What a horny son I have, but I’m very happy about that,” she told him, urging him on as his hands fondled the cups of her bra. “You like my tits, do you, dear? Did you like peeping when I was taking my bra off? Do you want to see and feel my bare tits, you horny darling?”

“Oh yes, Mom... oh yes... I’m dying to play with your tits and feel them and everything.”

“Then I guess you’d better unhook my bra and take it off for me, dear. I’m much too lazy to do that myself,” she said and her son caught his breath as she turned.

What Helen packed into the cups of the bra put quite a strain on the garment, making the hooks difficult to slip. The fact that his fingers were trembling didn’t make it any easier, but Greg was determined and then the last hook had been slipped and he felt hot arousal gripping him as he pushed the straps down her arms and she turned to face him as the garment fell away, her lovely breasts in thrilling nudity as they jutted toward him, the nipples looking so beautiful pink on their creamy white perches.

“Be gentle dear,” Helen cautioned her son as his hands reached for the twin offerings. “My tits are very sensitive, but they like to be played with and sucked. I haven’t had my tits sucked in a long time, darling. Are you going to suck them for me after you’ve played with them for a



while?”

“Oh yes, Mom. I’ll do anything you want. I’ll suck your beautiful tits and anything else you want me to suck.”

“Anything, darling?” she asked in a heated whisper as he fondled her breasts lovingly.

“Anything. I’ll suck your ass if you like that. Honest, Mom. I once heard a guy say he sucked a girl’s ass. If that would make you feel good, I’ll do it. I’ll suck your asshole.”

“I don’t think we need go quite that far today, darling,” Helen told the boy, “but I must say, it’s been a long time since I’ve had a lover to suck my cunt for me. Women love to have their cunts sucked and licked by a horny lover and they get such big, beautiful comes out of cunt lapping. I could really enjoy that if you’d like to do it to me, dear.”

“You bet I will. Will you show me how to do it right?”

“Yes dear. I’ll teach you how to lap my cunt. After you’ve felt your face in my crotch once, you’ll want to go on eating my cunt forever. You’re going to find out, dear, how exciting cunt lapping can be. My cunt is juicy and so tasty,” she told him, then she fed a breast into his mouth which opened wide to receive it and then he was sucking as she rubbed his face and head with both hands, urging him on, panting as mounting arousal drove her wild, caused fires to burn fiercely in her crotch as she waited for the feel of his mouth and tongue there, but for the time being, she was more than delighted with what his mouth was doing to the breast she kept pressing firmly into his wide open, sucking mouth.

“Oh yes, Greg, you really know how to suck tit,” Helen said, her voice husky with passion. “I love the way you do it, the way you hold my tit with both hands while your sexy mouth sucks it. Yes, baby... yes... yes... suck Mummy’s tits. Oh yes, that’s so nice, baby... here... here... take my other tit in your mouth now... yes... here it is, darling... oohhh... here... here...” she said, panting as she pushed the big breast firmly into his mouth, pulling on the back of his wet head at the same time. “Suck, baby... suck... suck... suck...”

Holding his warm mouth firmly on the breast, Helen put her other hand inside her panties, worked a finger into her slit and went to work there. She fingered unhurriedly as he sucked on her breast and then her body was jerking in orgasm as her son continued sucking on the creamy smooth breast and she rubbed his head with both hands until the storm was over, leaving her in a golden glow of contentment.

“Did I make you come by sucking on your tit?” he asked.

“You helped an awful lot, dear, but while you used your mouth on my tit, I fingered my cunt. It made for a big come, a really great one.”

“Please, Mom, I’ve never seen your cunt. Please let me look right in your crotch so I can see your cunt at last.”

“Oh, I suppose that could be arranged, dear, but you’ll have to do a little work first.”

“What kind of work, Mom?”

“You’ll have to take my panties off for me. Kneel down, darling,” she told him as she turned her back to him, then he was on his knees, staring at the black nylon panties right in front of his face, seeing the shadowy crack between white oval cheeks which were only partially covered by the black panties.

“Oh yes, Mom, yes,” he said, panting. “I’ll take your pretty little panties off. Oh Mom... your ass... your ass...” he panted as he pulled the panties down very slowly... it’s so beautiful... your cheeks are so white and smooth... it’s so beautiful... so sexy...”

“Does it excite you to take my panties down, darling?”

“Yes... oh yes... yes...” he told her as he pulled the tiny garment down the bottom slopes of her buttocks and stared with mounting passion into the valley between.

“More than when you watched me taking my panties off?”

“Yes... even more than that...”

“Take my panties right off, dear, and then

***“Have a good look at Mommy’s hot cunt. Look at it, baby. See where you’re going to suck and lick.”***

I’ll let you look at my cunt. Since you’re such a good boy, I think I’m going to allow you to suck and lick my cunt. You’ll love the horny taste of cunt, you sexy little darling,” she told him as she stepped out of her panties, then she turned, moved her feet wide apart and smiled as the boy scrunched down and stared up into her crotch, blinking as his eyes fought for focus.

“Can you see my pretty little pink cunt, darling?” Helen asked.

“Yes... oh Mom... It’s so pretty... I’m so excited... I feel my cock throbbing like it’s gonna break off... oh Mom... Mommy.”

“Look, baby, look,” she told him and he saw her fingers move in her crotch, parting the pink lips so that he was able to see right between them. “Have a good look at my hot cunt. See where you’re going to suck and lick? Look at it, baby.”

“Oh yes, Mom, yes... yes... yes,” he panted and she saw that he had his hard penis in his right hand, masturbating.

“Stop that, baby,” she said as she bent and took his hand. “Save your nice hard-on for later, after

you’ve lapped my cunt. You’ll want your prick nice and hard so you can stick it right up my cunt to fuck me. You do want to fuck Mommy, don’t you?”

“Oh yes, Mom, yes... I didn’t mean to pull myself... I just couldn’t help it.”

“That’s all right, baby. Come to bed now and Mommy will give her darling boy a nice warm cunt to suck and lick. Your tongue will lick the warm honey out of Mommy’s pretty cunt and then you’ll lie down on her belly and fuck her with your hard cock, won’t you, darling boy?” she asked as she led him to the bed, then she lay back and sighed as she opened her crotch for the boy and he buried his face into it, his mouth finding the soft pink lips and beginning to suck greedily, making the woman squirm hotly as she moaned with passion and massaged his face with her thighs, spurring her son on to suck more greedily as he discovered that the act was as thrilling as she had said.

“Oh yes, dear, yes... yes... You do like sucking my horny cunt, don’t you? Suck, baby, suck... Suck my cunt just like that... oh suck... oh suck... oh suck... suck Mommy’s nice cunt, darling... suck...” she urged, panting, her body jerking so that her wet crotch rubbed back against his face as hands reached under her and captured her firm buttocks.

After he had sucked for a long time, Helen told him to get his tongue into her slit. Instantly, she felt him work his tongue between her crotch lips and then he was probing, lapping, his hands pulling upward on her smooth behind, his tongue driving her wild as she lay moaning, her hands busy, squeezing and rubbing her breasts, hurting them just enough to add to her delight.

Before he had been licking very long, Greg felt his mother’s body tensing, felt her back arching high in passion, then he heard her cries of ecstasy, felt her big thighs trapping his face, rubbing hotly as climax swept over her and kept rocking her in wave after delicious wave until it passed and she lay sighing, her eyes shining wetly, her deep sighs telling Greg how well he had done his job, how good he had made her feel.

“It’s about that lovely hard prick of yours, darling,” she said as she reached for it when he moved up to lie close to his mother, one hand toying with a firm, smooth breast. “How would you like to do something nice with it, darling?”

“Something like what, Mom?” he asked, hoping he knew the answer.

“Something like sticking it all the way into my cunt and fucking me? You’re not too tired to fuck me, are you, dear?”

“Are you kidding?” he said as he moved over her. “I really want to fuck you, Mommy! I want to put my cock in your nice slippery cunt and have a fuck!”

“That’s what I want too, dear. Lie right down on me and get your beautiful prick into my cunt. My snatch has been so nicely prepared for a fuck, angel. Yes, baby, do it... that’s it... oohhh, that



feels so good... Be heavy and fuck me hard... Don't be gentle... Ram that prick into this cunt and fuck me silly... Oh Jesus... I'm so horny for cock... Ram it to me, baby... ram it up my cunt and fuck me all the way to heaven... Make me feel that juice shooting hard and flooding my belly... Ride me, darling lover, ride this bare naked body... Make my cunt tingle while you fuck it."

While she was still panting the words, Greg got onto her tummy, pressed into her crotch and felt the soft warm vulva as he probed for the slit that would permit entry.

"Oh yes," he heard his mother gasp as he felt the hot slit closing around his penetrating penis. "You're in my cunt, darling... Ram it all into me and then start fucking Mommy."

Greg needed no urging and then his penis was buried and he was humping, panting as he worked the stiff penis in that soft, moist place, his body battering her wide open crotch.

"I'm fucking you, Mommy, I'm fucking you. Is it good? Am I fucking you right?"

"You're fucking me beautifully, darling. Keep right on ramming my cunt with that beautiful stiff prick. Fuck, dear... fuck me... fuck me... fuck me..." she panted as he rode her as fast as he could, his penis feeling like a beautiful hard blur in her churning vaginal slit.

His eyes closed tightly, he saw his mother in a variety of poses, all nude or semi nude, all the ways he had seen as he peeped through the door, but this time it was so real, so much more thrilling than he had ever imagined as his body pressed and rubbed on her naked body and her arms held him.

"Oh... I'm gonna... I'm..." he panted and before he could finish the statement, he was spurting semen as never before, his body jerking and twitching in the soft warmth of crotch, her arms holding him strongly, her legs raising to wrap Greg in a thrilling double embrace as he pumped semen into her in what promised to be a never-ending ejaculation.

But it did end eventually and he lay tiredly atop her.

"What a lovely fuck you gave Mommy, darling," she said, her tone as thrilling as the words. "You filled my hot cunt with cream. I can feel it trickling out and oozing down in the crack of my ass. Oh Jesus, what a lovely fuck that was, darling. What a glorious fuck. I feel really fucked right down to my toenails."

A few hours later Helen was preparing dinner for her horny son.

Although Greg didn't feel hungry, he went to the kitchen, his loins churning with desire as he stole feels of breasts and thighs and buttocks as he helped prepare the meal which he was able to eat after all, much to his surprise and then he was crouched under the table, his hands feeling the firm, smooth thighs of his mother, thighs that parted wide so the boy could examine the crotch of her panties which was warm, very warm and exciting, as he told her and then she

got up, drew him to his feet and as they embraced, he reached under her skirt so that he was able to play with her buttocks and thighs as they shared some very wet and exciting kisses and his penis came to full erection and throbbed against her.

They hurried to the bedroom and after much more playing, Helen had her son strip naked, then remove her clothes a bit at a time, both of them delighted by the excitement of doing the job slowly, kissing and touching what he dared until the woman was naked again.

At one point, she lay face down on the bed as the eager boy fondled and patted and kissed her buttocks, then he gave her a surprise as he slowly worked a finger into the ring he found deep in the valley between her beautiful buttocks. It made her squirm and sigh, so he gave her a long fingering as she let him know how much she enjoyed it.

"How would you like to try something different, darling?" she asked as she rolled away from him and got onto her hands and knees, her breasts swaying pendulously, her naked behind excitingly arched, nothing hidden from the eyes of her son.

"Sure, what?" he asked as his hands returned to the big buttocks, fondling them lovingly.

***"Oh Mom, it sounds so exciting. Please suck my cock and let me shoot in your mouth."***

"Well, I've never taken a cock up my asshole. I'm told it can be nice, but I'm not sure. Let's find out, dear. If it hurts me, I'll tell you to pull your cock out. Let's try, darling. Kneel up close to my ass and work your cock in for a taste of bugging. I think I'm going to like it, but try it slowly at first. Slip it to me gently, darling. Find my hole with the tip of your stiff prick and shove it into me."

Greg found the little pink target quickly, pushed at it and felt his penis push into it rather easily. When he felt the tightness of her anal ring and gazed fondly at the lovely, arched, white bottom he was riding, Greg knew he was going to love the game and would want to play it often. He hoped with all his heart his mother would enjoy it as much as he did and then he was feeding penis into her slowly, in short jabs each of which added to his delight until his penis was buried deep inside her and he was pulling the silken behind back strongly against him.

"It didn't hurt me, darling," Helen told her son. "That feels nice. I can feel your prick throbbing in my asshole."

"It sure does feel good, Mom. It's like you have a nice sexy cunt in your ass too. Can I go ahead and fuck you now?"

"Yes, baby, yes, but take it easy. Make it slow. Do it nice and slowly and make it last. Oh darling, I love the way you assfuck me," she panted as he began stroking, both hands holding and rubbing well fleshed hips and thighs as he rode.

Helen was still loving it a long time later when the boy announced that he was going to ejaculate again. He shot hard penis to her in a quick shower of short strokes, then he gave a cry of triumph as he pulled her bottom tightly against him, pressed hotly against it, and grunted and groaned as he let an excitingly strong charge blast into her bowel until his groan of content told his mother that he was drained again. For the mother and son, the experiment had worked beautifully.

When Greg hurried home from school the next day, he felt confident that before very long, he would again be riding the beautiful bare behind of his mother. He expressed that as he took her bra off and she smiled, then, while he was sucking a lovely breast, she whispered that she had other plans for his penis. That so surprised him that he took the breast out of his mouth and held it in both hands while he asked what other plans she meant.

"Get that tit back in your mouth and suck on it, darling," she scolded with a grin. "I'll tell you all about it when it seems like the right time. Don't worry, I'll soften your rod, you horny little devil. That's it, baby... oh yes... suck nice, darling... oohhhhh... yes, baby... suck Mommy's pretty tits."

He worked on her breasts for a long time and when he took the second one out of his mouth, she moaned as she told him how sensitized the nipple had become in the course of the sucking he had given it, but he knew that wasn't by any means a complaint.

And then he was taking her panties off, doing it slowly, his favorite way as she lay face down, sighing.

"Did you really mean that about not letting me assfuck you today?" he asked as he stripped the panties down her thighs.

"That's right, darling. You don't get that dick up my ass today. Isn't that terrible? Aren't I a mean, nasty old woman?"

"No you're not, Mom, but you sure enjoy teasing me. Where am I going to put my cock?"

"Oh, I suppose you could put it in the refrigerator to keep it hard."

"Aw Mom, stop teasing, huh? What are we going to do with my cock?"

"Well, dear," she told him as he pulled the panties off her feet and she rolled onto her side, "there is another way of getting a hard cock off. Surely you've heard about blow jobs, haven't you?"

"You... you mean you're going to... to suck my cock?"

"That's just what I mean, angel. I'm going to



give you a cock sucking that you'll never forget. This stiff prick is going to shoot cream into my mouth and I'm going to suck you so dry that you won't be able to stand. How does that sound to you, baby?"

"Wow! like great, Mom. When are you going to suck my cock?"

"Two weeks from next Tuesday," she said and lay face down again. "For now, see how nicely you can kiss and lick my ass for me. Give my cheeks a sexy bath with your tongue and lick my crack until I feel saliva trickling into my horny cunt, you angel. After you've done that, I'll see what I can do about sucking your cock."

Licking his lips, Greg stared at his mother's beautiful buttocks, ran his hands warmly over the smooth rounds, then he lowered his face to them and began kissing and licking as his hands fondled her hips and thighs. He bathed the silken hills with his tongue, probed the crack between, then parted the cheeks so that he could get his mouth and tongue deep in the warm valley. While his tongue did wild things to a pink ring in the crack, Helen panted and moaned and rubbed a firm mons veneris on the bed until her anal ring felt as though it had been licked raw, then she turned over, panting, caught an excitingly firm penis in her right hand and then it was Greg's turn to groan as she fondled it and felt it throbbing.

"It's been so long since I've sucked a cock, dear," Helen told her son. "I'm really going to enjoy sucking you off."

"I'm going to enjoy it too, Mom. Will you really let me shoot my cream in your mouth?"

"I'll insist on it, dear. After I've sucked on your cock for a while, you won't have anything to say about it. You'll feel an explosion building in your loins, then you'll think you've gone to heaven when your cream starts shooting and I suck on your spending cock until I've drained you."

"Oh Mom, it sounds so exciting. Please suck my cock and let me shoot in your mouth."

"Yes, baby, lie still now and Mommy will suck your nice hard cock," she told him as she positioned herself so that she showed an excitingly curved behind as she bent over him, toyed with his twitching penis for a little while, kissed and licked it in a way that drove him wild with desire, then she took the head of the penis between her lips, sucked excitingly on it, then pressed her face slowly down as the hard member pushed deep into her warm, moist mouth.

"Oh Mom," Greg panted, "it feels just like when I stick my prick in your cunt. Oh Mom... oh... oh... ooohhhhh... uh... uh... uh..." he panted as she began sucking him, her face moving up and down, her mouth doing wild things to him as he reached to fondle her thighs

and buttocks to add to his erotic delight.

As though to let him know that her pleasure was as great as his, Helen made muffled groaning sounds as she sucked his penis, working slowly to make it last.

Helen heard Greg's labored breathing and grunting, felt his young body tensing and knew that his miracle was about to happen. She felt hard penis twitching, sucked greedily, then he emitted a broken cry just as the first spurt of semen shot into her mouth and she sucked hard. While her son groaned and gasped like a dying man, she sucked on the spending member until he was drained and groaning, begging her to stop. Knowing what she was doing to him, she gave a few more sucks and brought him close to fainting before she allowed the softening member to slip out of her mouth.

Helen smiled as her son's eyes opened and she saw them shining, saw the boy looking as though he had just returned from a trip to another world.

She still sees that expression on his face after every sucking she gives him, but there are differences. For one, his penis is much bigger now, since he is a well built young man in his early twenties.

Their relationship continues to be a thrilling one for her and for Greg and they need no outsiders to make their lives complete. ■



wish your husband  
was as big as  
your son?

...you're not alone.





# Incestuous





# Family Snapshots #25



**“Oh, look at your big, delicious cock, honey! Mommy just loves how big and thick it is for a boy your age! I bet it’s longer than Daddy’s!”**





# **Oedipussy** Spotlight

## **Carmen**Peters

**Age:** 36

**From:** New Hampshire

**Relatives:** Two very bad twin boys

**First incestuous moment:** Walking in on my son when he was jerking off in my panties. He was in my bedroom facing away from the doorway and my cunt got so wet as I watched his cute little ass buck as he pumped his prick. After a minute of jerking, he called out my name and I saw his butt cheeks clench as he squirted his boycum into my panties. I nearly came without even touching myself!

**Strangest place you've fucked:** In the children's section of a bookstore. I was bent over next to the shelf as my son had lifted my skirt, pulled my panties to the side and was pumping his cock inside me with all his might. I was almost ready to cum when I saw a young boy holding a Dr. Seuss book came around the corner and saw us. He smiled at us and my cunt exploded in ecstasy just before my son began filling it with his juicy cum.

**Horniest moment:** When my two teenage kids asked me to take them to a porn store. They weren't in high school yet, but they each picked out one item - Troy chose a vibrator for me and Timmy selected a pair of crotchless panties. I couldn't wait to get home and show them how much I loved their gifts!

**Why I love incest:** Because there's nobody in this world I love more than my two boys—they bring so much joy to me, and I love to return the favor by bringing them sexual joy of total incestuous sex that only a mother could bring!



# incest | horoscope for moms

## GEMINI

**May 21-Jun 20** You've been eyeing your son for ages, hoping he'll get the hint. The problem? He's not a mind reader. On the 7th, the stars will nudge *you* to make the first move. This may lead to a major turning point for you! ★

## CANCER

**Jun 21-Jul 22** Don't be shy about your looks. We all get older. Make sure to show off what you've got around the house on the 16th—young, horny eyes will be watching and drooling! ★

## LEO

**Jul 23-Aug 22** Take some of the heat out of the summer with a refreshing dip in the pool. Your son will whine about his bathing suit—suggest that he not to wear one... you'll both enjoy a steamy summer dip! ★

## VIRGO

**Aug 23-Sep 22** Now that your stud muffin is in high school, this Virgo needs to take that boy's virginity! He'll be horniest around the 23rd, so plan to flash some skin, talk about his raging hormones and let the nastiness fly! ★

## LIBRA

**Sep 23-Oct 22** Get rid of those summer-time blahs and suggest a sleepover for your son on the last weekend. That night, pop into his room in your sexiest lingerie and see what they think... be sure to let them feel! ★★

## SCORPIO

**Oct 23-Nov 21** It's tough to admit, but you're head-over-heels for your oldest boy. Show him how much you mean it by watching a porno with him. Before he knows it, he'll be hot and hard and ready to fuck like rabbits! ★

## SAGITTARIUS

**Nov 22-Dec 21** Your son is at that tender age where he starts locking himself in his bedroom and the bathroom for long hours. Assure him there's nothing to be ashamed of—show him by doing it yourself in front of him! ★

## CAPRICORN

**Dec 22-Jan 19** It's clear your son is outgrowing his shorts. As much as you love to look at him nearly spilling out of them, take him to the mall and fix him up with some new threads. Don't be afraid to feel them on him! ★

## AQUARIUS

**Jan 20-Feb 18** When having sex with your husband around the 9th, you make the mistake of calling out your boys name... but this turns him on even more! Soon he talks your son into watching you two fuck! ★

## PISCES

**Feb 19-Mar 20** All of your handsome sons love to tease you with their hard cocks hanging out. On the 2nd, have some fun and take them to the park, daring them to hang their big cocks out in public for as long as they can! ★★

## ARIES

**Mar 21-Apr 19** Aries girls are always hornier than the rest. Show your boys some motherly love around the 19th with a special demonstration of your new vibrator! Have them take turns putting it in and out! ★

## TAURUS

**Apr 20-May 20** Last month wasn't the easiest for you: your son *and* your best friend were both flirting at a party. Show her who's the real catch in this neighborhood by giving him a blowjob he'll never forget! ★

★ = PEEKING/SHOWING   ★ = TOUCHING   ★ = FLIRTY FUN   ★ = KISSING/ORAL   ★ = MOTHER-FUCKING!



# incest|horoscope

## for sons

### GEMINI

**May 21-Jun 20** Gems were made to fuck. Constantly hard and horny, you can't think of anything else but cumming. Toss your hot squirt into Mom's panties a few times around the 8th... you'll be surprised at her reaction! ★

### CANCER

**Jun 21-Jul 22** Now that you're home for school, start showing off your big studly self in front of Mom. Wear a tiny shirt and a jockstrap on the 29th and tease her with some good looks at your hard meat! ★

### LEO

**Jul 23-Aug 22** Dad will go on a trip for the weekend. Now that you're the man of the house, treat Mom like a queen—make her dinner, give her a sensuous sponge bath, and tuck her into bed like only you know how! ★

### VIRGO

**Aug 23-Sep 22** The sun is aligned for you and Mom this month. Keep doors open when you pee or when you're jerking off in your room. She won't show it, but she secretly loves to watch you squirt your thick wad of cum! ★

### LIBRA

**Sep 23-Oct 22** Take the last weekend of the month to ask Mom how to French kiss—she'll give you all the tips and tricks and you'll feel her nipples thicken and stiffen in the process! ★

### SCORPIO

**Oct 23-Nov 21** Near the 14th, Mom will show up in your room wearing a sexy robe and some stockings. Her gorgeous look will nearly make you cum, but hold it in. You'll want to enjoy this night forever! ★

### SAGITTARIUS

**Nov 22-Dec 21** Mom will be in for a surprise when you ask her about shaving your crotch. She'll admit which way she likes—then show her what she thinks... a mother's touch never felt so good! ★★

### CAPRICORN

**Dec 22-Jan 19** It's that special time for a son to treat his Mom—take her to an erotic toy store and help her pick out something fun for her to try. When you get home, be a good boy and help her try it out! ★

### AQUARIUS

**Jan 20-Feb 18** Your fourth-grade sister wants to know about oral sex—you'll be surprised to find that Mom is more than willing to give her a demonstration as you lick, kiss and suck your way to her shattering orgasm! ★

### PISCES

**Feb 19-Mar 20** This is your lucky month! Dad's been having trouble getting it up, so someone needs to step up and give Mom what she needs... I think you have just what it takes! ★

### ARIES

**Mar 21-Apr 19** Around the 17th, Mom pops into your shower and offers to help you clean, make sure to already be hard and she won't know how to control herself! ★

### TAURUS

**Apr 20-May 20** After a long night of drinks, Mom reveals a sexy secret about her pussy that she never told anyone—even Dad—get excited about it and ask to see it, you'll go crazy for her cunt when she lets you look! ★

★ = PEEKING/  
SHOWING   ★ = TOUCHING   ★ = FLIRTY FUN   ★ = KISSING/  
ORAL   ★ = MOTHER-  
FUCKING!





# Calling all Hot and Horny Incest Superstars!

**Are you...**

hooked on Daddy's big cock?  
in love with Mommy's wet cunt?  
queen of sucking off your sons?  
always after your daughter's pussy?

**If so, we want to hear from you!**

**Incest Magazine** is looking for our top family fuckers to join the exclusive **Incest Magazine Sex Club**.

As a member, you could...

- Receive **FREE sex toys** to try and share with your family
- Get **VIP access** to incest events your area
- Receive the **inside scoop on discounts and special offers**
- **Appear** in the pages of **Incest Magazine**

**Incest Magazine Sex Club**